





CAPT^N. GORDON.
Royal Navy.



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RETROSPECTION:
OR
A REVIEW
OF THE
MOST STRIKING AND IMPORTANT
EVENTS, CHARACTERS, SITUATIONS,
AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES,
WHICH
THE LAST EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS HAVE PRESENTED
TO THE
VIEW OF MANKIND.

A la vérité ce n'est ici qu'un fragment, mais dans les travaux les plus achevés des hommes il n'y a que des fragments. L'histoire d'un roi n'est qu'un fragment de celle de sa dynastie, celle de sa dynastie de celle de son royaume, celle de son royaume de celle du genre humain ; qui n'est elle-même qu'un fragment de celle des êtres qui habitent le globe, dont l'histoire universelle ne serait après tout qu'un bien petit chapitre de l'histoire des astres innombrables qui roulent sur nos têtes à des distances qu'on ne peut assigner.

BY HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI.

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WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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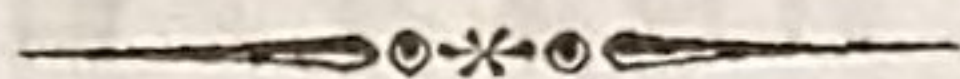
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RETRO-

RETROSPECTION.

CHAPTER I.

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF JEWS, TURKS, AND ROMAN EMPIRE,
FOR FORTY-SEVEN YEARS.

FROM 1455 TO 1492.

IT is said, that those land journies are most pleasant, which oftenest treat us with a sight of sea; and that sea voyages are least fatiguing when broken by a frequent view of different, but not far distant countries. Those facts are, in like manner, most agreeable, which seem to border on Truth's utmost limits, and give a glimpse, or something like a glimpse, of Fancy's boundless reign: whilst all agree, that Fiction never knows to charm us so, as when she seeks resemblance with reality.

The events we have recorded in our last volume, gleaned from historic annals, all are true; at worst, accounted so for eighteen centuries. Although such is their character, and such their shape, that clustered closely as our book presents them, they certainly do seem almost incredible; and, what is worse, they now and then appear thick and impervious to a common eye. This is not quite the look I wish they had; but things will not look well when so much crowded, and I cannot enlarge the room they stand in without manifest inconvenience. If Milton, then, was forced to make his devils shrink, that they might

be contained in that great Pandemonium he provided them, I *may*, nay, *must* be pardoned for compressing all these gigantic shadows of long-past occurrences into my glass of general *Retrospection*. Nor will my readers require to be oftentimes reminded, through the course of a work so truly superficial, that they are not reading history at all, but only looking back, as from an eminence, upon the leading features of those histories which they have read full many a year ago. That few observations or reflections have been interspersed, will, I much fear, be no less easily forgiven, though nothing is more flattering to an author than that his own opinions should be called for. The scientific gardener thus is seen to recommend his hot-house bouquet, by separating carefully each rare exotic, and keeping them diligently disjoined from one another, with a profusion of leaves, for the most part, foreign to them all. My wilder nosegay blooms a mere rose campion, easily found, or in the field or shrubbery,—whose genuine blush alone attracts the eye to where each independent flower springs up, sole on its single stalk, and, unadorned with intermingling foliage, rears the head too near its equally alluring neighbour.

Among the nations which have been reviewed, not quite enough has yet, perhaps, been told of that surprizing, that selected people, who, on the first grand muster of mankind, stood foremost in the ranks of Humanity. Although their history is earliest, and best authenticated, their limited geography was first ascertained, though law had *not a name* in other countries when their code, yet extant, was compiled; and although commerce amongst *them* mentioned trafficking and paying, in times when they had not existed, we should have heard but little, I believe, concerning shekels of silver, current money with the merchant.

Voltaire was strangely overseen, to say, that Jewish annals must of necessity be false, because so little in their records may be read concerning monarchies of more importance: as for example, the old Assyrian, Chinese, and other oriental states, of dignity so far beyond poor Palestine.

lestine. He might have seen that no state was important, except as it related to *that one*. He might have known that the Assyrian, Babylonish, and Syrio-Macedonian empires are no more; faded like phantoms, melted like ice in summer; whilst the small family which they insulted, conquered, and carried away captives, still remain a people; and more numerous were they when Benjamin the traveller, of the twelfth century, journeyed the east over in search of their remains, than when they lived under their own kings, in their own land; a people peculiarly favoured by their God, who will once more, in the latter times reassume his best-loved title, and be once more acknowledged of his servants—the Holy One of *Israel*. That wondrous family, confounded among all nations, and yet distinct from any: which thriving in oppression *now*, as in the days of Pharaoh, is supposed by Bishop Law, to be even at this moment more populous than ever;—carrying our Bibles for us, as St. Austin says, reverent, although unconscious of its veiled contents,—mysterious tenets! to them dark and cloudy, yet still confiding in its hitherto *unaccomplished* predictions, though unobservant that the greatest is fulfilled, and senseless to the guilt of murdering their own Messiah when he came.—Strange! preternatural infatuation! yet scarce less strange or vain the weak attempts made by some modern Christians to convert them. God, who with his own hand blinded the Hebrews, will, in his own time and place, as suddenly restore their long lost sight, and they shall look on him whom they pierced. Soon as the call is heard, their tribes will congregate; no kindred, no connections will detain them; they are a separate set, unmixed with other mortals. No lands do *they* possess, no offices do *they* discharge, which can require their presence in countries, where to amass money for the destined journey seems all their occupation. No honourable badge of heraldic distinction was ever known to adorn a Jew, in any kingdom or government, although, unlike to every other aggregate of men, each individual may lay honest claim to those respects which were long thought due to high birth alone, and long

traced lineage. He who has seen a Jew, has seen a gentleman, if ancestry can make him such, unaided by education. Their land is like themselves, despised, not despicable; mislaid, not lost; forsaken or uncultured, yet not barren. The Greek Professor, Doctor Shaw, said, that the soil was far more rich and fine than the best parts of Syria and Phœnicia; fertile enough, says Wood, to tempt the husbandman to sow, although while sowing he is forced sometimes to take an armed friend with him to protect the seed bag. Such is the tyranny of their present masters—men who, in spite of a leagued continent, tore and held down the Holy City and the pleasant land, loading themselves and their posterity with the grand malediction first pronounced upon the newly regenerated race of mankind after the Deluge, when God appeared to Abraham, and promised, that whoso blessed *him*, should be blessed on earth; and those who cursed *him*, should be themselves *accursed*. His progeny, who are, even at this moment that I write, numerous as the stars of heaven, have already seen that curse most powerfully accomplished; seen their oppressors' vast estates destroyed. The Roman empire rots to nothing while we read this book; but the Chinese, who alone never offended them, remains apparently secure, firm fixed, and happy. The Turk subsists, indeed, but, as an old writer said judiciously, he is not so formidable as Christians think for; his head is lesser far than is his turban, and even that shews for much more than it is, swelling and puffing without, but hollow and empty within. Truth is, the Turks coming at first from Scythia, were abstemious and hard livers; but now that they have anticipated their Impostor's paradise, they become far less to be feared by foes of our persuasion, than when great Mahomet, second of the name, proved his magnanimous triumph over a passion which boasts itself to have cajoled the wisest man recorded on the world's wide annals, enfeebled the strongest, and undone the first. *Amante barbaro! Soldato inumano!* exclaims Sagredo, when he tells the tale; but we must recollect the Sultan's principles: Irene was to him but as a favourite, a fondled *animal*; and,
at

at request of subjects who *had souls*, he suddenly, as *he believed*, annihilated (however dear to him) a creature which had none. That task performed, to lose in war the weight of grief which will oppress the noblest minds, this scourge of Christians and of Jews, this Mahomet, rushed to the hoped-for conquest of Belgrade. Defended by our Hungarian Hector, that fine city, key as 'twas then acknowledged of the Danube, refused to yield; and round its walls were piled a heap of dead, by which the assailants thought to scale their heights: but after deluges of blood spilt in the struggle, while dubious Victory fluttered from side to side, tempting men's hopes to madness of contention, the Turkish Emperor received a wound his followers thought fatal, and retired: upon recovery, he felt the impossibility to gain his point, and leaving innumerable soldiers, with all the flower of his Ottoman court dead on the field of battle, retreat was sounded, and Christianity took breath once more. Human prosperity, however, still is found to confine closely on the limits of misfortune. Huniades received in this engagement his sentence of dismissal from the hard post he had maintained so long, and Pope Calixtus, when the news was brought him that the fierce Sultan turned his thoughts from *land*, to *maritime* contentions with all Europe, heard, at the same instant, that Europe's brave defender was no more. Morea now, in figure like the leaf of a plane tree, began to shake like one; but Scanderbeg, Prince of Epirus, for awhile protected with his arm his native Greece. Renowned rather for courage than sentiments of nice honour, he no sooner saw the islands of the Archipelago in danger, than hastening to break a truce, long time subsisting between his kingdom and the Turkish empire, he attacked them in every place, on every side; and having performed prodigies of personal valour in no fewer than twenty-eight bloody battles, began, after he had purchased the admiration, while meriting the enmity, of Mahomet II. to think seriously of converting his valiant antagonist to our Christian faith. The letters written on this occasion are exceedingly curious, and though, as a controvertist,

many

many might outshine Lord Alexander, who dared not even have *looked* on his exploits, in war, they prove his zeal to have been in no sense hypocritical, and shew the tenor of the times to great perfection: so does the tale of Mahomet's desiring to see the scymitar with which, at three strokes only, this hero cleft three men down to the middle, as Pope's Homer relates of Pandarus, *while the shar'd visage hung on equal sides*. He did not wish to see the arm that wields it, replied our Castriot; and without *that*, the weapon is inert and good for nothing. This brave prince died, at length, in his bed at Lissa, a town of the Venetian state, bequeathing to that republic he so favoured, his fixed inveteracy against Mahometanism, which, to say true, they never lost at all; he left them, besides that, an infant boy, whom they could not protect, however, in his hereditary dominions so disputed. It is thus, therefore, that *Retrospection* sees the boasted descendant of Pyrrhus, son to Scanderbeg, quitting his first asylum for distress, living a pensioned courtier to the King of Naples, and lastly, dying without issue to redeem the honour of his race. *Stemmata quid faciunt?* 'Tis almost always so. Aulis and Athens, Eubæa, now called Negropont, with every place almost that history loves to record, or poesy delights to adorn, fell flat, during the next ten years, before all conquering Turcism; which, after our Christian hero was no more, found little opposition, save from Venice; and *her* best troops cut all to pieces round Barbarigo and Bragadin, the Ottomans seized, and, to confound his followers the more efficaciously, impaled the last named warrior in their presence. Yet though affairs never went worse than, at this period, in the Levant; the King of Cyprus left his widowed queen and island all exhausted to the Venetians, who gave her, as it were, her life in the estate, and then possessed it as true and lawful heirs. Whatever chanced, indeed, to other nations, *this* prosperous republic still increased in wealth and pride, in opulence and power. Milan was fallen to the Sforza family, when Mahomet II. first began to fix himself upon the throne of Constantine, last of that no longer dreaded name, and Phranza, the *philosophical*

lofophical historian willingly lived on, to describe thofe horrors his nobler-minded boy, although a child of thirteen years only, stabbed himfelf before the Sultan's face rather than endure. But if by fuidice he faved *his* perfon from pollution, that of fair Anna, daughter to high-born and valiant Erizzo, was freed from difhonour by a Turkish feymitar, on which fhe ran with hafty refolution, impelled by dread of a long life in the Seraglio. It was the age of fearleffnefs and fortitude. When women and boys fet fuch examples, what wonder the Grand Master of Rhodes fould follow them, and, warm with zeal, refift the Ottoman army, though prodigiously fuperior in force and numbers to his own? Summoned by Cali Baffa, he replied, that he was ready to give up his life to God, for it was to him he owed it, but that he never would give up that fort to Anti-chriftian powers while life was lent him; and, in effect, by vigorous repulfes, and oft-repeated fallies from the walls, his fierce invaders, wearied out at length, were called by Mahomet another way, for purpofe of recruiting his own army, which he, and not unjuftly, called invincible; and with which it was his intent to punifh, if not deftroy the King of Caramania. A grain of fand, however, as Pafchal fays, faved Europe from the vaft defigns of Cromwell; that grain of fand how truly unimportant in any place but that, where it obftructed life's neceffary functions. A fmall ftone in the kidneys ftopt, on the fame principle, this Emperor's courfe, againft which, when he moved forward in the elevation of confcious greatnefs, like a vaft elephant inflamed to rage by opium, mountains might have oppofed themfelves in vain. Will it amufe my reader's *Retrospect* to paint this Prince after Bellino's portrait, which fhews him a ftout fquare figure, not much beyond the common height, but broad made, and of robuft and vigorous beauty. His odd tranfaction with this Venetian artist fhall clofe the fubject, and we'll talk no more on't. Giacomo Bellino's reputation had been carried, with fome of his hiftoric pieces, to Conftantinople; and Mahomet the Second fent for him to court, where he had apartments, often vifited by this Sultan, who

talked

talked with him familiarly, employed his talents upon various subjects, and not unfrequently sat to him himself. Bellino had one day, for his own particular study, painted a decollation of St. John. The Sovereign praised its peculiar elegance of colouring, admired the disposition of its light and shade, but told the artist how much too long the neck was; adding, that all men's sinews shrunk immediately, when once the head was severed from the spine. Bellino defended his error, till the King said he would convince him in a moment; and, asking how old St. John was supposed to be, bid his attendant nobles bring him up a man exactly of those years. They did so, whilst Giacomo and his royal critic stripped his neck, examining the muscles, and conversing about their length, their elasticity, &c.—Strike off the head now! was the next command; which, being scarce pronounced, was executed. “And come here, Christian,” continued Mahomet coldly; “observe and look, but how the fibres all contract.”—He turned, and seeing his painter in a swoon, threw a gold collar of great value round his neck, and laughing, said, “Thou shouldst not, child, have represented that which thy *poor heart* makes thee afraid to look on.” The artist's nerves, however, were so shaken, it was long before they could regain their tone, so as to enable him to beg for leave, on some pretence, to see again his native country, Venice; where, in his garrulous old age, he told the tale to those who lived in the next century. When to this prince Bajazet succeeded, he placed, it is said, on his dead father's tomb these words:

Mens erat expugnare Rhodum, bellare superbam Italiam.

Sagredo is, however, I believe mistaken, because Paul Jovius outlived Bajazet; and *this* line seems to me taken from a long copy of verses, made either by that panegyrist of illustrious men, or possibly from Jean de Vitel, who dedicated them, with other Poems, to Cardinal de Vendosme, so late as 1588. Be this as it may (and I would rather trust our Knollys than Sagredo), great Bajazet kept the example of his
proud

proud predecessor full in view, chastised his enemies, and gained, by invasion, the kingdom of Caramania : after which, he attacked Caith-beius, Sultan of Egypt, in the famed spot where Alexander conquered Darius ; and for three whole days, Mamalukes and Janissaries disputed with such fury every inch of ground, that of 178,000 fighting men, brought by their leaders into the lists of death, not 34,000 ever saw again their native homes ; nor could the Turkish Emperor resolve, from his own person, to dismiss (as had been his intention) a corps so valiant, and so loyal too, as the brave Janissaries proved themselves through those days contest, when night served only as a breathing time, and hours of repose were used but to excite desire of fresh slaughter. From scenes like these let us withdraw our eyes, which, through the red-stained glass of *Retrospection* have looked too long, till sight itself grows sick.

The Critical Reviewers, some Month in 1798—*horresco referens*—told us, and told us truly, “ That to trace back the history of any
 “ country to a remote æra, to times which, from the prevalence of
 “ fiction and romance, can only be elucidated by the faint glimmerings
 “ of tradition, and the feeble aid of conjecture, to carry on a series of
 “ historical events through ages darkened by ignorance and supersti-
 “ tion, and supplying little more than a register of names, and a cata-
 “ logue of enormities, *must prove equally unpleasing both to the writer*
 “ *and the reader.*” This is discouraging indeed ; and such is my own persuasion of the fact, that had I not *half* performed the frightful task before this sad conviction crossed my path, I should have turned about and burned my book : but since we have together toiled through one quarto volume of a work, which has all these vile disadvantages to struggle with, we must now mount the modern side our hill, less like Parnassus, God knows, than Vesuvius, where all the various views a traveller hopes for, is change from flame to smoke, from flowing lava to internal fire ; from past *effects* to future *fears* of ruin : hot ashes too, of late departed heroes, scholars, wits, will soon begin to burn, as stand-

ing firm we trample them with our feet, or taking long strides, strive to avoid them. 'Tis thus, I am told, that they teach bears to dance; so when the ground grows treacherous and impracticable, a quicker pace will best relieve sensations too uneasy to be borne. When we have shewn, then, the still blinded Jews, near the close of this long 15th century, following some senseless Rabbi Lemlem as their prince, and after him vainly imagining the Sophi Ismael, so called from his great wisdom, to be their Messiah, we will have done with oriental follies; observing only, that it was from this Ismael Shah, as Prince Cantemir tells us, that the Persian sovereigns of his royal house were all called Sophies afterwards; a fact which Sir John Chardin has denied since, and says it would be laughed at in Persia, could they be informed we thought *that* their appellation. Mr. Gray mentions how, in Hebrew, the word *Sopher* implies one skilful in the interpretation of scripture, or sacred wisdom, and we still call a young student of divinity at Oxford or Cambridge, a College *Soph*. Mr. Pope uses the phrase deridingly in his Dunciad. But such reflections draw us too soon from Bajazet, whom we must leave employed in subjugating the east, while his accomplished brother, Zimzim, exiled, remained in Rome, and not ill treated: while the artful Sultan having made peace with all the Christian powers, or almost all, paid to the Pope an annual stipend of 40,000 gold crowns for his subsistence, besides the famous relique of the spear head, which pierced our Saviour's side when on the cross; and Zimzim, conveyed from Rhodes by Daubuisson, its valiant master, into Italy, was seen to kiss the slipper for protection. Bajazet felt a peculiar respect toward this young Zimzim, as some authors fancy, because he was porphyrogenitus, eldest son to his father after he came to the throne, a recommendation yet warm at Constantinople; but that distinction merely relative to the old Roman purple, was no longer regarded on the banks of Bosphorus. In Italy was now concentrated all that was left of empire, which, born at Rome, seemed destined to die there; but, before death, to bloom and flower again, reaping the
rich

rich fruits of autumnal fulness, in this its second season. There, under the protection of Nicholas V. the sciences were risen to a degree of sudden perfection, hopeless to past ages, and totally invisible, unless looking from his Pisgah, like Moses at the Promised Land, our Roger Bacon, through his new-invented glasses, might have, perhaps, distantly descried them : but printing now facilitated the progress of every branch of learning. Ficinus and Politian, then known by name of Messer Angelo di Monte Pulciano ; Naldus, the physician ; Laurentius Valla, who translated the old Greek historians ; Æneas Sylvius, afterwards pope ; and Platina, who wrote the lives of the Roman pontiffs ; all flourished in or about the time we are reviewing ; and *Retrospection* has chiefly to lament, that Nicholas himself, who built the Vatican Library, and spared no pains, no money, in restoring and rekindling the generous flame of literature, expired with grief in 1455, at hearing that Constantinople was not only lost, but that all Europe blamed him as an accomplice, an accessory, at least, though perfectly without his knowledge, and certainly without his consent. Truth is, Nicholas had provided a sufficient fleet and army, ready for relief of the besieged city, but delayed sending them, in hopes the distressed Greeks would, for the sake of receiving those succours more speedily, accede to terms proposed long since by the Latin Church, and sign the desired union, without further conditioning or objections. In the mean while, however, Mahomet sacked the city, and the remorseful pontiff was never seen to sleep or smile again. His last short portion of existence was employed in seeking from piety that comfort which talents and learning never can bestow ; in reforming court abuses, feeding poor families, attending devout exercises, and giving an example of every christian virtue. To him succeeded a more worldly character, the first Borgia Pope ; who, by Alphonso, King of Spain's intrigues, was raised to power, and whose first use on't had for object to check Castilian pride. His second thoughts turned to the east of course, found that the time for hot crusades was over, and that from

European zeal or diligence, but little could be hoped against the growing empire of Mahomet. Calixtus, therefore, such was the name he took, sent Lewis of Bologna, an artful friar, with rich presents, to the Khan of Tartary, the Sultan of Egypt, and to the Persian Princes above all, with strong insinuations against the overwhelming genius of an individual, likely to make himself their sovereign. These hints were not wholly without effect, and the fly primate was soon heard to say, that if he could not unite Christians in one pure and honourable cause, he could, at least, divide Mahometans, and by that means lessen the tide of incroachment. His death, in three years after his elevation, stopped many a half-hatched project, good and bad; and made unexpected way for that great ornament of literature, Æneas Silvius, who had not only been for a long time busied in cultivating science, but politics; had taken the opposition side in all matters of government; had talked aloud how *letters form a republic, not a monarchy*; how knowledge and freedom were observed to grow together; and having been crowned with laurel in the court of Frederick, where he was poet laureat, often made himself remarkable for asserting boldly, that *councils were above the Pope*.

From such a head to the old Romish church, both all professed, and likewise all unprofessed reformers, which were numerous, expected many and very great concessions, and felt, of course, surprise, added to disappointment, when the long hoped for bull at length appeared, beginning thus: "Whereas an execrable, and, in old times, an unheard of opinion subsists in the world, concerning the legality of appeals from sovereign Rome, *setting up councils as superior to the Pope, &c.*" It was, besides, observed by all his courtiers, friends, and companions, that, true to the seat he sat in, Piccolomini resolved to maintain what was then left of papal dignity without diminution; when, with the quick turn of a wit, rather than the modest deference of a scholar, he hastily retracted all his former positions, or almost all, and solemnly charged men who wished the preference of truth before error,

error, to forget the arguments of Æneas Sylvius, now no more, in the commands of Pius Secundus, who knew how to enforce their obedience. Protestants, notwithstanding, persisted in belief that he was still half a Hussite in his heart. Where love of power (say they) had no place, that heart was sound and pure. He still continued to hate, as he confessed, the silly rule by which ecclesiastics were forbidden to marry; he abhorred all simoniacal practices, and set his face against *abuse* of that church power, which his situation compelled him to *protect*. He set on foot an army for the east, and purposed animating it with *his* presence and example, who willingly engaged to fight literally, no less than figuratively, under the banner of Jesus Christ, against the growing strength of infidelity; but at Ancona, in sight of the fleet he had intended to embark upon, a sudden fever caught and killed this amiable sovereign, whose temperance and frugality seemed to deserve a longer life, and of whose reign each reader will have wished a longer continuance. The lampoons which were levelled at his person, came not into the noble mind of Piccolomini, except to move his laughter: he said, upon his death bed, that he should have epigrams enough, with sharp stings, provided for his tomb-stone, as all the wits would naturally be busy to break their jokes upon a brother bard. Yet, though invulnerable to affronts of *that* kind, did any writings during his pontificate appear, which he could suspect of glancing at the authority he deemed it now his duty to defend, Pius Secundus never pardoned *them*; and, it is supposed by some, that although literature had been his *business* in early life, and the chief solace of his happiest days, 'twas no unpleasant reflection, *just at last*, that the cardinal he used jestingly to call *our Lady of Pity*, because he had always sighs and tears at command, was likely to succeed him: in effect, this last-named noble Venetian is even yet recorded by the name of Paulus Secundus, the Enemy of Learning.

Under his jurisdiction Platina was racked for a pretended conspiracy, and Pomponius Lætus was suspected for sitting very loose indeed

to

to the Christian faith, because, in some academy where he presided, the members had taken up a childish custom of calling themselves all by Greek and Roman names—Cato or Ulysses. Such a suspicion made it unsafe for the historian to keep in sight, so he retired into obscurity, and took the appellation of *Julius Sabinus*; with better adaptation, we must confess, than the cognomina of Lætus or Fortunatus. This Pope, however, should have recollected, that his own mother was baptized *Polyxena*, a name of no great credit to a lady; but he was ignorant and jealous, and terrified at the progress of Mahometanism in the east; and, what he thought as ill of, incipient reformation in the western world.

Whilst I write this, however, I feel struck with the strange similarity of humour between the fourteenth and the eighteenth century, in which a horrible conspiracy against all religion, all learning, and all virtue, has been discovered latent among a set of impious men, calling themselves (as these did) by old appellations, *Spartacus* and *Scipio*, *Thrasylbulus* or *Plato*; and can scarce help reflecting, as Æneas Sylvius did, that the Barbo Pope of noble birth, but confined notions as to literature, might be a fit man enough for the times he lived in, and reigned as 209th bishop of Rome; where, in order to attract notice, and that share of respect his talents had no claim to, Paulus Secundus increased the pomp of his household and show of his palace beyond all preceding example: decorated his cardinals' horses with scarlet caparisons enriched with gold, entertained foreign princes with a dazzling splendor, and adorned the papal tiara, till its brilliancy surpassed even oriental embellishments, and *distanced* the regalia of every European sovereign: so that being himself of elegant, not to say effeminate beauty, he appeared more like the Phrygian goddess Cybele, say some of his biographers, than like the vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ. Platina might justly be enraged against him, and heap on sarcasms, as *he* heaped gems, for a purpose; but every government when it first feels itself beginning to grow weak, grows showy; and ornament, on almost all

all occasions, is used to supply want of strength. No matter! *Formosus* the Second, as both his lovers and his haters called him, died of a surfeit, having supped on melons, and drank too copiously of iced water after them, one hot summer evening, when the Genoese pontiff, known by nominal distinction of *Sextus Quartus*, successfully prepared to reign in his stead. His first employment was to sell the gems which had blazed round his beautiful predecessor, and with what money they produced, adorn the city, restore the aqueducts, and purchase books for his beloved library at the Vatican, of which he is revered as founder, though *Nicholas V.* projected the edifice, and laid the first stone himself. The new Pope quarrelled, however, with *Lorenzo de Medici* about another purchase, in which (as for books too) they had been often competitors; and felt the passions of mean minds tormenting their philosophic souls into a peevishness beneath their rank in life—a rancour ill according with the friends and fellow citizens of this newly arranged republic of letters, which they had so taught each other to venerate. The superior lord of *Imola* was, by his excesses and expences, forced about this period, 1471, to set his barony to sale in the *Romagna*, and both these princes were disposed to buy, when *Montesecco*, a man employed by Rome, thinking his master tricked out of the purchase, began to engage, with or without his principal's consent, in a gross plot against the whole Medicean family. *Lorenzo's* brother was assassinated in the church, before the very altar. The people (who adored their patrons and protectors) flew to arms, seized the conspirators, racked *Montesecco* the agent, and hanged up the Archbishop of *Pisa*, with half a dozen more confederates, *upon the spot*. These last were chiefly of the *Pazzi* family, related to *Sextus Quartus*, whose attachment to any one partaking his blood was ridiculous, even in *those* days, when no other cement of friendship was acknowledged to come in competition with kindred and alliance. This *congiurazione de' Pazzi*,* as

* *Pazzi* means *mad*. It was, indeed, the *Mad Conspiracy*.

in Italian annals it is called, was therefore without much dubiety attributed to the Pope, who, instead of repenting his horrible intents, (if such they were) began anathematizing the Florentines for death of his archbishop; and excommunicated Lorenzo's self, whose moderation had really saved the boy-cardinal, Riario, nephew to Sextus, from being literally torn in pieces by a loyal, and active, and grateful populace, who even doated on their rulers; surrounded them in the hour of distress, and sucked the flight wound which cut their favourite in the neck, lest, peradventure, the weapon should have been poisoned. So earnest were they to secure, after his brother's murder, the invaluable life of Lorenzo, whom they considered as a mirror of excellence, a model by which to regulate not only public but private behaviour; and so absurdly wicked was the man who thus provoked half Italy to frenzy, by threatening the darling of this Tuscan state with what appears quite undeserved destruction. The story has been, however, so lately told in language that might have graced Lorenzo's literary court itself, by Mr. Roscoe, whose fine book is now in every English hand that can hold one—I shall not add a word to this rough summary, except to say, that it was Mahomet's death alone saved the peninsula from annihilation: as his fleet was, at the very time of these silly tumults, hovering like a hawk over the devoted district of Calabria—whence that event happily called it away, and left the Florentines at leisure to resume their classical celebrations of old Plato's birth-day, in honour of which the Medicean family, fascinated by the new-rising bloom of ancient learning, and captivated by all her collateral charms, false as well as true, had instituted a sort of jubilee, some few years before this disturbance.

Sforza, meanwhile, Regent of Milan, upon the Turks' retreat, prepared for war against his neighbours of Venice and Genoa; forgetting that the family de Rovere, an ancient one in that last mentioned city, had given birth to bold Francesco, who, though a Friar and a Cordelier, forgot not for a moment that he was a man, bound by the ties of blood to all his kin; a sovereign invested with power to protect them.

Sextus

Sextus Quartus, for these reasons, (to which the Tuscans added another, by taking sides with Sforza) made himself ready for battle, resolving to defend the free states, as they were called; and had not the desertion of his allies brought, or rather driven, the gout into his stomach, all Italy would soon have been in arms at once. He died, however; and his dread of peace took from him, even in death, that decent tranquillity which should prevail, at least, in the last moments. But

Pacis ut hostis eras, pace peremptus obis,

said the wits; and Innocent VIII., of disposition far less severe and warlike, was his successor. It was to his care Zimzim, the brother of Bajazet, was consigned; and we leave it for Boffi and Spondanus to dispute, whether he actually and positively did kiss the slipper, or whether he *only made believe*, as children say—the debate being somewhat a childish one, and to the Pope perfectly uninteresting, while he had the annuity paid regularly from Constantinople, and delighted to provide for some of his numerous offspring out of the Turkish treasury. These young people he, for form's sake, publicly called his nephews, but laughed when he heard others call them so. The merry men, of course, broke their jests openly, saying, that Sextus Quartus had embellished Rome, but Innocent VIII. did most towards *peopling* it. It was he, however, built the palace Belvedere, repaired a fine old church founded by Valentinian, and finding, or fancying that he found in the wall some of the genuine title, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, originally placed upon our Saviour's cross—he called the edifice by that name, Temple of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, and decorated it with great munificence. Innocent was of a gentle, generous temper, and only wished to cultivate the arts of peace; scorning the libels made upon his loose character, when Pasquin called him *father* of his country: but though not eminent for care concerning literature, when a French friar came to him from Paris, with a long panegyric on a Pope dead several

centuries before—"Well! what have you said of St. Marcellus?" enquired he. "I have observed," replies the Monk, "how happily he was named; seeing that *Mar* meant, no doubt, un *mer* de charité; *cel* shewed that he had le vrai *fel*; and *lus* was a proof qu'il avait les *lumières*." "Get thee back, Transalpine dolterhead!" exclaimed the Pontiff, "and disgrace not our dawn of science with thy folly. Get thee back to thy convent, I say; and if thou wilt take a pen in hand, copy some other's writing, but presume not to publish thy own." To copy, however, became daily a less useful and a less necessary art; and we may accordingly observe, that the manuscripts, after the year 1500, when printing was familiar to mankind, attract our notice less by their beauty and neatness, than those which were written before then—so does one human invention stop the progress of another—but chirography is, at any rate, a petty perfection when at best; and for the noble art which superseded it, we are indebted to German patience, German industry: nor has *Retrospection* often contemplated a truer model of these his countrymen's peculiar merits than Frederick the Fourth, justly surnamed the Philosopher. He had succeeded Albert, the son-in-law of faithless Sigismund, in 1440; and had now, for more than half a century, witnessed, with a steady eye, the convulsions of Italy and Austria: a long reign, as he himself considered it; and one, as he observed, that another man would have called *turbulent*. But when Constantinople unwillingly received the crescent on her brows in lieu of the cross, and Turkish terrors quitted the affrighted east only to display their standard over the Mediterranean Sea,—when Sextus Quartus shook the peninsula of Italy from her centre,—nay, when Mathias, King of Hungary, invaded Poland, beat the Bohemians, seizing, at length, upon Vienna's self, and keeping possession of his conquest; this truly philosophic Emperor betrayed no change of temper, nor no signs of passion. *Rerum irrecuperandarum summa felicitas oblivio*, was his favourite sentence, and he wrote it on the walls of every bed-chamber he slept in: nor was he a slothful or slow-minded man, although the
Italians,

Italians, who never could provoke him, said he was *anima morta in corpo vivente*. He was alive to that partiality which makes every parent think their own progeny of superior excellence; and when he contemplated his daughter's charms, it came into the mind of Frederick, that with *them* he might purchase the whole world's peace and felicity. In consequence of this idea a messenger was, early in his reign, dispatched to inform Mahomet II. that if he would turn Christian—in good time! and that forthwith; the lovely Sigismunda should be his queen, uniting the empires of the east and west. Mahomet laughed, and said he had six hundred virgins then to choose out of, and had no fancy to increase the list; but would receive the princess willingly, *without conditioning*, to his seraglio. When even *such* a reply failed to affect the Emperor's good humour, the title of Philosopher must be confessed his due. The Popes had all acknowledged his piety, and saw he knew how to appreciate merit in the person of Æneas Sylvius, whom he first sent ambassador to Rome, where Nicolas the Fifth crowned him with his consort Eleanora, in 1452; nor would Pius II. quarrel with *him*, as he did with Alphonso of Spain, whose haughtiness required a check from papal power. Frederick IV. lived on through six pontificates, nor died till after Innocent VIII., who lay so long in a fit once before, that all around him thought his life irrecoverably lost. On his demise was seated in St. Peter's chair the profligate Roderico Borgia, well known in the annals of infamy by name of Alexander VI. At his accession *Retrospect* shall rest, although the century is not quite closed; because Columbus gave to that period power to impress the minds of men; and make the year 1492 an epoch for succeeding generations, *far* more remarkable than would round numbers, A.D. 1500.

But we step back a while to fetch into our focus the more northern nations, France, Spain, Holland, and Denmark, with England, Scotland, &c. too long left out of sight.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINING

A REVIEWAL OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, SPAIN, HOLLAND, DENMARK,
SCOTLAND—THEIR ADVANCEMENTS

FROM 1455 TO 1492.

THE SAME PERIOD OF FORTY-SEVEN YEARS.

THIS period, although turbulent, will be found, on *Retrospection*, to have thrown up from the yesty waves of its chaotic violence some useful improvements, and given rise to some agreeable ideas. But the brightest day is observed to commence with the faintest glimmer, and whilst in effect their fine capital inundated robbed Venice of valuables worth a million sterling by one unexpected influx of the sea—not then as afterwards regularly submitting to all creation's delegated Lord; and whilst in rough Bohemia the bold Thaborites sought to set up one Podiebrand for prince, because he was of their persuasion, Christiern, the King of Denmark, kindly confirmed the privileges of Hamburgh, spontaneously relinquished his pretensions to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, in favour of James IV., newly born, and hoped, he said, to see the time when not only nobles but good burghers, through his land, should feed on a fat goose every St. Martin's day.

Reformation and civilization thus walked forward hand in hand; but they received some checks. The Popes excited Mathias, nephew to Huniades, the Hungarian Hector, against Podiebrand, because he had been a follower of Zisca; and as the northern nations now seemed all disposed to claim a Christian's share in Jesus' blood, Innocent the Eighth had the address to persuade them how wine would not keep good in such cold latitudes, and that to insist upon this empty privilege

lege would but produce some horrid profanations. Meanwhile baronial power began in its own native soil to shew sure symptoms of having passed its prime. Margaret de Waldemar had made her subjects find that a crown differed greatly from a coronet. They had seen her wear one with three points, expressive of the three realms she consolidated in her own person, under her own government; teaching, at the same time, the increased distance now first acknowledged between prince and *noble*, who, till these days, thought that such a title was to be considered but as the mark of a *superior lord*, and scarcely *that*, when, as it sometimes chanced, chieftains did homage for a town or district, to barons better in descent than they, though weaker in the number of adherents.

These new principles made, as may be imagined, a gradual but certain alteration in the manners of all Europe; and manners altering confirmed the principles, which commerce wafted quick from shore to shore. Science too sapped, while bold ambition battered the rusty phalanx of that old Gothic aristocracy which, seven or eight centuries before, had broken Rome's royal empire by its wasteful inroads. The compass too had, in these later days, been discovered; and traffic, though intending at first mere exchange of vendible commodities, found himself insensibly engaged as active agent in the cause of sentiment. Looking-glasses were brought from Venice, at an immense price, to this country, when one should have thought men's minds, occupied about civil war and discord hourly increasing, could have cared little for such articles of luxury. A book, indeed, still fetched thirty or forty pounds: but heraldry was grown a study, and the famed collar of SS's, instituted in honour of St. Simplicius, if I remember right, was by none of Edward the Third's descendants held in higher estimation than by Henry the Sixth, who neglected not things of more solid importance, having no fewer than half a dozen wool-houses in New Palace-yard, Westminster, and having arranged the wakes and fairs first set on foot by Alfred, confining them to market-towns. Henry VI. exalting Leadenhall as the
first

first public granary, is likewise remarkable in our capital—so is the first institution of our Lord Mayor's show—while a sort of elegant pottery had been invented at Florence, called *terra cotta*, which being used for sculpture imitation, found its way into common life, and they made jars there not very unlike their ancient amphora. Mean time *our* cerevisiam here in Britain was kept from quick decay only by wormwood; for hops were, about this time, prohibited as an ill weed thought to possess strange deleterious qualities; and wine, a costly cordial yet, was deemed fitting only for princely palates. Who should be prince over all, now grew a question of still more importance among us. Men cared but little who they *called* the *King*, when dukes, and earls, and all were petty sovereigns; but in as much as *their* privileges decayed, and greater preference graced the royal seat, incitements to the contest grew in strength and power. Since our first Edward too had told his people, that what concerned *all* should be by *all* approved; the realm seemed set for universal suffrage, and votes in such case will be always given with most effect upon the points of pikes. Sicilian Margaret, well aware of this, resolved that her son should not lose his just inheritance, for such she deemed it, by his soft father's flexibility. In vain did gentle Henry, sixth of the name, resign authority and power to his cousin. The blood bespotted Neapolitan, as Shakespear calls her, summoned Earl Clifford to the field, with other partizans, and forced on the mild monarch, by their means, that dignity his unresisting heart desired not. Richard of York reproached him first, and then opposed, when with the Lords of Salisbury and Warwick, army met army in the field at Bloreheath. Sir Andrew Trollope there deserted suddenly from the Duke's cause, and with a body of distinguished veterans, changed sides, and threw himself at the King's feet, who pardoned all his foes, and heard with pleasure that his rebellious cousin had retired, feigning how Ireland required his presence, while Warwick went to France and sheltered there.

Our people, however, hated, as it appears, the unhappy connection
made

made with Regnier, the king of Naples, and viewed, with pity bordering on contempt, their sovereign's submission to his dowerless queen, whose conduct toward good Humphrey, Duke of Glo'ſter, had never been forgiven here in England; and Lancaſter's weak title to the crown grew daily more and more obſervable, as men's eyes opened againſt prejudices, recovering from the ſplendors thrown around it by their courageous King Henry V.—Diſorders, conſequent upon a feeble adminiſtration, now filled the realm: to remedy theſe miſchiefs, Warwick, half called from Calais, marched through Kent, and the bold Duke of York haſtened to meet him. Margaret, taken ſomewhat unawares, loſt, at Northampton, what ſhe had won at Bloreheath; her huſband being, beſides, made priſoner there, his couſin openly, and for the firſt time, *claimed the throne*, whiſt all *his* peers and partizans diſputed manfully at Weſtminſter againſt thoſe of the reigning prince, *who* ſhould be found the proper man to ſit in it. That any arguments ſhould have any weight, whiſt the whole nation thus was armed, is ſtrange; and, to the credit of that nation, certainly the reſult of their debates ſtill more ſo: every thing ending in a peaceful compromise, which allowed Henry his life in the royal ſeat, to which Duke Richard was named lawful ſucceſſor by an *unanimous* vote of all the lords aſſembled at that council: but no decrees could ſilence Margaret, while her ſon lived to whet her keen ambition. She roused the barons in the North to action, and brought large reinforcements up from Wales, where her ſoft huſband's mother had, by her ſecond marriage with brave Tudor, formed a connection for her former family, that never would forſake them in diſtreſs. She gave anticipating York the meeting, and drove his troops before her conquering arms; killed *him*, and cut away his head at Wakefield; his youngeſt ſon, the ſcarce-fledged Earl of Rutland, being the ſame day ſavagely murdered in cold blood by Clifford. But Warwick hearing how the tide of war rolled forward towards our mad metropolis, drew out the Londoners, ever attached to him and to young Edward, who now inherited the duke's pretenſions. They met
the

the Queen, fatigued, although victorious, and at St. Alban's gave her army battle. There fortune once more favoured the Lancastrians, and our meek monarch found himself released by the Amazonian spirit of his wife : their son too, who resembled Margaret in valour, and hoped to emulate Henry V. in fame, displayed that day proofs of high prowess in the fierce engagement, as did their cousin on the other side, young Edward ; who, in despite of this advantage lost, was proclaimed king within the capital, while the Queen's troops retreated towards those provinces which had enabled her to fetch her husband, detained till then amid the Yorkists' army. The grand, decisive blow was fought at Towton, and Scotland then received the royal fugitives, after a fight, where Edward gave no quarter, fired with revenge, and raging round the field. The gentle king again was caught and spared : the prince and Margaret escaped to Regnier, with the good Duke of Exeter their uncle ; and there it was that Philip de Comines saw this unhappy nobleman serving the Duke of Burgundy as groom.* Edward the IVth. meantime, remained in something like peaceful possession of those dominions he had the best right to : and the brave Earl of Warwick, whose assistance lifted him to the enjoyment of that right, shared all his confidence, or thought he did ; while our new sovereign, given up to pleasure, fought among the high born beauties of his court, those who were kindest, and complied most readily. The earl, however, prudently conceived that good alliances should first be fixed on ; and solicited an appointment by which he might demand the Lady Bona of Savoy, nearly connected with France, as wife to Edward, who, in his absence, courted Lady Gray de Wodeville ; and she, resolving to accept no other terms, was queen of England in a fortnight's time. This dame was daughter to Sir Richard Wodeville, by Jaqueline de Luxembourg, last wife to the great Duke of Bedford ;

* He came home, however, after some time ; and Pennant says, that he lies buried at St. Catharine's church, East Smithfield. His widowed duchess married Sir Henry Jones, of Caermarthen, from whom descends the present Bishop of Kildare.

who,

and being left of him a widow, wedded that brave young knight; by whom she was mother to Edward the Fourth's new queen, whose first husband, Sir John Gray of Groseby, was killed fighting for the House of Lancaster, and came to beg her sons might not, for his fault, lose their estate; when the King loved, and raised her to that royalty, which *smothered*, though it never quite *extinguished* her prejudices in favour of the other family. Warwick, enraged at this intelligence, for *every* reason, menaced his sender with a dreadful vengeance; and to affright him more, as he believed, gave his own daughter to the banished prince, and made a league with Margaret his mother; who, with her dear loved son, was then soliciting *her* cause and *his* at Paris, when the account was brought to all, of these unhappy nuptials. Those times were past, however, when bold barons defied their kings to single combat, and called them liar or traitor to their face. Edward the Fourth of England knew his power, and was determined that it should be *felt*; he laughed at *rebel* Warwick, as he called him, and mentioned with contempt his new allies; prepared for war, and though he lost one battle to his old opponent Margaret, who once more brought her pious husband out from prison to a throne, 'twas not one victory could keep the Yorkists' power completely down, after it had been by all fully acknowledged. The plains of Barnet saw the fall of Warwick; whose death drew the first tears ('tis said) from her eyes that long had looked on him as her worst foe. So Sisygambis mourned the death of Alexander! But Tewkesbury's calamities soon from the mind of Margaret obliterated each sense of what was found most sorrowful at Barnet. *The son*, for whom she fought, for whom she mourned a father in meek Henry, a father-in-law next in gallant Warwick, lay stabbed by his relentless cousin's sword in Glostershire; and the Queen's spirit of resistance died with *him*. Her heart thus broken, her wretched husband, after his escapes, killed in the Tower of London, while she fled to France, left Edward no competitor to cope with; nor ought to conquer save his own hot passions, and those of both his

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brothers, fullen and discontented at his marriage with Lady Gray, who every year brought forth some princely baby, yet seemed by that means only to accelerate her own, and her whole family's destruction. After his royal father's death indeed, the eldest was called king a while, Edward V. by name: but rugged Richard, second son to the great Duke of York, would not permit such puny obstacles to stand between him and the succession. Murder to his mind brought no qualms of conscience. He had dispatched the pious king in prison, and his sword helped to massacre, in cold blood, after his brother's victory, the gallant prince of Wales: as for the girls, they seem to have been forgotten; and the Queen-mother, that they might be wholly so, put young Cecilia early in a convent, and started when report was brought her that King Richard had thoughts of getting papal dispensation to wed the eldest child Elizabeth, soon as his little nephews were removed, and his first wife put out of the way. This character, however, this third Richard, first the protector of our realms, then the usurping sovereign, made good laws; and seemed to have sunk every private virtue only to fill the flowing tide of general beneficence. This, though a common stratagem of crowned heads, seldom prospers: the blood-stained prince soon found himself abhorred, even by that public, for whose sake he said he had renounced all ties of tenderness. *They* called him Crook-back'd Dick, and turned their eyes from England into Brittany, where the last remnant of the House of Lancaster, descended from a daughter of old John of Gaunt, lived in a sort of honourable retreat, rather than downright obscurity: and holy Henry the Sixth had said, "That youth will wear the crown which we contend for." Such odd predictions then were counted prophecies, and a wild Irish bard had told King Richard he should not live long after he saw *Richmond*; in consequence of which he studiously avoided, both in Surrey and in Yorkshire, ever going near a place which bore that name; but he was forced to recollect at last, the *Earl*, and not the *Town*, was fatal to him. At the first sound of honour's

nour's call, *he* came, warm with a passion for fair Anne of Brittany, idol of those times ! whose professed knight he was ; and Bosworth field witnessed young Richmond's triumph. That his father was son of Owen Tudor, by Catharine of France, widow to Harry V. accounts for the partiality Wales always shewed the red rose ; and in the Mostyn family even now remains (in form of a caudle cup) the gold hilt of that sword with which he pierced the brave usurper's breast on that day ; which leaving him the *power*, and poor Elizabeth of York the *right*, to reign over us, a *marriage* was proposed between her and the conqueror, so to unite their separate pretensions, and end those feuds which had so long distracted our dominions. It conferred few domestic joys indeed. What wonder ! that Henry the Seventh should love Anne de Bretagne, in whose society he spent his youth, was natural ; that he should hate the heiress of the rival house, is no less consonant to common feelings ; and she, perhaps, would have liked him no better, had not her mother, Lady Gray de Woodville, inspired her still with most respectful sentiments towards the descendants of time-honoured Lancaster ; who having wedded Mary de Padilla's daughter, by Peter the Cruel, *their* daughter, wife to Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, was mother to the Countess of Richmond, whose only offspring by the earl, her second husband, was Henry VII. She had a boy by her third marriage with Stanley, Earl of Derby, after whose death *she* *endowed* *Christ's College, Cambridge*, and wore a nun's dress ; but Hume tells us how Henry VIII. consulted and respected her ; and Campden relates how this *so mighty princess* had been heard to say, that if the Christian kings would once again fall on the Turk, and win the Holy Land, she would herself be laundress to their tents, and follow them on foot to Palestine ; all which could not be true, methinks, had she turned nun, indeed, and left the world. However this be, the world was improving daily, and England's union of the hostile roses, soon healed the wounds of forty years civil war ; during which time, it is to be supposed that laws, arts and commerce, must have been neglected ;

whilst he who wielded the heaviest battle-axe, or drew the surest bow, was the best man. The clergy acknowledged, as authentic, none but Justinian's code ; and laics held themselves firmliest bound by good old usages. The Plantaganet monarchs had, indeed, made some good statutes, especially Richard III. but still *la loi du plus fort* always prevailed ; till the whole nation seeing a son born to the united houses, began to think the storm completely over. Meanwhile, the greatest miracle, in my mind, which ever came within our common eye, or fixed the wandering glance of *Retrospection*, is, that in A. D. 1377 England should not enumerate many more souls than two millions through the realm ; and in A. D. 1487, four millions and a half were found upon enumeration, as if, like polypi, they had increased by cutting : but I suppose the incipient Reformation, though not begun here, had a share in this otherwise incredible phenomenon. Emigrants must have resorted hither from other countries, where persecution had begun ; and Pasquier, in his *Recherches*, does tell a tale, how medical professors obtained leave to marry as early as 1452, when Cardinal d'Etourville brought from Rome permission of the Pope for this infringement of an old custom, hitherto held sacred ; perhaps that edict might affect *our* land, where literature would not, any more than population, be repressed. Let the spring be ever so backward, the frosts ever so cruel, *some* leaves will shoot, *some* flowers will appear in May. The Earl of Rivers, beheaded by Richard in 1483, because brother to the hapless Lady Gray, had been appointed by Edward IV. preceptor to his infant son, and had translated many authors from the French language, which grew every day more and more the fashionable study. He had, besides, presented to the King his *Dictes* or sayings of ancient philosophers, which, I have heard, was the third book printed in our island by Caxton, who had a press set up in Westminster Abbey : but improvements came quick from Germany, where portable clocks, *watches*, were now invented, and muskets were become common in war. Wire was drawn out for use, and wooden cuts or gravings contrived for ornament :
music

music kept pace with other arts, perhaps outran them ; and we had a Venetian organist, his name Bernardo, to play upon our fine church at Wrexham here, in Denbighshire. Manners, too, now began to be regarded: and the first boarding-school for young ladies on record, was set up, as I think, at Stratford-le-Beau, (*Bow*) under patronage of the old Duchess of York, Edward the Fourth's mother, where *manerlye havyours* were taught, and not to *wete fingers depe in saws at meletyme*. Bartolomeo Glantville's code of petty laws, as we may term his long *Essay de Proprietatibus Rerum*, was printed at Harlem, 1485, and afterwards by Caxton, as translated by Lord Berkeley's chaplain. This book seems parent to the Italian *Galateo*, as it gives general directions for the conduct of wives, parents, husbands, children, youths, maidens ; in short, all situations in life : the importance of which, to society, seems to have impressed the author very powerfully. When weary of plain prose, he breaks out at last into what, no doubt, he deemed a truly poetical epilogue to his extraordinary performance, and says :

Now praysed be God ! whyche hathe so well endued
Me, the authore, wythe grace de proprietatibus :
To see so many nat'ral things renewed,
Whyche in my booke I have compyled thus ;
Where throu by redinge we may comforte us,
And by concytes dyvers fede our mynde,
As bokes emprynted showyth---right as ye fynde

In Wyncken den Worde, whych through his diligens
Emprynted hath at prayer, and at desyre
Of Roger Thorney Mercer ; and from thense
This Mocyon sprang, to set the hertes on fyre,
Of such as love to rede in every shyre ;
Dyvers maters, a Voydinge, Ydleneffe,
Just as this boke of myne doth here expresse.

But the affairs of France have been too long forgotten. We left Charles VII. victorious and well served in the beginning of his reign. Our *Retrospection* now returns to find him thwarted by the intriguing spirit

spirit of his son, who checked him still in his career of glory; among other tricks, poisoning fair Agnes de Sorel; and, by that means, taking from her royal lover his real inducement to all acts of heroism: but Louis the Dauphin's perverseness ended not there. He married Charlotte of Savoy, merely to spite his father; and made such exactions in the provinces allotted him, as forced them to rebellion: *that*, indeed, his subtlety desired; his slyness disregarded.

The odium fell, as he wished it, upon his father Charles, while he himself escaped to Burgundy. There the good reigning Duke pensioned and protected him, only refusing to assist him against his parent king, with money and with troops. This the young man resenting, set on foot a perfidious conspiracy against his benefactor, and had the art to make the unhappy prince's eldest son join in it: "And now for ten provinces," exclaimed Charles sept, "I would not bear in my bosom such a heart as Louis le Dauphin, who alone put the young Count de Charolois on such a project," and then retreating left him to answer it. But private vices, crimes, and follies are of consequence to this abridgment only as they influence the welfare of the whole; and that this Christian monarch was constrained to keep a hen in his own apartment, on whose eggs he lived, for fear of poison from his son's intrigues, is of less importance to my readers than that during his long reign of forty years, from the day Joan la Pucelle crowned him at Rheims, to the sad hour when he sent to beg the Bishop of Paris would for the last time bring him the sacrament, Protestantism had gained prodigious ground. famous Pragmatic Sanction was promulgated, and life took a new colour seemingly all over Europe. Charles saw, and was contented then to leave it: he had fondled a tame goat in his own little garden, of which he kept the key, and drank her milk: finding the faithful animal lie dead one morning, as he rose to caress her, "These tears shall be my last," said he, "and my Lord's body my last food in this world." He kept his word, confessed his sins, protested his forgiveness of all enemies, and died at fifty-eight years old, of sickness caused by sorrow.

When

When he first sat upon his father's throne, each town was garrisoned, for or against the English, and, as the French writers express it, *on ne voyait que châteaux sur chaque colline*. But during the long war with Britain it was found most advantageous to *destroy* these fortresses, so often used against the natives of the land, who all rejoiced to see the habitations of their old feudatorial lords laid in the dust. The ancient laws, too, and plenary court, as they were called, soon followed. Summary justice was put an end to when longer process was required for decision; new professions were opened to men of learning; and the taxes, till then forcibly raised by barons in their districts, dropt, as by accident, into the sovereign's hand. New arrangements of the militia-men and officers, strengthened insensibly the power of the crown, *et pour le peuple*, as Baudot de Joly says. They had no objection, *parce que son sort n'était guère pire*, while royal authority gained firmness every hour; the less perceived, perhaps, by peers and princes, because the individual monarch was so wretched. In Louis the Eleventh's time all changes were seen plainer; and he was heard exultingly to tell how he first had taken the kings of France out of their go-cart. He guessed not, however, whither they would run, much less could he have dreamed (though studious of astrology) that this degradation of the nobles would make way for the dregs of a mad populace to reign, and put his successor, sixteenth of the name, into a cart, conveying him from the scaffold, before three centuries were yet expired. Meanwhile he put his brother in a coffin, lest he should marry the young heiress of Burgundy; poisoning him in a peach, prepared for that purpose by a skilful and well-tried assassin. The expiring prince's favourite page, however, seized on the fellow, and carried him off privately, to have him tried for his offence in Mary's dominions; but before they could reach *them*, his master's hand reached *him*, and he was found dead in his bed next morning. It had reached no fewer than four thousand of his own hapless subjects before the colder hand of death struck *him*. The Duke de Nemour's blood was found insufficient to satisfy
this

this tyrant's rage for murder; he caused that nobleman's two little children to stand upon the scaffold where he suffered, and bring their clothes home, *stained with their parent's life blood*. France had, however, cause to mourn his loss; he certainly promoted general welfare: he first in Europe established a regular postage through his dominions for carrying letters. He made good roads, paved them, and planted the first of those fine trees that, even in our own time, adorned with long drawn avenues the highways of France. Nor can we dismiss the character of this modern Tiberius, without telling how like him he was a scholar, and a thinker, and an orator; and that, in the arts of deep dissimulation, he had no rival among his contemporaries. Another trait of resemblance between these sovereigns is too striking to be omitted. When he had reason to believe that remuneration for his numberless sins could not be far off, he sent for an astrologer, and anxiously enquired concerning the number of his days: finding, however, the sage somewhat tedious in delivering his dangerous oracle: "*Dost know thy own fate, wretch?*" cried Lewis, with *undissembled sternness*. Quickened by sense of immediate interest, the ready-witted conjuror replied: "*My death will be determined by that of your good Grace; as our art shews you will outlive your servant just four and twenty hours.*" It was the surest way to save his life.

This Prince made a collection of the *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, and called the printers from Mayence to Paris. These stories, translated into English, under the name of the Hundred Merie Tales, seem hinted at in Shakespear's account of Autolycus and his ballads: but Louis onze was said to reject all but devotional reading at the last. When terrified by thoughts of future judgment, although a rebel to the *court*, he felt himself a slave to the *church* of Rome; and as deep veneration for its priesthood then occupied every corner of his soul untended by cunning and cruelty; his best comfort was, that Pope Innocent afforded him the title of most *Christian King*; a favour granted with not half the scruples which had distressed that Pontiff when
besought

besought to give a dispensation for the marriage of Henry de Rougemont, Bretagne et d'Aubigné, with his fourth cousin, Elizabeth of York. Fair Anne, who ever held *his heart* enthralled, now wedded the son of Louis the Eleventh, known by the name of Charles the Affable and Courteous: sole offspring of his father by the unfortunate Charlotte of Savoy, who, as she was taken first without consent, was hated afterwards without a cause. She lived, however, to enjoy the attentions of a politer successor, who, by the influence *his lady* still retained over our British King, made happy all parties by that general peace, which, at her suit, our Sovereign sold her husband; receiving two hundred thousand pounds present money for shutting the Temple of Janus. This Anne of Bretagne had been contracted (married indeed by proxy) to Maximilian, King of the Romans, son to philosophic Frederick IV, and him too the Queen of France, in the romantic spirit of the times, was wont to style her *servant*. But he lost very little in losing *her*; because Mary, the beautiful duchess of Burgundy, fought by so many crowned heads, had given her hand and ample fortunes up to *him*, and, dying early by a fall from her horse, left Maximilian free to contract new engagements with Blanche, the daughter of Sforza, duke of Milan, who made him happy in domestic life, which he adorned with literary acquirements; published his own memoirs, extended his knowledge more than his domain; and preferred gaining one new idea, he said, to sixteen castled cities. Thus did each circumstance, each character, co-operate to sap the apparently solid foundation of Gothick aristocracy in Europe, and substitute a government more on the model of the Greek republics, where science smiled, and ripening arts were fostered. Maximilian professedly lent his right arm to pull up the moss-grown pale that stood so long between the prince and people; and hastened to abolish the *judicium occultum Westphaliæ*; a strange practice, by which a certain set of lords had acted many centuries *as judges*, trying, condemning, and executing men of inferior rank at their own pleasure, for *secret offences*, as

they were called ; and no account had been either taken or required for purpose of knowing what offences they were. Whoever, therefore, was thought insolent or troublesome, the barons easily removed in those days, as *secret sinners* ; and to be too inquisitive about them was deemed a fresh offence to the nobility. But Maximilian, warm with newer notions, told men he meant to hear and see for himself ; and since the Almighty had made him Emperor, he would rule the empire, and not leave it at mercy of the barons of Westphalia. This was, indeed, more easily said than done : seven princes had for a long time now, to their extensive territories and hereditary right of being chancellors, chamberlains, &c. obtained an exclusive privilege of nominating the Emperor : a pretension confirmed by Innocent VI., in a statute known by name of the Golden Bull ; and while such claims made these men formidable to the crown imperial, it made the other barons and free cities envious, of course, and full of jealousy. These petty feuds and hatreds towards each other, helped on those grand designs of Providence, which no one man would ever have brought to bear : and Maximilian fancied, in effect, while balancing these counter interests, that he was only exerting that soft influence which learning delights in so much more than authority. His son Philip's wealthy marriage with Joan, the heiress of all Spain, produced from the cotemporary wits a pretty epigram enough, alluding to his and to his father's luck in wiving.

Bella gerunt fortes, tu felix Austria, nube ;
Namque Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.

France knows to fight, and Austria to woo,
What Mars gave her, Venus bestows on you.

It produced, indeed, an ever memorable acquisition to mankind in the birth of Charles the Fifth. Whilst civil wars then disturbed England's peace, and science was seen springing up in Italy ; while Turkish fury, breathing wholly eastward, left Germany to Maximilian's gentle guidance, after pacific Frederick slept in peace ; old John of Castile, having
beat

beat down the two kings of Navarre and Arragon, soon turned his conquering arms against Grenada: and had he not been vexatiously betrayed by Don Alvarez de Luna, who took money from the Moors to distress him; all would have been immediately settled in favour of Christianity and civilization. But his strange successor, Henry IV., after having repudiated Blanche de Navarre, took the famous Joan, a Portuguese princess, to his bed, who filled the court with licentious amours, and caused final rejection of the Infanta's claim, not without suspicion of Henry's own consent to that child's bastardy; Bertrand de la Cueva being as much a favourite with the King as with the Queen herself. This wretched Prince was soon removed, indeed, by his bold barons, who set the younger brother up, Alphonso,* he, as I *think*, whom we have seen checked by the Pope Calixtus; and, on his death, a sister, the justly renowned Isabella, who marrying young Ferdinand of Arragon, consolidated those long-contending crowns in one; as Henry and Elizabeth, in England, united the claims of York and Lancaster, but with a greater share of power to the lady. It was her daughter, by this marriage, whose nuptials with Philip, King of the Romans (son to Maximilian), produced *Charles quint*, and makes a sort of full stop in the page of history. Meanwhile our little summary, which can at best catch up the *cue* word, as compositors call it, (meaning *la queue*, the tail) must point the eye of *Retrospection* firmly to where the *cortes*, or grandees of Spain arrested, for a while at least impeded, the quick growth of monarchic power; and consequent liberty to the lower classes of mankind. These nobles claimed the privilege of naming the King's counsellors, and even the officers of his royal household, out of their own body: a

* Alphonso is a name so perpetually recurring in Spanish annals, whether of Castile, Arragon, or Portugal, that it is almost impossible to separate or discriminate them; and if Dr. Plot laments, in his History of Staffordshire, that a succession of nine Sir Edward Littletons confounded all hope of keeping genealogy exact: how many mistakes must be pardoned to an epitomizer, cross every instant by one or other of twenty-two Alphonso!

prerogative which hindered any sovereign in *that* country from playing the trick that Lewis XI. had lately shewn himself capable of in France; where he made a taylor of low birth herald at arms, and called his first physician to be chancellor, with a view of mortifying the great lords, and laughing at their love of genealogy. I know not why Doctor Robertson delights in wilfully misunderstanding Zurita, and saying that it seems probable some *burgesses* were admitted among these *cortes*. Doctor Robertson had a thousand more means of knowing than I, or half my readers ever could obtain; that by *los ricos hombres*, and *procuradores de las ciudades*, was never in the Spanish language of such times meant, as now in England, *rich men, merchants, or manufacturers, leading burgesses in a trading town*; for in Spain no such description of humanity was then existent, according to our present acceptation. The barons of ancient *Christian families*, unmingled with Jewish or with Moorish blood, were the only *ricos hombres* in those days, and the sole *procuradores* or *proctors* for their *ciudades*. These strenuously opposed the new notions brought in by Ferdinand and Isabella, who encouraged the commonalty to complain to *them* of tyrannies suffered from these *titulados*, as Mariæus Siculus justly calls them: while from Valladolid to St. Jago in Galicia, a tract of country near one hundred leagues in length, the crown possessed only three villages, the rest all belonging to nobility, who might most properly be denominated the rich men, *ricos hombres*, if what he says be true, that their revenues mounted, in 1489, to a million and a half of ducats. To combat the effects of so enormous an aristocracy, the subtle princes, more strong as more united by love and interest, contrived to set on foot an institution, called *la Santa Hermandad*, or Holy Brotherhood, to which was committed care of the public peace, disturbed till then each hour, by private animosities among the powerful barons of the land, who at length willingly yielded up for ever to a sense of religion, that freedom they so much valued, of fighting in their own or a dear kinsman's cause; according to the barbarous spirit of those old Gothick hordes, *Catti* and *Vandali*, who left so long their ge-
nius

nus with their names in *Catalonia* and *Andalusia*. Our *retrospective* eye sees the remains of that rude spirit exerting itself liberally in the expulsion of weak, lascivious Henry, and the daughter not deemed by them or by himself *his own* : so jealous too, were the old cortes of their just prerogatives, that when in 1481 their King had left fair Isabella regent, whilst he went out to war against the Portuguese, who for a while defended the Infanta's empty claims ; they said they were obliged to pass an act, for purpose of enabling her, as a foreigner, to enter their hall ; and pass another to allow the serjeant porter, and protect *him* in the deed of opening her the door by which she was to pass.

Such caution would have damped the hopes of less aspiring sovereigns ; but these, making once more religion their pretence, introduced, not without exceeding difficulty, the well-known Court of Inquisition into Spain, where torture, till that time, was not permitted ; and where patrician honour had so fenced its clients, that no man could be condemned and executed without having been previously informed what was deposed against him. Innocent VIII. however, joining with Ferdinand and Isabella in warm zeal to root out what was left of Moors and Jews, helped them to bear down the opposing nobles ; making *them* odious, and fixed this court, accountable to King and Pope alone ; transferring thus the case of all, as much as it was possible, to *one*.

Thus then, upon a general revival, we have found the great monarchic government (properly so termed when one head thought, and one hand acted for all) rushed in upon, and broken down by a hard phalanx of brave northern chieftains : " Fit to disturb the peace of all the world, and rule it when 'twas wildest." For seven or eight centuries we have seen *them* preside over the rolling chaos, as its waves, tossed up and down, presented such rough scenery as in this superficial work has been slightly surveyed. A smoother now, and far more interesting sight of things, unveils, to our less huddled, as less distant *Retrospect*. We lately have discerned some of these chieftains who best could synthesize the ruptured parts, and cluster to their share

share a large dominion ; assume the kingly character again, and, in his separate portion, bear a sway hitherto unpermitted by his fellows. To aid this scheme of partial royalty, the lower classes of humanity called in, will soon exhibit to our wondering eyes, a wider and a more resistless torrent poured on the heads of ambitious princes, miniature monarchs, who, for so *very* short a time, could make mankind consider *them* as the commissioned delegates of heaven. *Three* forms of government the world acknowledge, let them be mixed and subdivided as they may : Providence, whilst I write, has tried us under two of them ; but the great first has so long lain dead, that it is in Europe almost forgotten. If monarchy has left the land, however, that aristocracy which drove it out, must quicken pace, and follow. What then remains ? The reign of trade, of manufactures, arts, luxuries ; the reign of knowledge, opulence, and consequently *power* ; no more concentrated but all diffused, till thinly spread, its spirit shall evaporate, leaving the *dregs* behind ; the reign then of democracy, *last* act of that political drama, which bears a close resemblance to the course of man in moral life. *Three* grand pursuits employ each member of those states we talk of ; and love, ambition, avarice, hold their sway over the three stages of existence, youth, manhood, and old age. Like the community, each individual, when young and glowing with warm energies, throws the full heart at its possessor's feet ; requests acceptance of its service, dresses its idol up in wealth and splendour ; while loyal sentiments pervade the breast, and each emolument, heaped on the *sovereign* of our souls, is deemed to reflect honour on the willing subject. Far ! far from generous love flies every thought of interest, which even eagerly strives to sink itself in the sole pleasure of gratifying the beloved object : but fondness will at length, by its own liberality, exhaust its own stores ; and the cold hour of inanition brings with it some fullen notion too, of self-abasement ; dignity lost, and that time thrown away which might have well been spent in self-aggrandizement. Such are the feelings of a mind mature, and opening to suggestions of ambition ;

bition; and so, even so, swells the proud heart of envious aristocracy, to see one crown beaming alone his solitary radiance, when many coronets might well be formed from it, and all of *equal magnitude*. Besides, the garland fades upon the *wrinkled* brow of once so flattered sovereignty: tear it away, 'tis torn, and now no more: no more is heard of love or loyal truth, so often sworn: but how proceed we in our new pursuit? What cares, what difficulties croud our path, crossing at every turn our tardy step! and how long will those coronets be equal? The parallel holds good. Covetousness, to enlarge each his own regal circuit, drives the possessors to unthought on practices; and when even valour's self feels fatigued with encroachment, intrepidity tired of perpetual defence, and honour wearied out by warding off reiterated attacks on each untenable post; money must purchase, and traffic must barter. Commerce points to the *safe* way of obtaining riches; and, as the *man* yields up his weak remains of life to the guidance of avarice, *last* passion of human nature, so does the general aggregate of all men, like him broke down to a general dependance, seek only who shall be wealthier, not who shall be wiser or stronger than his neighbour; for where every thing is to be *sold*, *there*, as assuredly, every person is to be *bought*; and gold buries virtue in the mine he sprang from.

Thence, so far as I have been able to trace it, issues the birth and parentage of *Le Peuple Souverain*, to whose quick growth and early ripening, none can be said to have contributed more effectually than did Columbus, the immortal Genoese; whose active spirit in a vigorous frame, conceived the daring project of discovering another hemisphere, a balance to our globe.

During the papacy then of Alexander VI., when Casimir, the martyr to his own morality, deserted his post in Poland; whilst Maximilian employed his German patience in chasing a silver-incense pot for his chapel, now shewn among the rarities of the Escorial; and John Albert, married to Catherine de Navarre, gave nearer ancestors to Henri quatre; when Henry VII. sat on our English throne, and Charles, surnamed the

the Affable and Courteous, enjoyed the crown of France in deep tranquillity; while to the House of Medicis fair Florence owed her still growing beauties, and rough Bajazet purchased his brother's death, poor Zimzim, from the vile Borgia family, with, some say, no less a sum than thirty thousand ducats—this wonderful adventurer, this *Columbo*, so called by his admiring countrymen, from his desire of *flying forth* to seek and find new scenes of nature and new modes of life, applied to Ferdinand and Isabella for protection; and in the memorable year 1492, under their patronage, formed a fresh epoch in the story of mankind.

C H A P. III.

CONTAINING

THE DISCOVERIES, &c.

FROM A. D. 1492, DOWN TO THE YEAR 1525.

AND now, if *Retrospect* of great occurrences may be found useful, chiefly for exciting some genuine reflections in the mind, much time must not be spent on those reflections, lest facts of consequence escape our notice. This work allows not space to enumerate the difficulties found in getting out the little armament provided for Columbus, destined when complete to open fresh sources of opulence to Europe, unfold new regions for rapacity to desolate, and display hoards of unsoiled imagery for the examination of future intellect. Three frigates, small ones, such as then were called such, sloops in the present language, I believe, were all the vehicles he could procure: a hundred souls were all he wished to attend him; and for the fitting out this expedition, four thousand pounds spent by the court of Spain, caused many a wonder, aye, and many a sneer, from those who had refused to hear his hopes of finding a new continent; which almost all agreed to think less probable than that the man was mad who went to look for it. Columbus proved his sanity, however. Among the smothered sciences, geography, last overwhelmed, was first to rise again; and Ptolemy counts among the earliest books that were translated into Arabic. When Mahomet had made Constantinople the head quarters and residence of Turcism, the belles lettres no longer cultivated there, ran all to seed; and gentle zephyrs wafting the fine farina into Italy, Florence received and cherished the *amissos graios*; while Cosmo, Lorenzo, each individual of the Medicean House, encouraged

literature in every shape, and courted her arrayed in every dress. Emanuel Chrysolarus, indeed, the Byzantine, who came some time before, had for his loathsome negligence of all, excepting coarse philosophy, been driven away beyond the Tyrol Alps, to seek and find less delicate disciples: but although wit, who never, except in exigence, delights in such alliance, had early taught the newly instructed world to laugh at his severe companion, learning; a spirit of enquiry hovered round. Italians daily learned the sweets of commerce; their country soon possessed the key to it; when navigation was facilitated by finding out that compass, upon which men now depended for longer and more desperate voyages than had been ventured on in times of yore; when the Canary Islands first were visited, or even when Cape de *Verd*, in later days, soothed the scorched sailors with its welcome greenness. For Portugal first felt this fever of exploration, when *their* Prince Henry, son to the sister of aspiring Hereford,* turned his bold thoughts perpetually towards the Atlantic Ocean; where his two emissaries, Tristan Vaz and Juan Gonsalvez, had already found a cluster of fine islands, covered with *wood*, and called, of course, *Maderas*: nor would America have lain so unsuspected, had that brave youth lived but to drive his hopes of novelty on to elicitation. He it was, however, who planted the rich grape from Cyprus in his newly found dominions; and by transporting, gave us a new luxury, known by the name of Malmesey Madera. His cousin Clarence found the present fatal. It was to the courtiers of this active Prince we owe the finding of a race of mortals, escaped till then from human observation; negroes then first discovered, as it is said, by his small vessels dropping down the coast of Africa, far as the river Senegal, and running up into a country inhabited by woolly-headed people, with flat noses; which these good Portuguese quickly observing, thought it the effect of climate, and hied home, lest by the heat their hair should curl, they said, and their lips thicken. The old Moors of Barbary were now deemed a soft, civilized race, compared with these,

* Henry the Fourth of England.

whom

whom Englishmen soon learned to call Black-a-Moors, as a distinction from the paler inhabitants of Morocco ; whence, I suppose, that transcendental name. The Pope, however, having given a bull, permitting Portugal to possess all she could find, in 1486 Bartolomeo Diaz lighted on *Cap Tormentoso*, as he called it ; but the King *hoping better* from the bold adventure, named it himself *la Buena Esperança*.* Venice now naturally alarmed, lest another way should soon be found to India, spoiling their hitherto exclusive trade, spread a report, of which all Genoa was the dupe, that something should be looked for *westward*. Columbus took on trust their meaning, without investigation of the motive ; and sedulously studied our globe's form and size, with hope of balance in another hemisphere : being besides married to a Portuguese, that lady's brother told, in conversation, how having been once somewhat further from the shore than usual, he had observed a curious piece of wood, carved with elaborate neatness, driven towards him by a strong wind at west, or else a current ; adding, that on the island of Tercera, a man's body had been found without a beard, and differing much from any European's. These tales, however, interested not the great lords to whom Columbus first applied : such stories *they* thought best belonged to discourses or cantadours, as useful to lull languid and vacant nobility to sleep. Truth is, nobility slept but too soundly ; and still unwaked but by the trump of war, suffered more active commerce to enlist their ready vassals, and engage men in what philosophy fails not to find, more rational pursuits.

Maister Richard Pace, King Henry the Seventh's fool, saw plainly how the world was going on, when one, in high contempt of learning, said to his Grace, “ 'Tis for a nobleman enough, methinks, to winde
“ his horne, and carry his hawke fayre, leaving drie studye to the sons
“ of mean fellowes.” “ Why, then, be ye contented, Lords,” quoth Pace, “ while mean men's sons do manage affayres of state, that your
“ children winde the horne at home, and carry their falcon fayre.”

* Cape of Good Hope.

This anecdote from Campden is not in its place, nor yet far out of it, when we observe Ferdinand and Isabella taking advantage of that dull supineness; they felt that to extend the empire of knowledge abroad, would tend to weaken the authority of ignorance at home; and having seen the Turkish power repressed a little by the Portuguese, who opposed none but the blunt arms of trade, and hoped-for riches to their fury; were led to reflect that Europe might be saved by superiority in what, till lately, was so little esteemed. Good Isabella too, after the happy conquest of Granada, felt her warm heart peculiarly expanded, when some emotions there, quickened by Quintanilla, gave her to feed her fancy with the triumphs of Christianity on the other side of the globe, promulgated amongst unseen millions, making a balance to Mahometanism; a compensation for Constantinople's loss. 'Twill be, however, more striking to a *modern*, an *English Retrospector*, that in the agreement drawn up between this enterprising genius and his sovereigns, they style themselves the *Sovereigns of the Ocean*. We cannot stay to note the articles; but we may wonder any articles at all should thus be signed concerning an invisible dominion. In fact, the sailors soon began to think that it would for ever remain so; and when three weeks had past in a situation new to them all, the west wind blowing freely, while fond remembrance of their long-left home hung upon every breeze, and visionary schemes faded before anticipation's eye—*when all above was sky, and ocean all around*—a state common to countless mariners in these days; but anxious and alarming, solemn and sublime to Christopher Columbus as to Homer. Murmurs, cabals, complaints, remonstrances as erst against Ulysses, rose at length to threats of open rebellion against such a leader; and he was forced to come to a compromise, that if no land appeared in three days more, he would turn back, and give up all his hopes. He spoke, and sounding, felt the plumb-line touch the bottom: in two hours more a branch of some tree, with fresh fruit or berries on it, was picked up by his headmost ship, which on that very night descried fires made on shore, or rather wandering

wandering lights, as it should seem, carried from place to place. Morning confirmed these consolations; the commandant ordered *Te Deum* to be sung; and after receiving new homage from his transported countrymen, prepared for that of the nations he was to encounter, by putting on a rich dress; then grasping in one hand a naked sword, a crucifix in the other, he leaped on shore; and as he parted from his vessel, *La Santa Maria*, named the first ground whereon he lighted, *El Salvador*;* little aware, perhaps, how he was even then exemplifying that Saviour's words, where he says, "Think you I come to bring peace upon earth? nay, verily, but a sword." It was more consonant to the studies of Columbus to observe, with what a steady course he had steered three thousand miles from Spain, deviating only four degrees upon the whole, and more agreeable to the times he lived in the reflection, that like his namesake canonized of old, he had indeed *carried Christ over the water*.† The inhabitants of this small spot, however, interested our discoverers but as they pointed out a road to *larger*; and as the gold they wore familiarly about their persons, intimated those unseen hoards which had been promised to a warm imagination, enquiries for the birth-place of this precious metal no less astonished its fellow natives, than *their* appearance of gentleness and timidity delighted those Spaniards who had fought them from so far.

We must however confess, that science felt the hunger of curiosity as keenly as did rapacity the thirst of gold. Columbus had, in idea, the hope of finding that junction between the two continents of Asia and America which was reserved by heaven for our own century, and for a far more artless adventurer, Captain Cook. Perhaps the words he heard, *Chan and Cipango*, drove recollection back to Marco Polo and the kingdom of Cathay; but no time was permitted *him* to waste in speculation.

Pinzon, the second captain of his fleet, was flit away in search of mines and treasures, of which it was his intention to appropriate the

* The Saviour.

† The saint who is said by his legend to have carried Christ over the water once in his infancy, was therefore denominated *Christopher*.

value and the merit, and, with his treacherous seamen, set their admiral at defiance, leaving him on an unknown coast, combating rough winds, which at length drove him into another insulated paradise, which he called *Esppagnuola*, Little Spain. Here he found elegant, not to say polished manners. The principal cacique, Guatimahari, lamented, even with tears, the loss of a vessel, which he considered wisely as a model of mechanic powers, and hindered his subjects from too roughly handling the pieces of the wreck which drove on shore. Helpless! confiding creatures! soon will whole shoals of men, resembling those you now preserve, return to thank you for their brethren's lives with every kind of sorrow and misfortune. Meanwhile Columbus would himself have been an object of compassion to our readers, had we not seen him studious to deceive and terrify his new-found benefactors, making them think the eclipse they saw, obeyed his call for darkness. Cruel falsehood! and frightening them with swords, muskets, and cannon, from which last, I presume, his own great grandfather would have escaped away with equal speed, as ordnance and its use had not been *very* long familiar even in Europe. When he had promised these poor souls protection from their more hardy neighbours, the Caribs; in his third ship, however, this great man prepared to return home, and disappoint Pinzon at least, leaving thirty-eight sailors upon the Isle of *Hispaniola*, force enough to keep the soft inhabitants in awe, and with as many more hastened to Spain, that they might know how the new world they sought for was discovered. Specimens too, of every curious product loaded his little vessel, and, perhaps, contributed to endanger its utter loss in the first hurricane upon record. She weathered it, notwithstanding, and arrived safe, and before Pinzon, who had, if I remember right, made no discoveries, and against whose conduct no complaints were suffered to overcloud the general joy. A second voyage, less happy, though more splendid, soon took place, in which Jamaica, Dominica (called so, because it was discovered on a Sunday), with many other islands, were found out; for Ferdinand and Isabella, pleased with the past success, sent out their *dove* again,

again, their now half-adored Columbus. But, alas! seventeen ships and fifteen hundred men were harder far to rule than three small floops and ninety followers, of which the thirty-eight left upon Hispaniola had so tormented the feeble and inoffensive inhabitants, that, perfectly *incapable* to cope with that small handful of Europeans, they at the last took up the strange resolution of *running all away*, and leaving those voracious Spaniards, as they called them, nothing to eat, little dreaming that they could cultivate the ground; and, in a climate so fertile and so favourable, easily keep food enough to prevent fear of starving. It was the poor natives that were starved by this device, and so thinned in their numbers by a contagious malady beside, that when the Admiral came to his new colony, he found it pretty near depopulated. The malcontents of his own squadron too, had by that time so tormented him, that he resolved on hastening home again for purpose of obtaining fuller powers; but the King's mind was found unexpectedly poisoned against his once favourite adventurer; and though they had ennobled his family, acknowledged his merit, praised God publicly with him for those benefits his services were supposed to have rendered both to the church and state—although Pope Alexander's bull, conferring the appropriation of these realms to Spain, confessed that it was by his means he obtained them, with a near hope beside of that rich continent, which now could scarcely be supposed far off; yet when he set out on his third voyage, a commissioned spy was sent to watch his actions, not without certainty of being better paid the worse was his report. Such treatment would have damped any spirit but that of Columbus, which was refreshed this time, however, with gold and pearl enough to stimulate even sleeping avarice, while that desire of knowledge, which possessed the better part of his great soul, derived an ample compensation to all ills, in surveying, at safe distance, old Ocean's struggles with gigantic Oroonoko, whose vast weight of waters combating the tide where it disembogues, and brings not so much tribute as terror to the sea, exhibits still, even to experienced

perienced voyagers, a single scene, matchless in natural magnificence. A thought now struck its *first* intelligent spectator, that streams so copious never could proceed but from a tract of land proportionate in continuity, and told him plainly he had yet scarce seen the suburbs of that solid hemisphere he hoped for. Such was the fact; but never-ceasing jars increasing every hour on board his fleet, drove him once more to Europe, where the genius of enterprize and bold discovery seemed wholly to possess mankind; and, as the inhabitants of this quarter of the world had once been seized with epidemic furor to fall on Asia with the force of arms, so *now* a like sudden and vehement impression prompted the minds of men to seek and find new wonders in a distant region, and tread some path yet unexplored to fame. Religion once more acted as pretence, and Emanuel of Portugal sent out Vasquez de Gama, whose avowed purpose was to propagate Christianity south-east of the Cape de Buena Esperança. The missionaries who accompanied *him* were less turbulent than Father Boyle, the apostolic vicar, who had proved such a ceaseless scourge to Columbus; and they toiled on, through heat and contrary winds, half horror stricken by the sight of Guinea blacks and Hottentots, along the coast of Cafraria, till, bigots as they were at setting out, they hailed a Mahometan at Goa, as a friend commissioned by kind heaven to assist them; and putting themselves under his pilotage, arrived safe at Calcutta, where a new world awaited them; and where, so little was then known of relative geography, it was thought possible that they might meet Columbus. They found, however, what was not less welcome at the close of the fifteenth century, the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel; populous, cultivated, rich, industrious, and eager for that commerce which they brought; and which the news of their success suggested to a large knot of merchants met at Seville, who soon fitted out four ships at their own expence, regardless of the original compact made between the first discoverer and a court now much exhausted, and half unwilling to be lured by more realms, or to be teased again with more complainants.

plainants. Alonzo de Oyeda was then chosen commodore of this new expedition, for purpose of occidental discoveries; and on his little fleet Amerigo Vespucci mounted the deck as volunteer. He was a youth of ostentatious manners, graceful person, and high birth: a Florentine, favoured by the House of Medici, and boasting his descent from the Emperor Vespasian, of whose character he seems to have been completely the reverse. He made a short voyage, but a long description, composed with art and elegance, worthy the country of Mæcenas and Michael Angelo, Petrarch and Aretine; worthy the Tuscan court, in short, where each refinement was encouraged. He barely touched the southern continent, when half the globe was, with the other half's consent, suddenly, but everlastingly called after his name; whilst the more phlegmatic, but truly original discoverer, came home superseded, and even loaded with fetters by Bovadilla, who remained governor of Hispaniola in his place. Columbus, untired, undismay'd, threw himself once more at Ferdinand and Isabella's feet: and silently, but with expressive anguish, pointing to his chains, filled them with shame and momentary sorrow; and transferred to his perfidious princes some share of his own ill-deserved mortifications. Another voyage was soon set on foot; and since Juan de Cabral, a Portuguese adventurer, had, during the course of these events, lighted (perhaps more by chance than skill) upon the Brazils, the brave Spaniard made one more effort, though grown old and gouty, if possible, to find out that vast tract of land, which, like the country of Ulysses, still seemed to fly before his near approach. The harbour indeed which, from its numerous perfections, he named *Porto Bello*, repaid his search of beauty, inasmuch he fancied he had found the original seat of Paradise, he said. Hurricanes and mutinies meanwhile, which seem to have eternally pursued him, made it, in a few months, a real purgatory; and Hispaniola, whither these torments drove him, resembled hell itself in guilt and woe. Thence, therefore, he steered quickly back to Spain, where, at Valladolid, May 1506, Columbus (having been first an object of con-

tempt, next of admiration, and lastly, of almost universal envy) retired to die, having in some measure gratified the impetuous spirit which drove him on a course of life so turbulent and rough, that his sad course along the globe is marked by names expressive of distress and anxious care. Cap Engaño, Boca del Drago, Costa de los Contrastes, Porto de Mulas, with a long etcætera; besides *St. Thomas*, which he called so merely because the sailors were, like him *incredulous*, and would not credit ought but *ocular demonstration*.

The story how when at last he was reproached by some one for having done but what was easy to perform, is an old tale, told likewise of Brunelleschi, who built the famous octagonal dome to the superb cathedral at Florence; he bid his critics set an egg upright, which, when they failed to do, he broke one end a little, and it stood exceeding well. "Any one could have done this," said the cavillers: "Then why did you not do it?" said the architect. But we must tell no more tales, true or false, concerning the administration of Columbus, who found a feeble race of mortals, whom he caressed and plundered, deserted and deceived, yet left his memory unstained by blood of innocents; and since the people he found would not labour, neither would he compel them. Those mutineers, indeed, who had refused to pay him a just and necessary obedience, when left upon the islands he discovered, claimed from the hapless natives prompt submission; enforcing it with rigorous and undeserved punishments, till their severities proved fatal to population, and the poor colony was emptied of inhabitants; of which a supply sent from out Spanish prisons contributed to its complete corruption; till, worked by Guinea blacks bought from the coast of Africa, and peopled with exiled malefactors, every vile vice of every continent swarmed into life in the new-found West Indies, like the musquitoes on their shore, innumerable, untameable, and only to be endured by being cased in leather, and rendered *insensible* to their annoyance. But birds and insects only showed themselves vigorous upon this hemisphere as in the east; all quadrupeds

pedes appeared oddly degenerate, and none had been observed yet in a domestic state, unless a small dog (more mute still than his masters) might be deemed such. The human creatures too were soft, but cold; and very little willing to be talked with. Soon therefore did their vacant eye, their listless inactivity, disgust the rougher Europeans, who thought more highly of the *negroes* than of *them*; and who with unfeeling barbarity encouraged the wool-heads, as they called them, to persecute the natives of the land, and drive them to display their sole perfection—a power of swimming inherent in them all, and skill of taking aim whilst in the water, diving directly as the arrow reached its mark. Had they gone northwards in discovery, and reached the wandering tribes of Canada, they would have seen men much more like themselves, whose bold ferocity was yet maintained like their's, by private wars, which even yet subsist in savage nations, and had not been long ended on our side the water, when first the sixteenth century began. Great chiefs among us had indeed, in later days, been called great nobles; crusading and chivalry had much refined their manners, and Christianity taught lessons, which they learned with difficulty; but soon as a new world opened itself to their inordinate desires, they fell upon it like untaught children on a toy-shop—tasting, and breaking, and knocking all in pieces. Robertson and Raynal, who love the dignity of human nature, may justly shudder, but not wonder at this fury; although *their reading* has been classical and elegant, while time and distance, study and scholarship combine to *distance*, not *approximate* such scenery. I have somewhere read the praises of our poet Mr. Pope, for reading bad books as well as good ones; and, in truth, were it not for such a glance of *Retrospect* as this now and then, we should all be apt enough to forget what our ancestors had done, amid the multitude of things we have ourselves to do. It does present facts truncated indeed, and strangely mutilated before a reader's eye; but seeing them closer we compare them easier; and stript of all those rays which a well written history throws round them, we judge their bulk, perhaps,

with fewer hindrances. What would philosophers and critics have? They must return back to their Bibles after all. We learn from thence, that sensuality, the first *vice*, was followed by cruelty, the second *crime* upon record. Fresh ground broken up showed the same weeds: lubricity led on to murder, while blood flowed without controul from conscience, when law was left on t'other side the Atlantic. Yet tribes of Americans were stared at with amazement, because they were all alike: no lame, no deformed, no blind or deaf were seen. Their forests might have equally astonished these observers; for stunted trees and brush-wood live not there. In animal as in vegetable life the strong outgrows the weak, and drives it down. No nurture was bestowed where labour was considered as calamity. Population is sought for only among the rich, who look upon a numerous brood of children as self multiplied into so many more mouths, opened in happy time to seize their portion of life's large plumb-cake, in which, wasp like, they lay their eggs, and grieve (rationally enough) if all do not come to maturity. But poverty suspends parental tenderness: the Indian man dashes his little boy's brains out, when the sea eggs he has been diving for all day are by the baby's carelessness broken or lost.* The woman, fearful of hunger to her offspring, and of blows destined for herself should *they* be famished, resolves like Eve, in Milton, after the curse, *destruction with destruction to destroy*.† Such is the *moral sense*! such *human virtue*, when hoping no reward beyond the grave: such too is *life*, unsweetened by a certainty of better! A cloud of witnesses have been, however, collected by Mr. Gray,‡ proving that the aborigines of South America had some traditionary knowledge of the Flood, the preservation of a single family, &c.; and if the Mexicans did indeed tinge the threshold with blood of a slain animal, as has been said, one might be led to think they had some notion of an expiatory sacrifice, typical of Jesus Christ.§ Be this as it may, Hernan Cortez staid not to see

* See Byron's Voyage, page 108.

† Paradise Lost, Eve's speech, book 10th.

‡ Gray's Key, page 85.

§ See Robertson for *the fact*.

or think: they were not Catholics, and that sufficed. It was the year 1519 when Montezuma's empire was descried; and that bold chief, with but six hundred men, set forward with intention to consume it, and succeeded. The Spaniards had a mean opinion of Indian powers, 'tis plain, and the unwarlike natives soon confirmed it; when although skilled to count, divide the year into twelve moons, three hundred and sixty-five days, &c. they had not sense to surround these invaders, and annihilate them. Their sovereign commanded thirty vassals, each of whom furnished him a hundred thousand men, armed with good bows and arrows; but so terrified at the strange sight of horses trained to battle, ships pregnant with what they thought thunder; strange wooden castles wafted by the winds, and breathing fire even in the midst of an element seemingly ordained by nature to have quenched it; that subdued chiefly by their own imaginations, they felt inclined to worship as invincible, a race of mortals superior to themselves, chiefly perhaps from familiarity with objects new to them and justly formidable. First among these the European arms, sharpened by keen rapacity to seize and plunder all those glittering treasures, which far too ill defended, left exposed to every grief and woe their weak possessors, who lost them before conscious of their value. Now temples, palaces, and shops, exhibiting all that desire could wish, or power enjoy, were plundered without pity by the Spaniards; while the great Emperor's dwelling, erected upon columns of pure jasper, and brilliant with ornaments of unalloyed gold from the mine, lured on our little army of true Vandals, who sacked poor unresisting Mexico, just as their cruel ancestors had ravaged imperial Rome. Destin'd to drive th' existing world before 'em, they then had overwhelmed by dint of numbers, a nation old in arms, in arts renowned; they now, in a small troop firm fixed, compact, immovable, drove unopposing multitudes along, and scattered them to atoms as they flew: seizing the monarch's self at last, and carrying him about, not merely as a triumph, but a useful prisoner, whose business it was made to tame his people, and

and teach them calm submission to their conquerors. A wretched hostage in the European camp, did any of his own subjects feel for his situation, and breathe even distant intention of his rescue, Cortez brought Montezuma forth directly, and forced him to harangue the senseless crowd: were any alarms fomented in the city, poor Montezuma instantly appeared to pacify by influence of his foes those friends which still were left him. The Emperor's voice yet hushed their hard suspicions into peace, and the *last feeling* of their hearts was loyalty. The queen bee thus detained, settles the congregated swarm at once; whilst all the honey they have been collecting, goes to the fat possessor of the hive, who burns the generous insects in a heap, carries the comb off for his wife and children, and reads to them at night in the new book called *Retrospection*, the cruelties of Cortez in America.

Under the successor of this hapless sovereign, some sense of wrong began to rouse the natives, and sting the fierce marauders in their turn; for panic terror will not always last, and accident had shown that Spaniards were not invulnerable. Resistance, though tardy, would have yet proved fatal, had not European skill discovered a volcano of saltpetre, better worth than all the gems and mines the land produced. Guatimozin's endeavours to regain independence now were fruitless. The great Castilian leader soon made haste to catch this uncomplying emperor, whom his men stretched on the burning coals; and learned from the patient endurance of an Indian, the difference between fortitude and active valour. Since *then*, we have had frequent opportunity to know, that the American bush-fighter, who starts like a hare at sound of musquetry or cannon, and runs, and climbs a tree, and trembles till he drops from it, will sing at the stake, surrounded by slow fires; will smoke tobacco while his legs are consuming in the flames, and call on his enemies, to add new tortures; *for the son of Alknoomach will never complain.* With Guatimozin's sufferings and disgrace ended the Mexican empire, utterly destroyed by Ferdinando or Hernan Cortez, who returned safe to Spain, and died there, after
having

having discovered as far as California, but missing the near connection of the hemispheres, which further search would easily have found. Cortez was not happy in his death however, though greatly *rewarded*, he found himself at last but *ill requited*; and the mortifications suffered by his pride, prevented or soured the enjoyment of such pleasures as can be purchased by avarice. The conqueror of millions crouching for audience in the anti-chamber of a Spanish grandee, from whose courtesy he was to request a conference with the king he had so served and so enriched, is laughable enough to us who read it; but afforded only vexation to the solicitor; and he was not ennobled like Columbus, because Columbus being a foreigner, his birth was less notorious to have been beneath that irremovable line, which then seemed destined never to be passed, between the upper and lower classes of mankind. The death of this great man however, and subsequent settling of this new found colony, brings us to A. D. 1521, when Ferdinand Magellan proposed a voyage of discovery to old Emanuel of Portugal, and on his cold refusal, left the realm, and threw himself at the feet of Cardinal Ximenes, who then protected Spain for its young minor monarch, *Charles Fifth*, and who, fond of whatever gave even distant hope of aggrandizing the master that he served, and propagating the religion that he loved, took this adventurer at once into his pay, and set him off with five ships on the 10th of August. Poor Ferdinand, however, reached not *el Río de la Plata* till January the next year: he had run too far southward for the Potosi he was seeking; and even when this enormous aggregate of waters rolling in full current to the sea, might have convinced him that the new continent invited his approach, he still was irresistibly impelled to stand southward once again, and lost himself in the strait which still bears his name, *Magellan*, and divides Terra del Fuego from the Patagonian coast.* Here one of his five ships added

* One of this gentleman's descendants died in England, at *Islington*, I think, at an advanced age, 1790. He was only great-grandson to the circumnavigator; and it was his uncle who lived thirty years at Pekin, and dictated some accounts of China. He spelt his name *Magelhaun*. The Annual Register gave me this intelligence.

desertion to reproach ; but spite of insurrection among those more immediately under his own command, whom Robertson says he *over-awed*, not *reconciled* to his scheme, he drove forwards ; and after twenty days struggle in the narrow pass, found himself cast into the illimitable ocean, such he believed it, though now termed *Pacific*, and less tremendous to succeeding voyagers, who hold like him their steady course, encircling all our globe. 'Twas thus he fared, only he had not doubled round Cape Horn, else like our Anson here in later days, *they* full of illness, fatigue, and depression of spirits, devoured by scorbutic diseases too, reached Tinian, and other charming Asiatic islands, now well known by the angry appellation which he gave them when they stole something from his men, and gained the name *Ladrones*, meaning *thieves*. Here, in a scuffle with the coarse inhabitants, poor Magellan was killed ; and his surviving captains continuing the plan they had so much objected to while he proposed it, went on to Europe, having in the Spice Islands, Moluccas, &c. found their old friends the Portuguese : astonished to see Magellan's fleet arrive at Borneo, only by steering a *westerly* course from the Canary isles, and giving an account of South America, whose rivers had been seen, and their shores viewed in course of this truly circumnavigatory voyage, which lasted just three years ; and of which Spain failed not to make her peculiar advantage, though all the world shared in the profit of so great a discovery. And now, after one more prominent character reviewed, and one word mentioned from Don Diego Saavedra, a Spanish writer, who seems not blinded by partiality at all, we will take leave of him and of his countrymen awhile, and turn our *Retrospect* another way.

“ Boundless wealth,” says he, speaking of these times, “ and treasures till then undreamed of, inspired the princes of the house of Austria with passionate desires, fatal to their subjects. They thought the mines of gold were inexhaustible, and that no gratification need in future be denied. From South America was all felicity hoped and expected ; to South America, of course, thousands now emigrated :

“grated : life went *out* from Spain, and barren metal only *loaded in*.
 “Granada had been conquered in the year 1491 : expulsion followed
 “conquest. Moors, Jews, &c. driven forcibly away, left the once
 “cultivated provinces a desert, lessening the consumption of corn, and
 “of consequence, discouraging agriculture ; while from the *bowels* of
 “our mother earth was forcibly *torn* that means of happiness which
 “we once quietly *solicited* from its *surface* : add to all this the inquisi-
 “torial strictness, which hindered any one man now from telling to his
 “fellows what ruin was before their eyes, and the propensity our princes
 “had to care for allied powers more than home, helped to render our
 “poor nation a mere Danaid’s sieve, through which trickles perpe-
 “tually the riches of two continents.” This is no close, but general
 quotation, loosely abridged from a good author, who died in 1648 ; and
 from his *idea of a politic prince* in Spanish, I believe Lord Bolingbroke
 took his *idea of a patriot king*. St. John was a general, a miscellaneous
 reader ; and such (*I can safely swear*) run risque of plagiarism when
 least intending it. Robertson says wisely, that if historians are not
 exact in quoting their authorities, all history is but an amusing tale.
 He would not, however, have required such care from superficial sum-
 maries like mine ; epitomized from all, and so confined, that quoting the
 authorities would make it a long book, and hinder it from being even an
 amusing tale. This work is just what it professes to be, *Retrospection* :
 and we needed not have quoted Saavedra to prove that Spain is now
 no longer what she has been ; that the bulk of her present subjects
 are lazy, proud, and poor ; that the country is deformed as well as de-
 populated ; that sands are spread where bounteous Ceres smiled ; and
 that there is not in the kingdom of Granada at this hour, one spot of
 ground as rich and fine, and fertile, as were even mountains in the time
 of the Moors.

We should not here omit the mentioning how she who was most
 active to displace them, the gentle and pious Isabella, died more than
 seven years before her husband Ferdinand, who was at length poisoned

by a mistake, having swallowed a quack medicine, given with very different intentions by his second queen, Germaine de Foix, who vainly hoped to make him father to a young prince of Asturias; but these ardent wishes for progeny are almost always disappointed, or end ill *some way*. His daughter by the *first* bed, though somewhat like deranged, and at least what we agree to call exceedingly *odd*, was destined to produce the famous character Charles V. by her marriage with Philip of Austria, surnamed the Beautiful and Moderate, inheriting the virtues of amiable Maximilian, which best enabled him to endure his queen's tormenting fondness with a degree of tranquillity and decorum, necessary enough to the husband of *Jean la folle*: so the contemporary historians call the eldest child of Ferdinand and Isabella. The youngest Catherina was no happier: she married our Henry Seventh's two sons, and was repudiated sixteen years after she had reigned at the right hand of the second brother, who turned her off, wedding her maid Anne Boleyn, spite of the Pope and of her nephew Charles, who had succeeded to the Spanish crown in 1517, soon as John Albert just expelled Navarre, had newly enriched it with another jewel, by loss to him of that kingdom; and two years after the same prince was elected Emperor of Germany on death of his paternal grandfather Maximilian I. sometimes called the Fortunate, sometimes the Pacific. Over this young man's short minority, that all felicity might seem to unite in Charles V. presided the illustrious, the incomparable Ximenes; well known to fame for virtues little practised then as now, within the tainted atmosphere of courts. A character that would have found itself equal to the sovereignty of a whole earth, had he, like his countrymen Trajan or Theodosius, been called to exercise universal dominion as *monarch* of a world they knew to render happy; and who would have edified all Christendom by his piety, had he been summoned to the papal chair. As chancellor of a university, he did in effect promote learning in all its branches; and tried to make the holy scriptures known in every tongue: witness the vast twelve years' work, still called the Polyglott
of

of Ximenes; which when he saw completed he exclaimed, prostrating himself upon the ground—"Oh God! I give thee here my humblest thanks that thus thy servant has been so permitted to propagate thy true and sacred word." Yet notwithstanding his various accomplishments, his whole desire was retirement, where in his own diocese he might reside in peace, without disturbance from ambition, teaching his poor neighbours their duty to heaven and each other, while he performed towards *them* not charities alone, but liberal acts of friendship, wishing to be a bishop more beloved than celebrated—a parent to his curates, vassals, tenants, peasantry; who when a tempest once desolated all their district, were every one indemnified from out of his own purse, and wrote four Spanish lines upon a little pillar, which they all helped to set up, expressive of this thought.

Safe in our patron and our friend,
Here winds may roar, and rains may fall;
We on Ximenes' care depend,
Our husbandman provides for all.

His life indeed, is one continued panegyric on human nature, purified by Christianity; nor were his modes of mortifying himself known till one day, when cardinal and regent, he reprimanded his coachman in the street for being behind his time on some occasion of no little consequence.—"Your Eminence," replied the fellow, "has nothing to do but tie your rope about your waist, nor even *that*, for I am told you sleep in it; but my horses must be taken other care of, or they would look as lean as their lord, and that would never be to our credit." In fact, Ximenes, a Franciscan friar, still wore his woollen habit next his skin, and slept the five hours he allowed himself on a rough pallet, such as are used in cells; nor was ever known to throw his limbs when weary on the state-bed prepared for his repose. At the great dinners 'twas his place to give, his own mess of pulse was still prepared for *him*; nor had he ever tasted fresh meat or wine, or even gravy, or ever allowed himself a *tête-à-tête* with any man or

woman since his vow. When secrecy was necessary, he stood in a confessional: permitting no possibility of scandal, and enjoying, as he expressed it, only one *sensual* gratification, music; of which he was most passionately fond. When the body which contained this pious soul was opened, 'tis said no future could be discerned in the cranium; and that violent cephalalgia which pursued him to the last, was attributed to the unusual paucity of brains in his head. He died not without suspicion of having been poisoned till these examinations were made; and lived not to see his beloved master, by a marriage with John of Portugal's sister, who at the same time married a sister of Charles himself, bid fair to unite all Europe under his dominion, and be no longer called Charles V. but *Charles quint*, as fifth *emperor* of the name, not merely *king of Spain*.

These events bring us to the year 1525, when we will quit these Castilians, so formidable to both hemispheres—for a while.

CHAP. IV.

TURKS AND ITALIANS, FRENCH AND ENGLISH,

FROM 1492 TO 1525.

WE left the forceful Bajazet driving the king of Caramania to extremities, and our *retrospective* eye rejoiced to see such fury happily turned away from Christendom, exhausting its violence in old Natolia, and regions still more remote: we felt consoled too, that the Turkish power began to be controuled in Europe now a little—counteracted at least by those growing arts and resuscitating sciences which always give the mastery to nations deepest skilled in them. Man, as man merely, is a feeble creature, shuddering at the water where other animals naturally swim, and sheltering from the wind where some animals naturally fly; but animated by knowledge, quickened by genius, and rendered skilful in the eye of both by experience, he makes air and sea subservient to his purpose, and bends all elements to his advantage. Europe was now learning how past mortals had conducted themselves in similar situations to their own: printing polished the master key to knowledge, and ignorance began to feel a sense of shame till lately unobserved, and scarcely suffered to disturb the dignity of listlessness, or set aside the cravings of appetite. Such sentiments, when kindled, are contagious: Bajazet, become old and gouty, and finding small relief, and shortening intervals from pain, which suffered him no more to follow camp as usual, begun listening himself after philosophical amusements, and having built at Dymotica, in Thrace, not far from Adrianople, a sort of secondary palace, proposed retiring thither, meaning to dedicate the last years of his life to ease and study. Fortunately

tunately for mankind his janissaries and courtiers considered such conduct as desertion; and though they would have willingly seen their sovereign rioting in debauch, and debilitating himself by general voluptuousness, unfettered by any particular attachment, their terrors took alarm at these proposals: and Selim, the most savage of his dear-loved sons, was singled out as successor. Impatient of the moment, he took arms; but Bajazet, not liking to be *driven*, as it appears from what he was willing and even desirous to *quit*, opposed them manfully; and the young prince, escaping upon his favourite horse *Carabulo*, meaning a *black cloud*, dismissed the lucky animal from future labour, seeing him every day led out richly caparisoned to receive the caresses of a grateful master, who, when he died, buried him with military honours at Grand Cairo, under a sepulchre of coal-black marble. When Bajazet's resentment cooled a little, he sent for Selim to his court, receiving his submissions, and pardoning his offence, adding both tears and kisses to his kindness. This Emperor seems to have been much more humanized than any of the Turkish sovereigns we have read of:—he suffered Zimzim to elude that fury for many years which other successors to the Ottoman state exert at once,—strangling their brothers at the hour of accession. He forgave Selim, and proposed once more to taste the sweets of literary retirement; but soon heard the report how Achmet and Corcutus, other sons by different sultanas, plotted rebellion, and resolved to reign, while many bassas were observed flocking to their treacherous standard. “False
“ and forsworn!” cried the old Emperor from his palace walls—
“ What seek you! When the earth shook for eighteen days together,
“ did I not treat all my slaves as children, providing for you food and
“ dwellings from my purse? And did I not rebuild your city in six
“ months, setting on fourscore thousand men at once to work! And will
“ ye not now let me die in peace, but help disease, which does the business slowly? Call Selim to the throne; he will defend it bravely:
“ let me retreat now to my summer palace; at eighty-one years sure
“ I think

“ I think I may.” So saying he prepared things for his journey, and his son Selim, favoured above the rest, went with him part of the way. At separating, the old king shed tears, which a young Jew physician wiped away, and Selim begged his father would accept the man out of his household as a useful slave, who might assist him in the hours of torment, and rub his feet with a soft hand, &c. Bajazet took with him the commissioned assassin, and unsuspecting drank the strong poisonous draught which Selim had commanded that man to prepare; lest, as he said, the conduct of prince Achmet might force or tempt his father from his studies, and bring him to Constantinople again. Achmet, bold youth! was soon quelled howsoever; and Corcutus, who fought in that brother’s cause, and who had likewise caught the flame of literature, being seized and put into prison, sent the new Emperor a pathetic letter expressed in *verse*, so elegant and tender, that nothing but state policy, ’tis said, could have prevented Selim’s pardoning him. So may we see family affection working its way with letters into Turkey; where Selim thought it fit to have the slave strangled who suppressed, he said, or came too late with a petition so capable of moving him to forgiveness.

Meanwhile the religious war with Ismael Sophi, concerning some peculiar tenets delivered down by Omar and Hali, successors to their prophet, contributed to keep that faith alive which had now held its ground in the world nine hundred years at least, and which was certainly endangered by the last sovereign’s acknowledged taste for literature; a disposition, therefore, dreaded by his subjects, who fear nothing so much as encroachments upon Mahometanism, to which Selim had the attachment of old times, and thought those hours lost to church and state which were spent in libraries or cogitation. He led his troops against the sultan of Egypt, and took Grand Cairo from its old possessors, and after displaying that personal prowess and military skill his armies knew so well how to appreciate, he died in the beginning of 1520; and finding the cancer which consumed his life less tolerable

rable than any of those wounds which had so often threatened it: "Pyrrhus!" cried he, calling to his favourite bafsa, "death is at hand, and in an ugly form. Let my *last* action on earth at least be a good one." "Will my lord leave his treasures to the mosque, then?" said Pyrrhus. "No, pr'ythee," replied the Emperor, "that is a Christian custom, and a weak one. They give to Jesus the spoil of his poor servants. Go rather, Pyrrhus, and restore the Persian what we have taken from him with injustice; paying the families who helped us gain it from out my privy purse." His son Solyman, so truly termed the Magnificent, turned, as his dying father counselled him, his arms on Europe, and keeping Selim's picture always at his bed's head, buried him with a Greek line writ on the tomb, which some one made into expressive Latin, thus:

Hic maximus adsum Selimus qui orbem domui.

The panegyric was nearer true of his son, who took Belgrade, and besieged Rhodes, the first two years of his reign: Villiers, a Frenchman, defended the island valiantly, but fortune favoured Turcism once more, and the sultan took possession upon Christmas day. He now prepared to attack Hungary, where Lewis hoped to make a vigorous resistance, strengthened as he was by great alliance; while Mary, another sister of Charles V., accepted *his* hand, and his sister married Ferdinand, brother to that great emperor. But resistance against Solyman was no easy task; nor could the king of Hungary be counted among those striking, those conspicuous characters with which, as nature now seemed renovating, and science held her lamp to show them off, the world appeared to teem, and call mankind's attention to the product, where Raphael and Michael Angelo, Corregio, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, brought back to life, and rescued from imperfect *Retrospect*, objects of *past* admiration, while they consigned their own names to immortality of fame, and while the house of Medici, seeking still to irradiate all around them by restoring every art

art to pristine estimation, attracted splendour and beauty to itself, and shone with reflected lustre, the moon of modern times. How this extraordinary family contrived to overlay with brightness its natural opacity, and shine for years and ages with glory so serene, with light so cheering, an author of our own day has informed us: but information's self only increases the wonder, when we consider that high birth, till those days, was deemed indispensable to all excepting ecclesiastical dignities; and that Silvestro's parents little dreamed his grandson should be called *Lorenzo the Magnificent*. By tacit influence then, and voluntary acquiescence, if such vast power could be obtained and kept, among *subjects* who at *first* would not have willingly been *called such*, we may consider the phenomenon as consolatory to those ranks of men hitherto precluded from political renown, who might observe that since authority began to pine a little, Florence was the place pitched upon by Providence to show how learning, virtue, talents, all combined, might by long union in a single race, supply the post she could no longer guard, and do what dull descent had done before.

But other Italian states were not so happy. Roderico Borgia, made pope by bargain with the other cardinals, abhorred, he said, all simoniacal practices, though he confessed his own election owing to them: he therefore began his reign by punishing, not by careffing, his benefactors. Surrounded with enemies, they of course delighted to divulge all his misdeeds, and many a tale no doubt was told with addition. Alexander VI. indeed, (such was the name he took) despised their envy, and set their malice at defiance; lived openly with fair Vanozia, acknowledged his children by her, and sent his favourite son Cæsar Borgia into Spain, archbishop of Valentia. But Charles VIII. of France, now claimed the kingdom of Naples, which had been left to his father Louis XI. by will, and Ferdinand, who possessed and was determined to keep it, even died of haste to meet his antagonist in the field. Alphonso was the natural successor; and he wisely conceived that the near way of securing his seat, was sending rich presents to

cardinal Valentine, such the Pope's son had wished to become; and through his means, (which with his father were all-powerful) secure the Romish see. Charles meantime, not so repulsed, rushed forward—he, like the soldier in Horace, *zonam perdidit*; bad luck at gaming had impelled him forth, and till his losses were repaired, returning was disgraceful: as this young champion for *virtue* (so he styled himself) poured down the Alps a torrent rapid though not deep; he published Alexander's crimes aloud, declared that such a sovereign ought to be deposed, while Naples saw no fewer than five kings reign over peaceably-inclined Parthenope in only two years time. Ferdinand and his son Alphonso, and *his* son Ferdinand, and Charles of France, who with six thousand two hundred Frenchmen, drove thirty thousand timorous Italians before them panic struck—and when he died, Frederick the brother of Alphonso reigned. Meanwhile their sister was wedded to prince Squillace, third son of the pontiff, whose parental fondness, although excessive, not being divided to their liking between the duke of Candia and cardinal Valentine, the first and second of his children by Vanozia, they quarrelled, hated, and the body of Francis was fished out of the Tyber, where it was supposed the implacable Cæsar had bestowed it, to the agonizing affliction of his Holiness, who did not however in the least withdraw his fondness from the brother: and he was sent to crown king Frederick at Capua, because Naples was desolated by a new pestilence, said to have been brought from the new regions discovered in America, of which Alexander made the line of demarcation, bestowing them in what proportion he thought fit; a pope's bull being in those days what a charter to a trading company has been in ours, only of more respect. On this journey the young Nuncio tried to obtain the throne of Naples for himself by courtship to king Frederick's daughter; but that lady could not be persuaded, and her flat refusal to wed a man approved by her father is the first we read of. To shew it was sincere, she sought to hide herself for ever in a monastery; considering that person as half polluted who was *requested* to join hands

at

at the *altar* with an *ecclesiastick*. Alexander, in revenge for this flight of his son, leagued firmly with their late avowed enemy, the champion for virtue, Charles; whose gaming debt once paid, made Cæsar Borgia *duc de Valentinois*, and married him to a Madame de France Charlotte d'Albret, less scrupulous than the innocent Neapolitan. Our *Retrospection* now sees, for the first time, the cardinal's hat formally resigned, and nuptials celebrated between a prince of the French blood royal and a pope's son, openly so acknowledged. *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*, was the duke's *legenda*, and when some Italian league was formed against him, he fought with the courage of his name-fake, and losing not a single soldier, recovered half a dozen towns they had seized on. It was indeed for something more solid than mere fame, when this young warrior took the field for battle. His family cared not for the world's good word; and 'twas in shamelessness much more than in mere vice, that Roderico himself surpassed his predecessors. He and his favourite son, duke Valentine, were riding together round the environs of Rome one day, and saw a gallows pulling down—a statue setting up in the same street or road. “Let us at least, my son,” said he, “have more sense than to court popularity: thou seest how closely to each other reside the favour and disgrace of mankind.” *Vides mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulam inter et statuum.* In effect they followed up their own opinions pretty resolutely; lived much together: the same their studies, and their tastes the same: both loving wit, and wine, and women, and belles lettres. The Pope's eloquence in particular was deemed irresistible; his manners seducing; and for voluptuous scenes of convivial gaiety, unpolluted by drunkenness, the court of Commodus alone could have exceeded theirs. Cardinal Corneto, however, would not flatter them, nor be prevailed on to approve such profligacy. He was invited therefore to a *grave* supper, and the fatal cup was already prepared at the apartments of duke Valentine: but Alexander coming hot and weary from a walk before his time, seeing it on the side-board temptingly cool,

invited his son to pledge him, and they drank, till the terrified and confidential butler bursting in, snatched it from Cæsar's hand. The company was scarce arrived, before both were seized with intolerable pangs, from which the son slowly, and in the course of many months and even years imperfectly recovered; but the father outlived not the night, and his successor Pius tertius died in less than a month. Julius II. who succeeded *him*, was nephew to Sextus quartus, and like his uncle, of a warlike disposition. His quarrel with the Venetians and the French; his heading his troops in person, and animating them to besiege a town defended by the warlike countess de Mirandola, evinces the state of society even in those days—when Raphael painted, and when Vida sung. Guicciardini's history indeed, where all these facts are detailed, prove the odd neglect of that which we now call decorum, while ladies and popes contended in the field for mastery, and the powers of Europe were compelled to declare Julius suspended from his dignities as an incendiary, and disturber of public peace. He meanwhile set his foes at defiance, buckled on his armour, and saw men fall beside him in the battle, as the first Roman Julius would have done. That so turbulent and active, so valiant and decided a character should be struck with a creeping palsy, and die at last of a lethargic disorder, half grieves one; although 'tis sure that nothing less would have tamed him, or made way for elegance and literature combined in the person of their celebrated patron, Leo the tenth, son to Lorenzo di Medici. It was Alexander VI. however, who drew the line of separation for Spain and Portugal in South America, and it was Julius II. who first set out a bull for indulgencies, avowedly to gain by that means contributions towards the magnificent structure of St. Peter's church; a fabrick which went forward rapidly under his successor's reign, as did every fine art and every science—each rational source of delight being opened by this pontiff, who taught the love of *intellectual* pleasures, and showed mankind the difference between luxury and debauch. Refinement was indeed growing a sort of necessary,

fary, since life had taken somewhat a new colour; and though the old leaven was not yet quite worked out, it no longer warranted that gross sensuality which shocked men less, in less enlightened times. On Leo's highly polished soul no vulgar stain would stick: although his enemies, who had nothing to urge against his conversations with *women at least*, found out that he spent too much time in loitering among *some* favourite animals, horses and dogs. They took him not off from other occupations, however. He called Michael Angelo's assistance to the vast edifice his predecessor had begun, and provided for the expence by *his* mode, of setting indulgencies to public sale. It was on that occasion Martin Luther, with less delicacy of taste than ardour for reformation, raised the first clamour which subsided no more, against the power and tyranny of the popedom. Leo, who had been cardinal ever since he could remember, being made so at thirteen years old, confessed his being better skilled in any study than divinity, and laughing said, that he would rather issue out a bull against those who found fault with Ariosto's verses, than against those who objected to his government. Being disposed however, to maintain the prerogatives which at his accession he found subsisting in the see, without suffering them to be diminished, after trying gentle means without effect, he felt himself called upon by his own dignity rather than any conviction in his mind, to excommunicate this rough reformer, and compliment our Henry the eighth of England, who wrote a book against these new opinions. Such was the lamented sovereign of Rome, where he renewed the Augustan age almost, patronizing musicians who from his hand received all double pay, whilst his true friendship for Lascaris, and correspondence with the accomplished Pic de Mirandola, contributed to embalm his fame for evermore; as their illustrious names, like sprigs of asphodel in antique burying grounds, supply with classic nourishment the manes of pope Leo. His retort on Francis the first must be noted before we quite dismiss him to their care:—That king upon a visit at Bologna, observant of the
the

the pomp in which Lorenzo's son came out to meet him, said, "the
" *old* bishops did not travel in this state, as no one knows better than
" your Holiness."—"What! when the kings of the earth kept sheep?"
was the reply. "No, no; I mean really under the gospel."—"Oh,"
said the Pontiff, "ay, in days when the French sovereign was a saint,
" visited the hospitals at home, and battled the Turk abroad, (alluding
" to St. Louis) 'tis true indeed; times are much changed since then."

But it was observed by many of his contemporaries, that Leo was the
first wit of the age, and protected petty wits 'midst whom he shone—a
sun among the planets. These events bring our *retrospective* eye forwards
and fix on France, which claims an ample share of our attention, since
Charles surnamed the Affable and Courteous, who ran through Italy,
was crowned at Naples, bullied pope Alexander and then made up
with him, marrying young Borgia to his favourite niece: having at
length lost men and money to a vast amount; fate down to end the
world as he began it, at a private gaming table, in which small circle
all his true pleasures were concentrated; leaving *le grand conseil* to erect
itself into *cour souveraine* without any objection upon his part. So
lived, so reigned, so died Charles VIII. at twenty-seven years old; and
was succeeded both in *bed* and *throne* by Louis duc d'Orleans, first
prince of the blood, who easily prevailed on the Borgheze Pope to
dissolve his marriage with Lewis the eleventh's daughter, and put
him in possession of fair Anne of Brittany, widow to Charles VIII.:
a lady desired by all the sovereigns of her time, and who reigned
in the hearts of Maximilian the first of Germany and Henry the
seventh of England, while her apparently destined residence was
Paris. Her second husband, surnamed the Just, was an exemplary
character, and from principle co-operating with the scheme of Pro-
vidence in favour of the lower classes of humanity, Lewis XII. re-
duced his household and diminished his taxes, sheltered his peasantry
from outrages committed till then by soldiers with an indulgence ap-
proaching to impunity; indemnified merchants, shop-keepers, all who
had

had suffered by the wars he found himself early engaged in with the Sforza family, which he almost extinguished, and promised himself equal success among the Neapolitans, but by treaty the Spaniards had secured from him that kingdom, when Germaine de Foix, princess of France was for a while united to old Ferdinand, widower of Isabella. Louis XII. was however, although a warlike, an extremely conscientious sovereign, and secretly forgave his gallant enemy Tremouille, saying that a king of France ought to forget the injuries offered to a duc d'Orleans. Not content with personal concessions, he even tried to make his people's happiness perpetual, by setting up the law above the king, and shielding them from future oppressors by the immortal edict of 1499, which obtained him the high title of Pater Patriæ, never more justly deserved, and shewed mankind that when he sought to limit papal power and cite Julius II. before a general council at Pisa, it was no rougher a measure than he himself was willing to submit to. Henry the eighth of England he conciliated by marrying, on death of Anne de Bretagne, his sister Mary, after duchess of Suffolk, by whom, as she was only sixteen years old, he hoped for children: the former lady having nearly proved a barren bride to both her husbands: he died however three months after the celebration of his marriage with *our* young princess, and left his throne to Francis the first, a splendid and brilliant character, whose showy manners and gay unconcern, were, by those secret combinations few can account for, apparently destined to produce the same effects upon the world in general, as did the strict probity and rigid morals of his immediate predecessor. He mounted the seat of honour and authority as next of kin to Louis XII., who had no sons though three times married, and Charles the Affable, as he was called, finished the Maletteirs in line of Valois. Francis in order to strengthen his relationship to the crown, married la belle Claude, sole daughter of Lewis the Just, sole child of Anne de Bretagne; and was by her, father to Henry II. It was not on his progeny however, that this active prince depended for immortality in fame's wide trumpet: he was desirous to fill it all himself, and to that end

end fought chiefly for knighthood, bestowed with every ceremony incident to an order of which he was so passionately fond, desiring the title of *Preux Chevalier* beyond all others. He earned his spurs indeed in his first battle, where for the duchy of Milan he fought such an army of leagued Swisses at Marignan, that Trivulcio, who had been then in eighteen engagements, swore they were children's play to this *combattimento de' giganti*, as he called them. Fifteen thousand of his enemies there lay dead, incredible numbers of which were killed by le grand François' own unerring hand, and it was on that bloody field, that in true spirit of ancient chivalry when all was over, he solicited Chevalier Bayard's sword across his shoulders to crown his conquest and complete his glory. Pope Leo, justly alarmed at this fierce onset, desired an amicable conference, and another treaty was made between this warlike monarch and Charles V., but jealousy between two such rivals would not long permit the continuance of peace. Soon as Maximilian's death put the imperial crown upon his head, filled with political knowledge, and warmed not fevered, with desire of glory, fresh wars broke out, which desolated the north of Italy, and ended not till the year 1525 had seen the battle of Pavia lost by Francis, who having performed prodigies of valour, so as to amaze the hostile army, he was at length pressed by surrounding thousands and taken prisoner, after two or three horses had been killed under him. When carried to Madrid a captive king, his memorable letter to the mother he adored, was in the spirit of true gallantry and knighthood. "*Madame, tout est perdu, hormis l'honneur.*"* Such were the lessons he had learned from Bayard, whose heroic exit in the valley d'Aost ten months before, haunted his very dreams; presenting to his fancy still the expiring chief, his back against a tree, his sword hilt held up in form of a cross before the filmy eyes soon to be closed for ever; while exclamations of compassionating tenderness burst from the Constable de Bourbon's lips; who, though his professed enemy, cried out, Ah Chevalier! the glory of all France, and do I see you thus? "Reserve your

*All is lost, Madam, our honour alone excepted.

“pity,” replied the warlike loyalist, “for those who die fighting *against* their prince and their allegiance: *my* death should be the *choice* of every valiant and deserving Frenchman; you see I fall even *now* my face against the king’s enemies, my back was never turned towards them yet,” he said and dropt; when Francis, stung by such a poignant loss, and breathing fury against his treacherous cousin, flew cross the Alps and fought, in evil hour, the unsuccessful battle of Pavia. Such patriotism almost fills with tears the *retrospective* eye, and warns us not to keep our glass too long turned from our native country; where in the famous year 1492, we left wise Henry regardless of promised treasures from new worlds, desirous rather so to conduct himself upon the old one as to obtain security and repose; blessings which our island stood much in need of, harassed as it had been by barbarous civil wars. Many improvements take their date from this reign, and whilst his romantic contemporary Maximilian sighed to be elected coadjutor to Pope Julius, and when that strange fantastic project failed, did absolutely volunteer his services to England, Henry VII. who for a while paid him one hundred crowns a-day at Anne of Brittany’s private request, set himself seriously to enact such laws as rendered chivalry less useful, and drove romance as far away as possible. Statutes were enacted, making it felony to carry off a woman of whatever rank by force; poor people had leave granted to prefer suits without payment of fees, *in forma pauperis*; inclosures were restrained, and pensions granted: Blackwell-Hall was appointed wool repository instead of Westminster and Palace-yard, a charter was bestowed on the merchant adventurers of England, since known by the name of the *Hamburgh Company*, London was embellished, the Strand began to assume somewhat of the shape it now bears; embankments adorned our river’s side, and the magistrates of Dort, in gratitude for some commercial advantages obtained by Henry’s spirit of traffic, agreed to present him for his own chapel, the beautiful window we now see in the church of St. Margaret, belonging to the House of Commons, who

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purchased it very lately, in the eighteenth century at least, from the heirs of General Monk, as he had secreted it during the days of disturbance and rebellion. Such were the comforts of undisputed dominion in England, on the throne of which Henry seemed firmly seated, according to the minds of all observers but himself, who, being of a suspicious selfish temper, looked with a jealous apprehensive eye even upon the conduct of his will-less consort; and was inclined to view in the two sons she brought him, rivals rather than strengtheners of his title. He feared lest *Henry* (for Arthur was a feeble youth, of gentle quiet mind, and lived not long) might one day form a project to depose *him*, and reign in right of his mother, calling himself heir to the house of York. It seems as if royalty like life grew dearer to those possessors who held it with most difficulty: our sapient sovereign might have discerned in others, and felt in his own heart, how much more people are attached to their father's than their mother's family. The impostors who had alarmed him, Lambart and Perkin, claimed from the house of York it is true; but drew their pretensions from the *male* parent, as did that wretched Earl of Warwick likewise, if indeed he made any pretensions at all; but we see Charles V. despising after this the silly mother by whom the crown of Spain with all the Mexicoes devolved to him, and Henry himself apparently preferred the house of Tudor* to the less ancient, but far more illustrious Plantagenets. It was indeed no less his real sport, than he considered it his certain interest to depress and humble the nobility, who till his time had always kept a multitude of retainers in their service with liveries and badges, such as many countries on the Continent exhibited even in our own times, Poland particularly. These men were in some sort enlisted under the lord whose impresse they wore; assisting and abetting any project of their patron, civil or military. Our long civil wars however had diminished the power of English barons to keep so many

* Tudor means Theodore. *Deodatus*.—The Plantagenista is of more dubious origin.

mouths to feed, and numberless houses of antique dignity were completely destroyed by the efforts made to set his or his queen's family on a throne, which now seemed to desire nothing so sincerely as the ruin of its former friends. Among these Lord Oxford had shone a stout Lancastrian from the beginning; when therefore Henry came one day to dine with him, and saw a prodigious number of retained friends wearing their patron's livery—"Are all these your domestic servants, good my lord?" enquired the sovereign. "No, sir," replied the master of the house, "they are gentlemen who kindly do me this honour upon this agreeable occasion." "Why then, by my faith," exclaims the monarch, "I thank you for my good cheer, but the attorney-general must talk with your lordship about these same gentlemen, for I will not have my laws broken before my face; and there shall be no armies in my country, at any man's command but my own." For this show of his retainers, Oxford is said to have paid fifteen thousand marks to the tyrant he helped set up over himself. Silly barons! short-sighted kings! exclaim we distant *Retrospectors*, who standing on the firm-fixed eminence formed by commercial industry, see tumbled round us the old rock of royalty, and all the minor hills levelled with earth. Thus in the torrid zone where nature sports unviewed except by late inquisitive examiners: Smeathman informs us of a monstrous ant hillock formed by the *Termites*, where millions of working animals combine to make themselves a habitation, that escapes earthquakes which rive the Chandrafic Hara, called by our travellers the Mountains of the Moon.

The same sovereign, in consequence of the same spirit, tried to take power from the sinking church, and deliver over to the secular arm, offenders who had sought a sanctuary under the consecrated wall or steps, such as we have seen them frequently in Italy, saucily laughing at the very passengers they robbed perhaps a day or two before; and waiting till their wife or friend should come and feed them, fearless of justice, and confident of protection. He succeeded not entirely as to

this projected improvement, for which the world was not then ripe as now : but he found no objection made to his permitting the rich merchants' appearance as public bidders for poor lords' estates, when folly or necessity obliged them to sell off. Till then no man of inferior rank had presumed to buy ; so that the aristocracy could scarce be broken even by the senselessness or worthlessness of the nobles themselves. But Henry saw plainly that if wealthy traders were not to mend their rank as well as fortune, no traders would endeavour to be wealthy ; for who would risk their lives and stake their all without a hope of permanent advancement ! by a strange humour too, the lords co-operated in calling up the lower class to mix with theirs : for they were better pleased, say the historians, to see their lands drop to these new possessors ; men they had never known, and by whom of course they had been never offended ; than they had been to increase the power of a sturdy equal ; forwarding by their own mismanagement his already envied splendour. But we must hasten through this reign, and vindicate the king from charge of avarice. He fitted out a fleet of discovery under Sebastian Cabot, who found for us the main land of North America, the river St. Lawrence, and the island on which was afterwards formed the port and harbour called Cape Breton, and spent as much upon the expedition as the first venture of Columbus cost the crown of Spain : in one ship too a man of war, (properly so called) the *Great Harry*, was expended no less than fourteen thousand pounds ; and this vessel seems our first step towards a royal navy : till that day our sovereigns had been content to hire from the merchants when they wanted a fleet for defence. But if it be allowed that on these occasions no meanness or parsimonious detention of money can be alledged against Henry VII. it must be confessed that his rapacious desire of holding fast the fortune given by Ferdinand and Isabella with their daughter Catherine, had, as it deserved, none but tremendous consequences. She had been married to young Arthur, who died in a very few weeks after celebration of their nuptials ; and our king, unwilling to refund her dowry,

dowry, persuaded Pope Alexander to grant a dispensation for her to wed her husband's brother, then just twelve years old, the lady near nineteen. The same year saw a less unlucky connection formed with Scotland, when Margaret, sister to these young princes, was given as queen to James the Fourth. Our sovereign even *then* hoped, and projected, and even half predicted the union of the two crowns. The event shows how well and wisely he had reasoned; and some old annalists recollect upon this occasion, Buchanan I believe, (perhaps Calvisius) how during James's reign a child was born at Perth or Aberdeen, with two bodies *united in the middle*; which lived eight-and-twenty years, learned languages, and music; but having two *wills*, they were accustomed to dislike each other; and quarrel now and then, *notwithstanding the union*. Henry now released from his cousin queen, to whom he was *united* much in the same manner, intended marrying again, and turned his thoughts on Margarite de Savoye, Maximilian's daughter. Wolsey, a young clergyman of mean birth, but immense abilities, pleased the king so in this negociation, which broke off only by the intended bridegroom's death, that he was left a sort of ready made favourite to the young successor; and *he*, gay, airy, haughty, and towering in his pride of place, with a dominion uncontested and coffers apparently inexhaustible, thought more of pleasure than of business at beginning of his reign, and prepared for a French invasion as if it had been a match of martial sports. Lewis the twelfth, more cool and steady minded, rendered abortive this wild enterprize, and entered into a league with Ferdinand against him. This event drew forth the first burst of that uncontrollable violence and choleric temper which marked our monarch's disposition. Le duc de Longueville poured oil upon the waves, and proposed princess Mary, not sixteen years old, as a pacifier to the anger more slowly excited in Louis XII. at fifty-four, and earnest for a son.

This plan succeeded; Mary's unwilling hand was put into his withered one; but finding herself a widow in three months time, that lady

lady felt the power heaven had bestowed on her of fulfilling an engagement much more to her taste, with Charles Brandon, the gallant youth, afterwards duke of Suffolk. This dame seems to have possessed the same rough spirit of independence with her brother, whose approbation she set at nought; bidding her destined husband keep his word, and wed her instantly, without regard to manners or decorum, or she would take monastic vows directly, and quit the world at once. Her lover, after four days consideration, ('twas all she would allow him) braved the storm; and in defiance both of France and England the nuptials were solemnized, and the verses came in play:

Cloth of gold do not despise,
Tho' thou be join'd to cloth of frize;
Cloth of frize be not too bold,
Tho' thou be join'd to cloth of gold.

Henry soon learned to love and to exalt such firmness and such gallantry; and in his will preferred the duchess of Suffolk (so she was always called) to her eldest sister the queen of Scots. *French* records, however, scruple the registering this lady as sharing a crown and title she was so hasty to be rid of. An attachment so repugnant to the old aristocratic modes of life was a fresh proof that they were losing ground. It took first root, 'tis said, at the grand shows exhibited for the marriage of Arthur with Catharine of Arragon, where Brandon, then a boy, performed some feat in honour of the princely baby, whom he called his royal mistress, and who ever after styled him her knight and servant. When we reflect on such occurrences, strange as they are, they are perhaps less strange, than that the other shows exhibited at the same time should, notwithstanding the progress of science, consist of a drama represented by *gestours* and now *first* by *speaking* characters beside, in which were introduced as personages acting upon a moveable stage, the parts of God the *Father Almighty*, St. *Ursula*, St. *Catherine*, *Holy Job*, an *Angel*, and *Boethius*: for such are the well-preserved dramatis

matris personæ; and added to them old king Alphonfus of Leon, ancestor to the bride, who represented an astrologer, and told happy fortunes to the wedded pair. This seems so odd to my own *Retrospection*, when I reflect how Romeo and Juliet was performed within the same century, that I feel forced to call Warton, Upton, every scholar's testimony round, to persuade me of its possibility. Petrarch, Ariosto, and Boccace, were in every mouth then: Marot's elegant *badinage* was in sight at least; yet since one of the Popes, John XXII. I think, in 1327 did profess himself so pleased with the accounts transmitted to him of our *Chester plays*, that he granted an indulgence of a *thousand days* to those who should go see those godly sports, as they were called, these good bishops in the sixteenth century, begged forty days of pardon for such as should see the mysteries with due reverence; one of which represented our blessed Saviour harrowing hell, and the man who acted this character had a broome given into his hand, wherewith to sweepe out devylls. John Inglysh and his companions plaid a moralité in presence of the king and queen, in hyr grete chamber after supper, says Leland, on the marriage of princess Margaret. He was perhaps the first manager of a company in England for theatric amusements: but Fox himself conducted the strange machinery when Henry the eighth, or his brother Arthur, married Catharine of Arragon; and by his *rare invention* the lady was compared to Hesperus, in good time! and her husband to Arcturus, by that old soothsaying monarch, who told their fortunes on the wedding day. Bacon the wise, the learned, the acute, informs us: "That Fox was not only a grave good counsellor for war and peace, but a brave master of ceremonies and shows, and whatsoever was fitting for service of a great king; and whatsoever toys he had the compiling of, were never (as many other mockeries) wholly pedantical." Lest we should think things went better in Germany, Maximilian was amused by a *profane* show little more artificial than our *pious* ones; where national character seemed closely kept up. Silenus coming drunk on the stage supported across his ass; and

and Diana reproving him, he vindicating drunkenness so merrily, says his historian, that the emperor calls out his butlers to refresh them with rhenish wine in golden goblets; and Mercury speaking the epilogue, ends the play, consisting of five acts comprised in eight small pages. But while scenic representation was at so low an ebb, that even our Henry VIII., after his accession, was amused by a show of Jesus Christ pulling up old father Adam from a trap-door; his ministers, Wolsey, Fox, &c. were endeavouring to drag up Learning from *her* dark abode, and clergymen were required to know something before they were suffered to officiate; the old ecclesiastic who would not be taught the meaning of words he had long used in his function, and who would continue to say *mumpsimus* Domine instead of *sumpsimus* was laughed at, not applauded; and some ground was daily gained to science: when our young sovereign, earnest to shew his improvements and to spend his money, seized the opportunity of an offered conversation with Francis I. soon after all balance of power in Europe appeared as if destroyed by the election of Charles to the empire. This indeed seems the earliest occasion of considering any balance necessary; but kings were growing jealous of each other's power, and by their mutual envy secured their people's rise to respectability. Charles was beforehand with his competitors: he made England a visit, cajoled the favourite Wolsey, and endeavoured at gaining Henry's open heart, but could not prevent his journey to the Continent, where in the plains of Ardres, called le Champ d'Or, from the costly diversions displayed on it, the year 1520 witnessed a congress between two youthful monarchs, more intent upon amusing themselves and each other, than upon the general interests of mankind. Shows, tournaments, tilts, exhibited to innumerable spectators, flattered their vanity, and gave a spectacle of gay magnificence unviewed till then. I have seen somewhere, at Windsor perhaps, perhaps at Versailles, a picture by Holbein of this military rencounter, giving a good idea of its general appearance; for particulars we must apply to Fleuranges, and if Bodin and Bolingbroke both think Plutarch is partial to his countrymen

men in every comparison between them and the Romans, while even school-boys perceive Homer's pleasure in suppressing acts of Trojan bravery, desiring to bring forward the Greeks on all occasions; one cannot wonder that the French recitals give Francis the advantage in every trial of skill, though they exalt king Henry's grace and valour too, and confess that no cavalier but their own Grand Monarque had any chance against his quick eye and admirable agility. I fear however, that at the wrestling play our heavier-bodied hero was tript up, although himself had given his brother challenge to a dispute *à l'Anglais* as they called it. Truth is, their generous, honourable characters were both tript up by their contemporary Charles, who uniting the artifices of mature age with the energy of youth, obtained the real prize all meant to run for; while his two rivals were playing at the starting post. After the unfortunate battle of Pavia, Henry however flattered and cajoled till then, declared with equal honour and good sense in favour of his friend the king of France, who never for an instant forgot the obligation, or those delightful days of youthful frolick, when their so honest intimacy first began.

This is pleasing; because man, the subject of history, appears often grossly deformed in an abridgment. We who offer merely a sample from the mine of knowledge, should be unfair indeed were we to give the ore alone to readers; but haste secures us all from that temptation: no time for separating the dross can be afforded, and the worst is, that too much dirt and dregs stick to the fingers which we plunge in search of it. But a new rill of water is turned through, and what remains of this work will exhibit the state of things after the *Reformation*.

C H A P. V.

POPES AND THE OTHER EUROPEAN PRINCES.

TO A. D. 1550.

WE called the Reformation a rill of water in the last chapter, but *Retrospection* knows it was a rill in Wickliffe's time, gentle though deep, and difficult to turn; yet giving few indications of its chance to become a torrent: so meek and mortified was the character of him who first opened a spring, destined to become a river of such magnitude. Ockham removed some rough impediments; John Hufs and Jerom of Prague laboured at the embankments, and were carried away with the stream: Wefelius tried to clear the current but stumbled, and increased the rubbish it was to roll over. Zisca choked it with bleeding carcases; nor till young Luther in the year 1503 appeared at Erfuth a master of arts, deep skilled in disputatious theology, had the Romish see reason to fear the inundation that then succeeded. Pope Alexander was alive, whose open profligacy called for correction, and excited disgust. His death still more offensive than his conduct, frightened the flock from the fold, and left them at leisure to listen after another shepherd's pipe. Julius the fighting Pontiff's character had little chance to recall such fugitives, among whom candour is most desirous of counting Erasmus, who begged from Rome a dispensation of his vows: but hot zealots held him at distance from both parties; chiefly because he wished accommodation, protested that the precise line was difficult to draw, and that he would not *seek* martyrdom in either cause; an opinion which made him infinite enemies during those days of violence and ardour, although

Leslie,

Leslie, the learned and pious, said the same thing in our own century, and I have heard Doctor S. Johnson quote his words with respect approaching to approbation. On those who preached peace however, in the times we are reviewing, no applause was bestowed; and looking back, it appears that things *must* have been just as they were. Luther, who shines the luminous spot of those times, was himself a warm imaginative character, and rode his fancy in a loose rein. Walking out with a friend in the fields near his university, a flash of lightning killed his companion at his side, and Martin rushing to the next monastery, begged leave to make profession of instant retirement, 'spite of the requests, commands, and tears of his parents, who, one sees not why, opposed this resolution with an earnestness apparently hereditary in the family. Their son shut himself up awhile, notwithstanding their impotent, though pertinacious opposition; and having read the works of John Huss during his confinement, a strange conviction darted across his mind, that he was the *white swan* foretold by that extraordinary person while burning in the flames at Constance: his name and his complexion soon reflected on, confirmed the bold idea; and hearing how Pope Leo had proclaimed a sale of indulgencies for building St. Peter's church, he sure enough began to mount, and from the attack made on the gross abuse of those indulgencies, he soon fell hard upon the indulgencies themselves. The Pontiff sent a subtle favourite, Gaetano by name, to treat with this tremendous enemy, or if he found that difficult, to steal him away privately, and by secreting his person, hinder the publication of his doctrines. This was a project perfectly adapted to Leo's disposition, who hated a bustle about what he took no interest in, except as it affected his very existence, and that of a church he would perhaps have flown from in this approaching migration, had not he been held down to it by the tiara. Luther meanwhile, took measures for his personal safety, and disregarding his own appeal from popes ill-informed to popes well-informed, fell upon the groundless pretensions of the Romish see to any superiority over their Christian brethren; and

by that step, much more than any offence to the dogma, got himself excommunicated. Hostilities were now begun, Zuinglius assisted the work of reformation, and *hoed* away the weeds which Martin was beginning to *pull*. The bull for anathematizing these casuists was burnt in many parts of Germany, a new phenomenon: and though much may be attributed to religious fury, much political zeal certainly accompanied the ceremony. Mankind had long rejected the rule of *one* man over the state; that *one man* should not for many years more be permitted to rule the church, appeared a sentence clearly written now upon the walls of the Vatican, and in large characters too; but in a language the all-accomplished son of Lorenzo de Medici *could not read*. Things went so much to his mind notwithstanding the appearance of these new and formidable foes, that he even died of haste to enjoy what he believed one consequence of their rashness, his own strict union with Charles XII. the recovery of Parma, Placentia, and Cremona from the French king: but partial counsels ruin the integral interest of every whole. Leo's earnestness by leaguings with the Emperor, to keep, as he called them, the *Gauls* out of his peninsula, proved a hard blow upon the general power of papacy, which his successor Adrian's honesty, piety, and candour, scarcely wished to maintain in its lately assumed splendour. He openly confessed that gross crimes and sinful follies had brought disgrace upon the parent church, which had provoked censure from man, he said, and punishment from God: but instead of reforming these acknowledged abuses, Adrian set about reforming that individual of his whole state, who alone needed no change, and could admit of no improvement; I mean himself. So humble, so decent, so retired were the manners of this pious Christian after elevation, that Rome began to complain, and despising such conduct, lamented aloud that their apostolic palace was become a *haunted house*. The people murmured too at seeing a foreign sovereign in the chair, and hated to be governed by the son of a brewer or weaver, I forget which, at Utrecht. They openly regretted their
Medicean

Medicean pope, and the sumptuous entertainments where Attic elegance, not Spartan frugality, presided. The poets not carested, ventured their spleen in epigrams, whose stings affected not Adrian: the workmen unemployed begged charity; but though always relieved, never were contented. Times pressed far harder upon *them*, they said, than under the pontificate of Alexander, who encouraged all artificers, or that of Julius, whose soldiers never waited for their pay; and it had been a maxim of the Borgia family, that what was taken by confiscation from the great should be expended among the little.

It was thus that *Retrospection* saw Rome's pagan empire in its decline, detesting Pertinax, and massacring the virtuous Syrian, young Severus, while her metropolis, as in the year 1520, was of herself ripening to ruin, and the good sovereigns were once again less welcome to corrupted subjects than the bad ones. Adrian however, resolving to love as a friend him whom he had once served as a master, and tutored as a boy, turned all his *worldly* thoughts, and those were few, on his favourite child Charles V, and signed a lasting league with *him* and England. Then having made only one cardinal, and sent away all his own poor relations with each of them one piece of gold and one new suit of clothes, into their own country, he ordered himself a *plain tomb*; and for God's sake, said he, no Terentian epitaph—and died—never changing the name of his baptism: his honest panegyrist, Eikenwort, however, added a word or two importing that piety died with him. The populace rejoiced when such a reign was over, and the neglected wits wrote on the door of his physician who killed him by mismanagement—Thou art the deliverer of thy country. It is observable that this Pope, although himself a profound scholar, used frequently to say, *Cave è græcis ne fiat hereticus*: he knew what he was saying. There were schools of impiety in France then, set up in 1501, maintaining what we now call Spinozism, from a much more modern heretic. They used Greek names in these schools, and said God was the *το παν*, or the universe. Bayle and Pope, and many of our wits,
have

have licked their lips after this seducing heresy—this hash of the old Aristotelian philosophy; for what else is it? Infinite matter endued with infinite power of cogitation. When modern sceptics settle some creed, it commonly ends there. Luther's fulminations against Aristotle were greatly excited by the idea of this error gaining ground in his time, and Adrian was contented enough that he should go on: but that peaceful spirit departed from this mad world, and Clement VII. son to Giulio di Medici, he who was killed in the Congiurazione de' Pazzi, succeeded, with every one's good will, being first cousin to Leo, if *blood alone* suffices to warrant such an appellation;—nor were bastards now kept out of the church as formerly: this primate's successor, Paulo Farnese, did jestingly excuse himself from creating one old acquaintance cardinal:—"because you *know* now," said he, "and have often owned to me, that your parents were never married—to one another at least." "Well, well, Santita," replies the droll Florentine, "you have raised so many *affes* to the dignity, you may as well mount up one *mule*." Meanwhile, and before his time, Erasmus travelled Europe over almost, and where he found the seeds of reformation sown, was careful not to trample them. Luther and Zuinglius went vigorously forward, one with the plough the other with the harrow. Many wise men approved and some admired at those wholesome severities with which things long held sacred were now destroyed, and at the best thrown by—for useless incumbrances and empty rubbish. Frederick, the sage and disinterested Elector of Saxony, whose refusal of the empire, offered to him when Charles V. was elected, proved his philosophy not merely nominal, was of this number; he had established a university at Wittenburgh, where Martin studied and taught, and where the Augustine friars had with his connivance for some time now publicly administered the cup to the laity. Refusal of this privilege, and celibacy of the clergy, seem to have been the out-posts of popery, which they themselves, hard pressed, pretend not to defend by scriptural authority. These
once

once driven in, points still more essential, more momentous, fell to the conquerors; and such is the value, such the utility, and such the lasting comforts of the conquest, that 'tis painful to review the weapons used to win it. Robertson's gentle spirit is less shocked at the indecorous language of these early reformers, than one should expect, when the coarse raillery and rude insulting triumph of good sense and virtuous intents over Roman vice and Roman perfidy come under *Retrospection*. But as our amiable historian observes, measures less harsh would not perhaps have answered; nor did his contemporary *antagonists* feel half as much hurt by Luther's cruel and bitter invectives against papacy, as we his professed *followers* feel on this very day, when candour, the cold monitor of present times, has frozen us all into one smooth, but slippery and superficial uniformity, showing nothing in a light wholly unfavourable, except excesses consequent on zeal and fervour, the qualities most opposite to her own. One cannot indeed at this distance of time easily discern how it should advance the cause of our meek religion to call the pope in plain terms an ass, a pimp, a thief, a ravisher; or to observe how pleasant a sight it would be to behold him and all his cardinals dangling from one tree like the seals on his own bull: but we may reasonably admire the courage of so fearless an opponent to the folly of a whole world, which was at this distant time willing to decorate Paul the third with titles more like those of a Persian monarch than of a Christian bishop—*Highest under Heaven, God upon Earth*, &c. from the impiety of which we now recoil with horror, as from the indecent revilings we have just read, our ears turn away with disgust. Besides that Pic de Mirandola recommended the oil of scorpions and tongues of asps as powerful medicine for the plague about the period we are now reviewing, and sent it, as I have somewhere read, to Ermolaus, requesting him to regard it as specific: on such principle perhaps, might our assiduous reformer apply his drastic remedies to that hot plethora, which tumefied ecclesiastick pride till it swelled up to meet th' incision knife. This Zuinglius delighted to
carry;

carry; and with an impetuous fury, disdaining controversial railings, fell upon such of the Swiss Cantons as opposed his new opinions first promulgated at Zurich, where he was curate, and begun breaking of images, overturning altars, &c. till meeting with armed force to resist him, he drew up his adherents and gave battle to the Romanists, who cut them all to pieces, their furious pastor fighting at their head. The flame was kindled however, and the fire went out no more. On tenets less intrepid than those of this last named casuist, John Calvin afterwards seems to have formed *his* doctrine, which has spread wider than strict Lutheranism ever ran, and cut far deeper too—nearer the sacred roots of that old tree whence Martin only lopped superfluous branches, that drained all moisture from the parent stem. But as touched iron lifts a larger weight than will the magnet from whose power 'tis drawn, Zuinglius discovered that the real presence *abided not at all* in those chosen elements which he urged *represented* merely our Saviour's body and blood. Luther, less daring, wisely contented himself to be orthodox in the original and long acknowledged sense of orthodoxy, holding firm for the venerated tenet *consubstantialism*, rejected by Rome only to give additional power to her priests, when *transubstantiation* was first brought up in the Lateran Council by Innocent III. about the year 1215. What time the artless Albigeois were massacred, whose blood now cried against the sanguinary city, and was likely to be severely though tardily revenged; for Charles V. himself would probably have listened, as did Frederick, to opinions so favourable for a depression of the papal power, but that Leo was necessary to him, and good Adrian chanced to be his natural and well deserving friend: besides that Francis his accomplished rival was to be kept out of Italy at any rate. Truth is, that celebrated sovereign's character was almost a complete contrast to the Emperor's. His ill-placed esteem of a mother so vindictive as Louise de Savoye, led him into errors it grew difficult to cure, and hindered him from seeing that her hatred of le Duc de Bourbon was mere resentment for neglected love.

love. That great man meanwhile, though constable of France and closely allied to the throne, acted on motives of no larger size than were those of the lady. Francis, excited by her, had used him ill no doubt—in some division of property; his avarice like her love, had been disappointed; and as she was vindictive, so was he revengeful. The king, leaving her regent at home, while he lost all but his honour, as he said, in Italy, was not ill-judged. Louisa raised new forces for her son, and writing pathetic letters to our Henry, touched his heart with tenderness, and drew him from his alliance with the Emperor, who set his captive monarch free at last, but not till he had promised to renounce all he possessed in Flanders, or in Italy, and marry (for la reine Claude was already dead of grief) the Emperor's youngest sister, Eleanora. These conditions however, could not all be performed, although the Emperor kept the young dauphin and his brother as hostages: Burgundy was not alienable by the French crown, as appeared upon investigation, and if Charles could force his prisoner to wed Eleanora, no persuasions could make him endure her. She had been queen of Portugal before, and Francis left her in Spain the first opportunity, ransoming his boys, now doubly dear to him, for two millions of crowns. The *holy* league was next set on foot; Rome, England, France, against the Emperor, who in concert with perfidious Bourbon, pushed his success up to the metropolis, before whose walls the Constable fell dead; and Clement, shutting himself close in Castle St. Angelo, subsisted there on a dead ass's flesh for three whole weeks, rather than yield to these vile Moors and Lutherans,—so he called Charles's Spanish and German generals in contempt. To Alençon, the most ferocious of them all, who had made Francis's bold heart sink under his severities, was the hapless Pope delivered notwithstanding, soon as the treacherous garrison gave up; and although the Emperor pretended concern for his ill treatment, and even put on mourning for a while, the world saw plainly that 'twas all a farce: when hearing how Henry and Francis made a fresh league in favour of the

already escaped pontiff, he loudly demanded a general council, made open complaint of papal ambition, injustice, &c. set out a diet at Spire, for purpose of examining into religious matters, and suffered the divines who attended that convocation to preach and administer the sacraments according to the mode prescribed by Luther, whose virulence against the See could not be said to equal that of Austria, though that house did not like him resolve to depart from the ritual. This was the first diet held since that in which heroic Frederick of Saxony rejected the offered empire, and more surprising, rejected a bribe offered him to accept it. "No, no," said he, "we wish in peace time for a sovereign such as myself, who has no power to invade the liberties of Germany: but now young Solyman, a martial monarch, is approaching, let us oppose him with the treasures brought from Mexico, and keep those treasures from being expended to worse purposes."

Such reasoning prevailed, and the pupil of Adrian, the ward of Ximenes, wore the imperial crown: his attachment to those incomparable friends is among the best points of his character, and as Aristotle was tutor to Alexander, biographers are tempted to ascribe Charles the fifth's good qualities to his preceptors justly enough: the bad ones were his own. His superiority of situation however, more perhaps than his superiority of talents, though *they* were in a great degree capacious and enlarged, gave name to that century which Robertson unfolds with elegance as seldom found in nervous writing, as can his hero's coolness and true judgment be discerned in other men of fervid valour and rapid success. The Castilians, early in that sovereign's reign, had been disposed to make enquiries about poor Joanna, who had in truth the right of sway in Spain; but Charles, not so disposed at all, had heard betimes, and heard with ill-dissembled pleasure too, of her deep-rooted incapacity—for filial tenderness was not among *his* foibles like his rival: and as to the *titulados*, he soon sent *them*, as Neptune did the winds, to boast and bluster in their empty hall. Something

thing like some associations too, had been formed; but faithful Ximenes twisted his rope at them, and vowed that if they made any more murmurings about *Jeanne la Folle*, he should call out *ultima ratio regum* for their quicker conviction, and so pointed at the artillery. The nobles indeed were losing power apace in Spain, where a new hermandad not *santa* was set up, that teased them into hourly concessions, and when once the importance of multitudes is discovered, it will never more be relinquished: for able as the statesmen were, and keen as were the wits, they saw not, what the lower orders seemed as if beginning instinctively to perceive, how in this new plantation, modern monarchs grew not like the ancient agaric, which, although spongy, and drawing all nutrition to itself, was salutary in medicine, and capable of giving light to the wand'ring traveller, who recognized the old majestic oak by its *igniarius*.* Whilst these princes, clinging like *Peziza* to a half dead stick, that quickly ruins its weak supporter, mean insects, nourished by such a process, devour soon the swelling fungus's contents, and leave it at last an empty skin or puff-shell.† Charles V. was the first among them who claimed the title *Majesty*. Your Grace or Highness was as far as any king had called himself since *Clovis*, whom his barons browbeat in the year 490, and insisted on drawing lots for the vase or cup he had fixed his fancy on. But Charles hoped to enjoy the real Roman empire, and took up a founding title before hand. His brother princes suffered him not to enjoy it alone: Henry and Francis liked as well as he did this appearance of superiority, and their subjects made no objection; but whilst they tried at apparent advancements, the Reformation gained solid footing in the Swiss Republic. *Zisca* and *Zuinglius* had inspired a courageous spirit into many districts of what once was Germany, to make separation both in civil and ecclesiastical matters; and Luther, who *spoke daggers but used none*, carried his point at *Hensburgh*, Mar-

* Boerhaave.

† Linnæus.

purg, Augsbourg, by stubborn and resifless arguments. It had been a custom in the church for fovereigns when they had children born, and even perfons of inferior rank, if of great notoriety, to request a corporate body to ftand godfather. Thus Juftel boasted our univerfity of Oxford as his fponfor, and the Grand Conftable Montmorency claimed the city of Paris. Francis poffeffed with this idea, thought it a good notion to coax the Swifs republick when one of his fons was *confirmed*, to lend a new name; nor did they refuse the office, but infifting the child fhould be called *Shadrach*, *Mefhech* and *Abednego*, the king drew back, fays Ancillon, who tells the ftory; and the young prince died foon after, fo that no quarrel or other confequence befell.

A marriage between our Princess Mary of England and the duc d'Orleans now was talked of, becaufe the King of France hating Eleanora, refolved to keep feperate from *her*; and when her brother Charles V. remonftrated, fent him a fort of *defiance*, to which Henry of England, one fees not why, acceded. The Emperor was not of a temper to endure fuch treatment; he answered *our* king with fome degree of refpect, but bid the herald tell Francis he did not behave like a *gentleman*. That warm-headed monarch gave him the lie direct; a challenge followed, and a duel muft neceffarily have enfued, without the interpofition of two females, Marguerite* de Savoye, aunt to the Emperor, and Louifa, mother to the French King, who never failed to follow her counfels while fhe lived to beftow them. Thefe ladies obliged the fovereigns to fign the memorable treaty of Cambray, made under their direction, A. D. 1528, which ruined the republick of Venice, but proved favourable in the end to Charles V., who infifted that the heirs of his old ally the Bourbon fhould be re-inftated in their father's rights, a fentiment of honour and gratitude no party could fail to approve. Meanwhile things were going on as ill for the Pope in

* Margaret of Auftria was duchefs dowager of Savoy, and had attracted Henry the feventh's notice of England; fhe was capitulating though with diflike enough, when the intended bridegroom died.

England as upon the Continent. He had been himself when Giulio di Medici, appointed bishop of Worcester in our island, where he had indeed never resided, Wolsey having always acted for him, but whence he expected somewhat of peculiar tenderness and veneration from having held a diocese. Henry's book against Luther, for that reason, soothed and consoled his anxieties awhile, and the title of *Defensor Fidei*, which the King received in consequence, Clement considered as sufficient compensation. A far deeper indulgence however, was required,—Catherine of Arragon, fifteen years queen of England, or little less, was now grown fat and unpleasing in her person, and what was nearer still to his heart perhaps, she had brought her husband no son. Of such a wife seven years older than himself, and to whom he was wedded in his childhood, many a man has been weary who loudly and justly condemns Harry the eighth; and Harry the eighth was the more weary, because he had set his affections on her maid, the accomplished Anna Boleyn. A thousand circumstances combined to part them: it was a moment in which the Pontiff, humbled by Charles V. was likely enough to grant a dispensation against that Emperor's aunt, and many a dispensation had been granted by Rome with fewer reasons for scruple, and fewer excitements to revenge; our quondam Bishop had given hopes that the divorce might be obtained while he himself was prisoner to the Queen's nephew; but ease will recant vows made in pain as violent or void; and when the Pope had once obtained his liberty and felt himself fixed in his chair again, he found his own scruples to the dispensation as powerful as Henry's scruples against cohabitation *any longer* with a princess who had been openly married to his elder brother some twenty years before. The queen, old Catherine however, had *no* scruples; she felt little inclination to relinquish her throne and husband to her woman, exchange her state and dignity for private life, and bastardize her only child, sole heir to England's crown. Although *widow* to young Arthur, she solemnly protested she had been *wife* only to Henry, she therefore interested her sister Joanna's son strongly in her favour, and Charles

was

was a powerful intercessor; had not an amorous passion prompted the uncontrollable temper of Henry to overleap all bounds; and by marrying a Lutheran lady, connect that Emperor still more strongly with the Pontiff, who less attached even to Rome than to his dear and native Florence, forgot the offences offered to his person, and purchased, by disobliging England, a temporary protection for the Medicean house, against whose long usurpation, if such it may be called, the Tuscans were beginning to rebel. Thus did each secret operation of each busy mind concerned in these transactions, tend towards forwarding the work of reformation. It was exceedingly wanted. Don Jorge di Atheca, chaplain to Catherine of Arragon, was made bishop of Llandaff, and resided, but the people complained that he understood neither English nor Welsh: he was a Dominican. John Bird of Bangor was a Carmelite, to him I think succeeded Arthur Bulkeley doctor of laws, who as the old books tell, *spoiled the bishopric*: and even sold the five bells from the cathedral. The people cried and clamoured: Nay, quoth he, I will even *see* them shipt away for sale: he did so, says Godwin, and some sand blowing into his eyes with the wind, brought on an inflammation, and his sight was lost for ever.

We were unlucky about that time in Wales, and sadly treated by our spiritual lords. Parfew, a man from Bermondsey, late Barnaby-street, Southwark, was bishop of St. Asaph, and so proud, so ostentatious and oppressive was his conduct, that nothing sufficed the expences of his table, and he leased out the lands on bishop's lease, a not uncommon tenure now, but I believe he set the first example. Abuses which served to bring forward our present happy establishment however, should be but little lamented, many of the King's crimes and many of his follies have been I hope atoned by his permission of the Bible, printed in vulgar tongue.* Our Lord's word known to all, his

* It was the way then for prelates to present the sovereign with a new year's gift. Hugh Latimer, bishop of Worcester, gave Henry a New Testament, beautifully illuminated and wrapt in a curious cover, and with these dangerous words embroidered on it: *Fornicatores et Adulteros judicabit Dominus*. Yet he lived to be burned by Mary.

blood bestowed on all, were such advantages, that though one wishes they had been procured to us by better means, and that the will to grant them had been born of motives much more purified than his were; yet let us thankfully rejoice in our possession of what his care has purchased for us, 'spite of his favourite Wolsey, the grand obstacle. He was however pushed aside by passion, after having enjoyed a confidence few ministers were ever honoured with, a degree of opulence and splendour which half frightened the beholders, and 'twas not easy to amaze England in those days with ecclesiastical pomp. West, bishop of Ely, kept a hundred menial servants in livery, and Ruthal of Durham, predecessor to the Cardinal, died of grief, because when the King sent for a book that he had care of, he by mistake sent his Majesty another manuscript bound like it, with inventories of his own plate, jewels, lands, &c. to an immense amount. It grew indeed somewhat dangerous here as in Turkey to be too rich, while governed by such a sovereign, whom nevertheless Wolsey presuming on certainty of favour, postponed to himself 'tis said, in a letter to one of his contemporary pontiffs, Valesius observes somewhere if the Popes put their names first before the kings, it will give courage to a cardinal perhaps, and *he* may do so, and being certainly some king's subject, an insolence of that kind cannot be pardoned: 'twas Wolsey's fate to verify that idea. Anne Boleyn soon displaced the counsellor who recommended a French princess to her master's bed, and Catherine hated the courtier, who only hurried on her divorce to promote nuptials of his own contriving. Wolsey fell, having like other favourites once possessed the arts of insinuation, and having like them, left those arts off too soon: yet though his profusion sometimes was suffered to exhaust the hoards of avarice, and his vanity to poison the gratifications prepared for his pride, he lived like a great man after all, and died like a good one, as my countryman Griffith says of him in Shakspeare. He loved his king, who as it should seem, though all men feared, none hated; and the true grandson of Edward the fourth suffered neither
favour

favour nor friendship, neither politics nor dread to stop the tide of impulse: he seized the Cardinal's effects at once, and confiscating his benefices, &c. took the first taste of that church-plunder, with which he now opposed an Emperor, possessed as unjustly of the mines of Mexico. Perpetual converse upon theological questions sharpened his wit to find reasons for what flattered his interest and appetites; Anne Boleyn's charms quickened each argument against papal power, and when the grand protestation was made upon the Continent, our King found himself a *Protestant* indeed, but in no sense a Lutheran: supremacy over his own ecclesiasticks was the tenet which best suited such a disputant, and he exercised it without consideration and without controul. His parliaments though not now as they had been, mere nominal assemblies, opposed not his will in *these* matters. Some inclination to demur was felt indeed towards granting of *supplies*, the point still nearest an English heart, but Harry called Sir Edward Montagu before him, and laying his broad hand upon his head, cried, Hoh, man! will they not suffer my bill to pass, say you? Get my business done to-morrow—mark me: or *this*, shaking him as he knelt, shall answer it. Such admonitions had their due effect, yet did not a century pass, before the *king's* head of the same country *shook* and *fell*, under the still rougher gripe of a House of Commons. Meantime his Majesty and his people were wholly of a mind in driving out the intermediate power of the clergy, and keeping within our own island those sums which used annually to find their way to Rome, where Anne Boleyn's father carried the last message from England, and refused to kiss the slipper. He was encouraged in his refusal. And now, after a variety of contests and convocations where many laymen, and not a few of princely rank, displayed a profundity of learning that would be deemed pedantic even in *professors* of *our* day, it was in the year 1530 agreed, that a set of articles should be drawn up, expressing and particularizing the just causes of separation in what the Lutherans called *Confessio Augustana*, from the town where all met
together

together under the Emperor's sanction. These articles were committed to the lenient hand of semi-celestial Melancthon for correction, as all the *Protestants*, and most of the *Papists* were willing to submit to his decision, whose character for every virtue, every excellence, stood so high among the disputants, that neither envy of friends (as they are called) or malice of foes, could ever find a flaw in it. A German prince eminent for his own abilities, had sent for him when but fourteen years of age, to instruct his son in the Greek language, and at seventeen he gave public lectures in the university. Camerarius's life of his accomplished countryman, may not perhaps be free from partiality, but even the rigid Romanists confess that to an erudition deep and strong, this incomparable creature added true Christian meekness and unbounded charity; a diffidence of his own judgment and an unaffected humbleness of heart, rarely to be observed in any man; much less in one so highly exalted above his fellows, that Francis the first wrote to him with his own hand, requesting his conference with the Sorbonists, concerning the disputes which in those days agitated all Europe. Henry of England solicited his company and *instruction*, but Frederick the wise elector of Saxony, said he would not trust the jewel of the world in either country, lest harm should happen to a form so fragile. His voice calmed the raging disputants at Speyer, his pen pacified those of Ratisbon: his tears fell when Francowitz, better known by the name of Flaccus Illyricus, widened that breach among contending Christians, which 'twas Melancthon's study still to close. When living he afforded men an example of piety, peacefulness and candour; when teaching, he exhorted his hearers rather to the practice than investigation of religion, and when his mother consulted him as to her belief: "Be happy, dearest parent," he replied, "in your own ignorance of all these arguments; serve God as you are used to do, and feed his poor, and leave your faith as you found it. It is enough that your less fortunate Philip should be thus stunned with babble which does but hinder him from working out his own salvation." These are

the characters which, like a verdant meadow in the torrid zone, refresh the eye of fainting *Retrospection*, which looks on Henry's tyrannies with pain, especially when exercised on More and Fisher, determined Romanists but faithful and valuable subjects. The last of these was thrown into a dungeon with more than barbarous cruelty, stripped even of his clothes, half killed by loathsome vapours, and when there created cardinal by the high-spirited Pope Clement the seventh, beheaded (of course) in consequence of that step by his King, 1535. Sir Thomas, who had long carried the great seal with honour and integrity, threw it up now, refusing to sanction acts he could not approve. First among wits, he kept his sweet facetious humour to the last, but hating the innovations he observed, and detesting the motives which produced them, he prepared for his fate, and died a martyr to the Pope's supremacy: which no persuasions could make him relax from, no threats oblige him to deny. Bold and decided in his own opinions, he signed them cheerfully in his own blood, and carried to the scaffold that consciousness of innocence which alone could have enabled him to jest upon it. While his fierce sovereign tore this precious life away by public execution, he meditated that of his (towards him) guiltless consort; whose usurpation of a seat she had no claim to, seems to have been her only fault, and *that* she expiated with willing fortitude, having observed it punished by imitation in one of the ladies of her court, Jane Seymour, some time before she was removed to make way for this third marriage of her hasty and unfeeling king. A son soon followed these unhallowed nuptials, purchased indeed by the young Queen's death, an event Henry disregarded, and loudly cried, *Save me the boy, I can have wives enow*. He had best reason to say so, when Jane accepted his hand, reeking as we may call it with Anne Boleyn's blood, the very morning after her once loved form was flung neglected into an arrow chest. Anne of Cleves, his next choice, pleased him not on trial, and his capricious dislike of *her* renewed the differences between him and Charles, but that misfortune he

he counted little on, and she the happiest far of all his wives, accepted three thousand pounds a-year from him, lived in good friendship with her successors, and was always treated by the king as a sister; while the unlucky objects of what his Majesty called *love*, followed one another fast to the shades below. It was now Catherine Howard's turn to attract his eye, as it seems she had attracted many: and my competitors, the little table books,* who give commonly the truest account of such matters, put *her* down for the first female who ever used *pins* in England. Be this as it may, the publick executioner had it soon in charge to unpin beauteous Catherine for the block; these whims though fatal to ambitious folly, were not, however, so insupportable as the outrageous cruelties committed in this reign, under pretence of religion. Three helpless anabaptists, men; and a woman of the same persuasion, were burned at Smithfield, because they had said that faith and repentance could not be predicated of infants, let the king *say how he will*. This was heresy; and our new head of the church saw them consumed. Lambart, a poor schoolmaster, provoked his death by desiring to dispute with the king concerning the real presence in the sacrament, unlike the man who refused to contend in philosophy against Adrian, A. D. 130, because the emperor had ten legions he said, to oppose to his ten arguments. Henry had the odd vanity to accept this challenge, and the inhumanity, after confuting his antagonist, to burn him: the schoolmaster, one of whose favourite tenets was rejection of saints' mediation, cried out from the flames: "None but Christ, none but Christ," and expiring, bore testimony to his true faith in our common Redeemer, whose blest injunctions to love one

* Those same repositories of knowledge tell how damask and provence roses were unknown till this reign, which likewise saw many fruits imported wholly new to us; apricots among the rest. This may be so; England had reason to remember *roses* however, since the days of Henry VI.; and that fatal walk taken in the Temple garden. It *might* indeed be from a hedge they plucked the rival flowers, but as the place was a garden, 'tis not probable.

another were never worse obeyed than now. The brutality of this poor creature's punishment, who appears to have been what we now call a calvinist; the tortures of Anne Askew, a learned and steady lutheran, who was racked till they were forced to carry her dislocated body in a chair to the stake, and the decapitation of More and Fisher, Romanists, mark the sanguinary temper of our ferocious sovereign, and stain his character with indelible marks of impious rage, ill covered by religious zeal for creeds of his own composing; while the inconstant appetites to which so many unhappy women were exposed, betray a depravity of morals well worthy his wavering notions of religion. We must not however forget, that such disputations between king and subjects were by no means *new* in the world. Alexis Comnenus contended whole days with the Manicheans at Phillipopolis, in the eleventh or twelfth century, and condemned his successful antagonist to dreadful punishments, though not to actual and immediate death. But we return to England, where though the instruments were faulty the great work went on; the door of Christian knowledge now was opened, no more could people plead ignorance with regard to faith or duties, their investigation was close, and truth gradually rising from the mists of error, sprung upward to salute the sun of general illumination, while those who first had helped to dig her out, floundered themselves in the fog of contending vapours. After his sixth marriage with Catherine Parr, Henry's keen appetite for argument seemed only equalled by that thirst of blood which left him but with life, and that extinct in 1547, saved the duke of Norfolk from an execution undeserved. The subtle Queen finding her name on the dead list by accident, turned the full tide of rage she could not stop, and let it spend itself on her pursuers. She outlived her tyrant and married again, having but little affection for his memory Francis the first of France, deeply affected by his brother's death, so he had always styled Henry the eighth, said he should not survive long, in effect he died in three months after. 'Twas supposed indeed, the visit artful Charles had paid this prince, dazzled

dazzled him first of all, and then cajoled, but in the end preyed on his health, and lastly broke his heart; when he perceived, though late, the trick put on him, by which he was obliged to restore, however reluctantly, the Milanese for ever.

Another sovereign, the Farnese Pope, who succeeded Clement VII. died not long after these, of grief and disappointment. He had excommunicated Henry without effect; he had tried to establish the inquisition at Naples with very ill effect; he made a league with the Venetians against Turkish power, which proved abortive in a short time; and tried to get a truce kept ten years between the Emperor and the King of France, which was broken in ten months: but neither the rapid advances made by Solyman the Magnificent, nor the steady firmness and solidity gained by the Reformation would have killed him, had not each foreign arrow been poisoned by domestic distress, each shaft winged by his grandson Octavio, whose father, Paul's legitimate son born in wedlock before he took holy orders, died at Placentia by assassination. That town lost, that son killed, and those hopes of comfort which yet remained, being destroyed by Octavio, 'twas time to end a life no longer of use to the Romish see, and it *did* end. He had seen Charles the fifth prescribing the mode of German worship as Henry had done that of England, by an *interim* during which the Emperor acted completely as head of his own church; and had not his apparent indifference to every thing in religion, except what related to politicks, left the people in a state of what we now call toleration, but what no people had then any taste of; the Reformation in Europe would have been nearly complete. But Rome was mortified, and Paul the third was broken-hearted by the afflictions which hindered his enjoyment of that fine palace which he built from the ruins of the ancient Colosseum, and was finished by the hand of Michael Angelo. One solid, one only comfort soothed this sad, though splendid pontificate; and that was received from Ignatius Loyola, who when a boy had been court-page to Ferdinand of Arragon, and a distinguished officer at Pampeluna, where he broke his thigh, and while the pain obliged him to keep home, having

having accidentally caught up a book containing the lives of the saints for his amusement, determined on embracing a holy life, yet without renouncing a world in which he meant to be useful. In the true spirit of a knighted and Christian warrior, he resolved to dedicate himself and sixty friends to the support of sinking, if not expiring papacy, and instituted the well-known company of Jesus, requesting his Holiness to appear as visible head of an order entirely devoted to his supreme command. Paul felt the utility of such auxiliaries, refused to confine their number, and after admiring at the resolution of St. Ignatius, dismissed him with sincerest blessings. When some expressed their surprise at his conversion, Farnese, who knew not even books, in which he was eminently skilled, better than he knew the world, gave them this reply: "The votaries of pleasure *often* make good saints; the votaries " of business *seldom*." This is consonant to common sense, for the gay man, as he is called, *condemns* himself even when his passions run away with him; but the grave follower of avarice or ambition *applauds* himself, and respects his own ideas of dignity and frugal habits. It was of some such sinner that Loyola's distinguished countryman, Seneca the rhetorician, said so many years before:

Propria vitia non ignoravit, sed amavit.

With the demise of this sovereign and his two contemporaries we will close this chapter. Paul the third's stately monument my own *retrospective* eye has often seen at Rome: Henry lies buried in his father's chapel; and Francis was dug up not many years ago at St. Denys, to strip his sepulchre of some rich ornaments; his favourite faithful wife la belle Claude lay by his side; his heart was interred separate in *la chapelle d'Orleans* of the Celestin's convent, with this epitaph by St. Gelais, which Pere Bouhours preserved in his *Maniere de bien Penser*:

Que tient enclos ce marbre que je voi ?
C'est le grand François, incomparable Roi.
Comme eut un tel prince si court monument ?
De lui il n'y a ici que le cœur seulement.
Donc ici n'est pas tout ce grand vainqueur,
Il y est tout—car il était tout cœur.

But of less mortal memory by far than popes or kings, died near the same time their great opponent Luther. Intrepid to perform what his vast mind proposed, he lived till all fear was banished from his followers, and left his præcursor Erasmus, to see the regular troops of papacy harassed by his own flying strokes of wit, till by bold Martin's horse they were trampled if not killed, and nearly deprived of power to do much more harm for the future. Had *he* been able to inspire mankind with his well-mingled taste of follies and scorn of fools, reformation would have been stopt perhaps when Luther died. The weeds would have been destroyed, and the fair field, unpoached by coarser tread, would have preserved its greenness to this hour.

CHAP. VI.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE, PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY, AND
TURKISH EMPIRE REVIEWED.

FROM 1550 TO 1600.

IF when immerled in the dun night of Gothick barbarism our readers followed while we groped along, watching for tranfient gleams of trembling day, soon fnatched from us by fogs which hourly menaced even a permanent obfcurity ; if though our *retrospective* glafs lefs fixed than flickering over each unfteady object, lent a light on which, in worft of times, they willingly beftowed a refolute attention ; 'twere to be hoped the remnant of our view more near, more eafy to difcern, more luminous, would want for no attractions to continue the flight revifal that we undertook ; but every journey in its every ftage, finds obftacles unforefeen. A glare of colours now, a crowd of objects perplex our choice, and dazzle the admiring eyes of eager *Retrospection*. Dark with excefs of light that period feems, which boafts like this a galaxy of characters, and leaves us hesitatingly between Charles V. and Henry IV., Elizabeth of England and Solyman the Magnificent, while Sextus V. deferves a volume, and will fcarce gain a page, content if our attention be transferred to Sanfovino and Palladio, the glowing tints of Titiano Vecelli, the epic beauties of Torquato Taffo ; or the fpontaneity of immortal Corregio. Round Cebes's table too, within this period, ftate the proud Scaligers, of which the firft poffefft moft fire and genius, critics agree, the fecond moft erudition. This is natural. Renown called up the parent to her temple, the fon folicted her

her hand to help his climbing.* Lascaris, Wolfius, Frizius, never-dying names; and Vossius happier than them all perhaps, possessing such a successor as Hector wished for in Aftyanax, when he desires that the Greeks may say how the brave son transcends the father's fame, so fill rumour's capacious trumpet:

They make me that I dare not trust these eyes,

Dancing in mists, and dazzled with surprise.

Dryden.

Nor could the recipe of Sannazarius strengthen *our* sight, though when Frederick king of Naples, in that poet's presence, consulted physicians for the purpose, he observed shrewdly, "Among us authors, Sir, *envy* is found of wondrous efficacy for making men look sharp, and see small faults; I know not what these learned gentlemen will find of use for kings." My readers and myself have little cause for envy; our favoured island stood not so high among surrounding potentates then, as she does this day: for though the princesses of it read Plato, and Roger Ascham reproached the university with the court maidens' superior erudition, Eliza Carter, and Cornelia Knight, shrink not from the comparison; nor did the learned ladies of that age leave *us*, as those of this day will leave our posterity, works of acknowledged merit as remembrancers. Warton finds nothing but lady Juliana Berners' book upon hunting among the early works of Henry the eighth's reign, or little sooner, which own a female hand; but hunting, like literature, was confined to the *grandees*. Lord Grosvenor takes his title, I believe, from the *gros veneur* of Henry VII. and as to learning sublimated by genius, all his flowers were caught by the *upper* ranks of life, as those of *sulphur per campanam*; what staid below was coarse enough methinks, when in the year 1550 a young man was obliged to promise faithfully that he would study hard, and learn to read not alone the Latin Testament,

* Adr. Turnebus called Joseph Scaliger *monstrum sine vitio*. We must not say *ut pictura poesis* however, for Godfrey Scälchen makes pride one of his seven vices, and Scaliger had some of *that* I think.

but even *Cornelius Nepos*, if need were, before he should solicit holy orders. Till then the Pseudo Evangelium was our common classick, and held its post in the cathedral church of Canterbury so long, that the hole still may be seen in that old pillar it was nailed to. Dean Colet first drove this book out of date by his exposition of St. Paul's Epistles. He founded that noble institution St. Paul's School, dedicated to the infant Jesus, and he made the Accidence for these boys in the great work called Lillie's Grammar, of which Erasmus wrote *qui mihi*, as Dr. Johnson told me: what part Sir Thomas More contributed I have forgotten; but our sovereign judiciously enough clapping Colet on the back, said, "Well! let every man chuse his own doctor, this shall be mine." Not long before this period Corderius too made his incomparable Baby Dialogues; Erasmus's Colloquies were intended for adults; Corderius's were composed to divert little John Calvin when a child. Under such agriculturists well might the plants flourish; Wolfey took them from the feed-bed to his magnificent nursery at Oxford, where by permission from Clement the seventh, forty lesser monasteries had been destroyed to build one beautiful pile, meant by the favourite to have been called Cardinal's College; but after his disgrace the king finished and called it *Christ's Church*. 'Twas from that hour he meditated the dissolution of the drones entirely, so he often called monks and friars. The going out of Gothick ideas kept pace with the exit of their architecture. Eton and King's College Cambridge had been fabricated by Henry VI. and yet remain beautiful specimens of the art with which our ancestors (unacquainted with Grecian models,) imitated the mingling boughs at the top of a high avenue; and while any affection for nature and the grand objects of it remain among their sons, we shall, as Milton says, *Yet*

Love the high embowed roof,
And antique pillar's massie proof.

The Oxford fabricks seem to make the shade between runick and revived Greek ideas of excellence; so does the fine church at Cremona,
I remember;

I remember; so do the poets when the Latin tongue first revived, or if no more a living language, upon the tomb in which it long had slept the fairest flowers were planted.

Vida fut de Virgile l'illustre imitateur,
Et Mantoue en Cremona eut une digne sœur.

There was indeed a perpetual struggle after anagrams, acrosticks, &c. in that day of resuscitation, when, starting like the Greenlander after his half year's sleep, literature looked round and saw things in odd shapes. When gardening revived, our grounds were filled with yew and box trees, all cut in forms of peacocks, swans or apes: fantastick toys! like those of making verses that would read backwards as well as forwards, each letter and each word—*odo tenet mulum, mappam madidam tenet Anna*—with a thousand more, *pris et moquez terriblement*, a set of French stanzas among the rest.* The reason perhaps continued in taste, after it had begun in necessity, like Egypt's hieroglyphicks. Pietro Angelo Mausoli satirizes the Romish church unmercifully in his Zodiac, but although he wrote under protection of Renè d'Este, the protestant duchess of Ferrara, he finds it not amiss to conceal his name under an *anagram*, which the first twenty lines of the poem express besides, *acrostically, MARCELLUS PALINGENIUS*. The wonder is they all danced so well in their wooden shoes. It is observable that the poets were almost all in every country well disposed to the Reformation; for they are covered with *the lightest ground*, as Dryden says. Marot was the immediate friend of Calvin, and Villon

* *Pierre de St. Louis* however, carried this folly far before them all. After writing a strange poem in praise of Mary Magdalen, which Monsieur de la Monnoye calls a *chef d'œuvre* of pious extravagance, he found out that his name, his *own* name, picking the letters carefully by metagram, formed these words, *Il est de Carmel*, and instantly put on a friar's frock; and in a few years more discovered that that same sentence was contained in it, in another language, Latin of course. He died soon after this discovery, and *Carmelo se devovet* was written on his tomb.

ran for refuge to our Edward VI. to whom science, in every shape and dress, was welcome. Malherbe alone hated the *new way*, as he called it, although by no means bigotted to the old one. He thought of nothing but purifying the French language, and making it what it became in another century or less, under the exact and pointed Despreaux, who praises *him* always *con amore*. There is a comical anecdote or two of his last moments. Having rejected spiritual assistance a long time, his friends at length persuaded him to send for a priest: "And well," says he, "since every body does send for a priest, fetch one for *me*, because God Almighty will not make a paradise on purpose for poor Malherbe, I suppose, and I should hate to die like a heretick." So the priest came: but while the good man, lengthening his harangue, told of the joys of heaven, our poet, feeling his ruling passion strong in death, cried out, "Dear Sir you'll make me hate the place presently: speak better French on such a subject, or be silent." Our verse writers kept no pace with the continent, but our King Edward's character for knowledge, scholarship and personal accomplishments is such, that was it not written by a foreigner one could not possibly give credit to it: but Cardan was a truth-teller we know, though it were to his own hindrance; and he says so naturally, "*He was a wondrous boy!*" that we are bound to believe him. This strange prodigy was himself a Milanese, who having, as he fancied, forced himself into existence against his parents' will, who wished to destroy him, considered that existence as fated, and believed his life destined to some particular use and purpose. Such was his spirit of study, and such his hard pursuit after truths difficult to obtain, that 'twas his boast to confess he did not completely understand himself, especially the treatises written six years before. Cardan casting his nativity however, and finding the seven planets at his birth so placed that he was inevitably to die starved, he forbore eating when first seized by illness, and to do honour to his horoscope, expired A. D. 1576. Paracelsus, his contemporary physician, was a Swiss. He began

gan his *debut* with burning Galen's works, and loudly saying that there was more sense in his own empty bonnet than in the full heads of all who went before him. Such confidence in his own abilities, which he had not learned to distinguish from genius, was better calculated to gain enemies than to convey instruction; yet not contented, Paracelsus throwing himself on the mercy of those he had so justly provoked, produced an elixir which he openly asserted had the peculiar power to preserve men's lives through three whole centuries at least. As a proof of his belief in its virtue, he swallowed it in presence of many spectators, and died in fifteen days after, aged 48. Copernicus was a cooler character; his praise has been perhaps founded more since his death than any of these worthies. Perhaps what he did was more difficult to do—though I think not—because Pythagoras had nearly done it all for him: the world was not ripe for celestial discoveries however, and though distance from danger protected his person and opinions, his books were burned by the inquisition at Rome as heretical; a fate which Tycho Brahe resolved not to encounter: he wished to find a mean between this new system, as 'twas called, which bore to ignorant people the appearance of militating against the holy scriptures, and Ptolemy's awkwardly-imagined hypothesis, which revolts against philosophy and common sense. Desirous of escaping condemnation, either from wisdom or folly, he set up a scheme which has been little adopted; and although that theory alone called his name from the crowd in 1570; when the figures were reversed, 'twas his name alone in 1750 which could make the attempt remembered. Tycho was a nobleman of high birth, and in a night-brawl had his nose cut off by the swift sword of a Swedish cavalier. The king made up their quarrel, and Tycho made himself a nose of wax to go to court and be presented. His biographer puts some gold into the wax to keep it, I suppose, from melting in the drawing-room; but Sweden is a cold climate. We hear of him soon after marrying a pretty peasant wench at Knutstrup: his family were all afflicted, all enraged at
the

the unmerited honour bestowed upon an individual of inferior birth by a man of such dignity, though with such a nose; but the king interfered again, and pacified the relations, saying, *astronomers* must be allowed their *eccentricities*: and this bon mot of Frederick II, who loved Tycho, and built the castle of *Uranianbourg* for his observatory, brought up the humour of calling any deviation from common modes of life an *eccentricity*; but the joke is lost when not made upon an astronomer. Pelletier meanwhile wrote upon algebra, upon criticism, and upon pestilential fevers, set up a new orthography in France, which few people of the present day can develope, and which hindered his books from being read when he first wrote them: his translation of Horace however, is applauded, and his long commentary on Euclid esteemed, so that none can boast greater *versatility* of genius.

But *Retrospection* cannot stay to pick the best ears out of an acre of wheat; numberless innominata croud the glass, and glorious names beside, which our close limits leave us not even *power* to *enumerate*. We will call up one shade or two more—then with a flourish like that of Ulysses in the descent into hell, drive those away who ought to drive down *us*. “While these repelled, a train oblivious fly;” our wand touches Lord Chancellor Bacon, worthy that name so dear to science, so courted by philosophy, that she herself has worn it twice, and once more *tried it on* within the space of four hundred years. As from Edmund Spenser’s prolifick muse sprung almost all the English poems which we now read and quote; as from old Sir John Gower’s three pasties* was probably hatched the delightful tale of Portia and her caskets; so from Lord Bacon’s Essays have proceeded Spectators, Tatlers, Observers, Worlds; while every thought of his, being solid gold, ductile and malleable, I see not where will end the wiredrawing: but

* Gower’s Confessio Amantis has a story of the Emperor Frederick who, for his disport, had three artful pasties made just alike: one filled with two fat capons, one with florins, and one with straws and dirt. Some poor beggars were called in to chuse with much ceremony before the king, and their mistakes caused him much content.

whilst

whilst we borrow, we, like other creditors, seek to defame our lender's wild extravagance, and find a fault where we commend a virtue—

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind—

says Mr. Pope: but had the charge of bribery been proved, he would have shared it with Edward the third and Henry the fifth, heroes not *then* forgotten. Bribes had been openly given to every king and every chancellor for perversion of justice, until Sir Thomas More refused them, and *he* was blamed by his own family for so doing. Dauncey, his son-in-law, reproved him for not taking money for *suits*, as the phrase was then, and Sir Thomas laughed at him; but greater still when carried forth to execution, a woman followed, blaming him loudly for refusing her *gift*, and losing her *honest* cause, for so she deemed it. “Peace, babbling wife,” exclaimed the dying philosopher, “I well recollect me of the case and the decree; and would repeat it this day again, were I in *that chair* instead of *this*,” pointing humorously at the scaffold. But whilst Lord Verulam was making chemical experiments, or studying casuistry, or storing his capacious mind with general knowledge to a degree of plenitude undreamed of by his præcursors in literature, his clerks, Gehazi-like, took bribes; and those men wonder at it whose grandfathers would have been proud, not ashamed of taking bribes themselves: but every thing was undergoing a refinement, and vice among the rest.

After the year 1600, our *retrospective* eye will not see gross and prominent offence so often. The superficies of life began to obtain a smoothness little known before. Language, morals, religion, manners, all were soon covered with a coat of varnish, that has employed men ever since to *rub it in* and *hide*, not *take away*, defects from the substrata. Such lurked not however, in the christian soul of Bartolomeo de las Casas; for Spain and Spaniards have been too long forgotten: but whilst we have been tracing the progress of discovery, and wandering in the tangled paths of *science*, I see not how *virtue* could

go

go further than his did—*theirs* the wild chance of false felicities, *his* the composed possession of the true, severely tried by various vexations. After Balboa then had crossed the Isthmus of Darien on foot, and found the true shape of South America, ascertaining what Columbus had discovered, and realizing what fancy had imag'd to men's minds, when they promised to themselves a country whose veins were silver and whose heart was gold;—after the cruel Roderigo Albuquerque, having succeeded the heirs of Columbus in Hispaniola, had completed the extinction of its aborigines by the intolerable severity of European burdens on a race of mortals unable to resist their oppressors, and incapable of conciliating their kindness by obedience;—when the dwellers in Mexico were already represented as creatures of an inferior kind, fit only to be trampled on;—and when Peru was supposed to possess more of the same sort, born to be killed, and their country given to others as a prey; Bartolomeo de las Casas undertook a defence of their abilities, interesting the king of Spain (then dying) in their favour; endeavouring to gain over Ximenes, and persuade Charles V. that these were men like those of the old hemisphere, and that to enslave, insult, and murder them, were mortal sins against impartial Heaven. It must be therefore candidly confessed, that although fearful crimes and horrible cruelties were practised in the sacred name of our Lord Jesus Christ upon the hapless inhabitants of a new-discovered world, it was to his own zealous and faithful servants, the Dominicans, with this indefatigable assistant from home, that the poor souls owed a mitigation of their sufferings, a clear narration of the indignities offered them, and even a steady and dangerous defence when their tormentors boldly accused them of natural imbecillity, and considering them as women are considered in the east, protested they had not powers of mind or body with which to love God or serve their fellow creatures. That this *illiberal idea* of a *whole nation* should be combated only by half a dozen monks, neither readers, nor writers, nor wits, nor scoffers can deny. The Spanish planters threatened to tear Bartolomeo to pieces,

pieces, and he took shelter in a convent. Coming out however, he escaped to Europe, where from Charles V. he gained new powers, and set about schooling his new pupils in a new place where he deemed them uncorrupted by Spanish manners. After two years mutual confidence, and *he* thought mutual kindness, the natives, not aware that his intentions towards *them* could be friendly, rose on his little household, and put them all to death, except himself, who was saved only by flight. Grief and shame were now added to his mortifications, yet life remained. The fools he could not teach he persisted to write for, nor died till he had counted up ninety-two years spent in the service both of God and man. Robertson can scarce persuade himself to believe all that Las Casas tells of his countrymen's cruelty: nor could I, till Count Udazio, a Brescian nobleman, who lived a long time in Peru, and knew the country, assured me he had seen the natives driven down in herds like cattle to the water, upon the 24th of June for baptism, as the priests called it, who shouted them in, and kicked them back again, after a thousand gross indecencies and brutal insults offered to their persons: then registering their numbers, sent the government in Europe word how many Indians had been *christened* that year.

An account of what was done by Pizarro in Peru is a mere counterpart to the conduct of Cortez in Mexico. That bold chieftain had followed Balboa cross Panama, where he was born of some wretched woman, who had submitted to Spanish connections, and fancied herself a favourite. He, having inspired Almagro and de Lucque with that desire of conquest which seemed waning in the mother country since Charles V. their king was crowned emperor, and seemed likely to gild the Flemish trophies with gold derived through Spain, set forward with his rough companions, accompanied by two hundred and fifty armed men on foot, sixty on horseback, and twelve pieces of ordnance, to overturn the empire of Mango Capac, which extended at least thirty degrees, and had continued in quiet obedience to his descendants through thirteen sovereigns or incas—poor Atabalipa the last. That

hapless prince over an effeminate and superstitious people, on their approach prepared for certain ruin; and recollecting dreams and prophecies that said the children of the sun should be destroyed upon a future day by mortals sent from the regions where he first arose, made not even a shew of resistance: his subjects indeed, when they saw Pizarro's people seizing his person, in imitation of the trick played upon Montezuma, rose *en masse*, and were massacred five thousand helpless souls at once. A million sterling was demanded next for ransom of Atabalipa, to which another million was added on a threat that their beloved inca should *not* be burned or eaten by his enemies, but *hanged* with ignominy, the death they most abhor. The sum was paid without delay, not shared without dispute. Each private soldier had 3000*l.* the distant king was to receive his fifths, after no few deductions, and as Almagro was not on the spot just when the work was done, he seems to have been forgotten. When once arrived however, he forgot not to make Pizarro recollect, how before coming out, de Lucque parted a consecrated host between them, making 'em swear by that same sacrament, that all they gained should be just so divided. The next thing was to strangle Atabalipa, and part his realms and ransom. The last was justly shared; not so the land. Almagro got two hundred leagues of soil indeed, and the commander had no more: but in *his* tract of country lay Cusco, the metropolis of which he had easily made himself master; and the foundations of young Lima too, where he proposed to build a Christian town, he said, and not to live surrounded by pagans, but see the lighted tapers adorn a Romish church, while convents should spring up on every side. This catholic project was retarded by illness; and whilst Almagro was gone off to Chili, where his friend hoped perpetual winters would detain him, the poor Peruvians rose upon Pizarro, and made a faint attempt once more for freedom. In vain!—when their best hopes were at the height, home from his false discoveries came Almagro: an unconditional submission followed upon the part of the unhappy

happy natives, to whose amazement their fierce conquerors, filled with a spirit of revenge and fury, fell on each other, till at length Almagro was seized, and put forthwith to the bow-string. One grieves to think so few Americans staid to observe the issue of this contest. When it began first they all stole away, rejoicing in the opportunity; and an universal migration beyond the mountains had taken place, leaving catholic Pizarro leisure to accomplish the buildings he meditated to the honour of *religion*, when he had trampled justice, and honour, and friendship under foot. He forgot not to erect a palace for himself, but lived in every luxury that could be devised; not enervating his health however, or dissolving his strength in voluptuous sensualities: he even sent out discoverers, and sometimes followed them. He was betrayed indeed by Orellana, whose stories of the Amazonian tribes, and houses roofed with gold, &c. gave rise to the numerous fables concerning Eldorado, a place now heard of only in *Candide*, but then concluded real, and expected to be stumbled on by every empty-headed adventurer. That treachery should torment Pizarro, or that assassination from Almagro's son should end him, will not afflict the eye of *Retrospection*, better pleased to contemplate the conduct of Pietro della Gasca, who by Charles the fifth's command in 1550, extirpated the nest of tyrants; and having tried to establish peace in his king's new dominions, returned home unenriched, and received with every mark of a just master's true esteem, the bishoprick of Valentia, where, at a prodigious age, he died happy, after having lived through all temptations honest.

'Tis curious to observe the different manners of late discovered mortals in *the east*, from these acquiescent occidentalists. "The Portuguese," says a pert French writer, "were fine fellows once; they doubled the Cape of Good Hope, they boasted a Gama and an Albuquerque *Alphonso*; they made all Europe jealous of them, and they wrote a heroic poem. There remains of all these exploits indeed but little: their heroes perished in prison, their boasted poet rotted in

“ an hospital, and their best comforts in the present century are the
“ queen’s diamonds from Brazil, and the thoughts that the inquisition
“ is in full force at Goa.” The adventure of Souza and his mistress,
as told by Raynal, however, is a *just* boast of heroick virtue; nor could
Scipio’s famous continence surpass it: for we are constrained to call
that conduct excellent as well as exemplary, which forbears trampling
unsuspecting simplicity. Such indeed was not the character of Borneo’s
cautious king. When Souza, wishing to conciliate *his* friendship
with gifts, presented him unluckily a piece of historick tapestry, the
figures of warriors, horses, ladies, large as life: “ ’Tis very fine,” said
he, “ but although by your secret powers of enchantment, these *flat*
“ men and women remain motionless by *day*, when *night* comes on,
“ the spell may, for ought I know, be loosened, and our faithful sub-
“ jects suffer from their fury: take your curiosities again, and let me
“ never see you or your dæmons more.” Had the old Trojans been
as prudent!! but they listened not to the salutary cry of *Equo ne cre-
dite Teucris*. An obstinate refusal of all connections with Europe fol-
lowed this strange conjecture, and that vast island yet remains chiefly
inhabited by apes and troglodytes; a few fine emeralds and clouded
canes are all that commerce could ever obtain from Borneo: but
while Montezuma and Atabalipa appear never to have seen animals in
a state of domestication, cat, dog, or horse; the king of Siam kept a
large number of tame elephants for his amusement, fed them with
sugar canes, and appropriated fifteen slaves to attend on *each* unwieldy
favourite, cutting bananas for their repast: “ A servitude which at
“ length,” says Raynal, “ grew so intolerable, that on a sudden the
“ country was depopulated by a concerted migration of mankind, who
“ left their sovereign and his *stud* a prey to voracious tygers.” In elo-
quence also, we mark a striking difference between the eastern and
western world. All savages are naturally addicted to taciturnity; and
words have over them a prodigious effect. The Peruvian and Mexican
monarchs for that reason are described as perpetually haranguing *their*
subjects:

subjects: the king of Travancor meanwhile, a district extending from Cape Comorin to Cochin China, is represented as an impatient hearer of some Christian missionary, who making him a long speech, was warned by the monarch thus: "Friend, be not tedious, remember life is short." These facts well attested amuse the *Retrospect*, whence, to say true, I purposely exclude long genealogical tales of Peruvian incas, and the division of the world's age into four distinct periods by the Chinese, which we must after all take on the word of those who can prevail on us to believe without examination. 'Tis hard enough to dig out Europe's history from the vast heaps of rubbish thrown upon it. How then can mortals seriously incline to credit stories registered by the *quipos*? on which I trust a milkmaid's tally would justly be considered as a vast improvement. Macpherson says, "That all our wisest men can know of Mexican or Peruvian annals, must have been learned from old traditionary songs, whilst the refined Chinese do so to retard their literature with entanglements, that to read two whole books is an employment for a long life spent in severest study." That they were a nation in times past, Solinus, the ape of Pliny, in his *Polyhistor* induced men easily to believe; that they are superior to us in any thing but making china-ware, I am not yet induced to believe. Monsieur de Guignes could trace them up no higher than 1122 years before Christ, and I see not that our late travellers have much illuminated the subject. It was A. D. 1582 when Ricci the Jesuit carried our Christian faith among them, which Sextus V. said would never grow there; and my readers, impatient by this time to return to civilized life, will feel happy in the reflection, that while conquest over unresisting fellow-creatures animated the southern inhabitants of our continent to the plunder and destruction of America; England sought only to establish with its sons a generous and friendly intercourse. Prosperity attended such conduct and such motives; our island received the fugitive Protestants of Europe, who set up their manufactures here in peace and comfort, and the poor natives of Brazil, who learned to poi-
son

son their arrows on approach of a Spaniard or Portugeze, consoled our countrymen at Rio della Hacha, and saved Sir John Hawkins from assassination. When Drake, his near relation, had sailed round the globe at command of his virgin Queen, and called a place never observed before, by name of *New Albion*, in compliment to our own old appellation, she visited his ship at his return, professed her esteem of his courage and gentleness, and listened with delight to the tales he told her how naked Indians attended to the hymns sung by a band of excellent musicians that he took with him, and performed *Te Deum* not twenty leagues from the famed Straights of Magellan; where a wild chieftain, to express his admiration of such harmony, thrust a sharp arrow through *his own leg*, and then embracing Drake, looked up to heaven as if enchanted by the musick. This was about the year 1578. Sir Martin Frobisher too, under the same incomparable sovereign, returned in 1590 from attempts made on a barbarous climate, where winter barricades the realms of frost; baffled indeed, but ever undismayed, and ready at his queen's command to attack the Spanish armada, and to intercept their plate fleet; he did burn one galleon as it returned home heavily laden with silver, almost in sight of the poor natives, who helped to sink it with their curses. The courage of our hardy islanders may be evinced by those climates where they have left their names: Frobisher's Straights, or Hudson's Bay; and Davis, who encountered dangers with an intrepidity unrivalled by the plunderers of Paraguay. *They* fought for filthy lucre, *we* for science; and while they robbed the timorous inhabitants of a country where ripeness seemed to end and rottenness begin, bold Britain gave her name to a rough fishery found on a stormy cape at Newfound Land. The north east passage to Archangel indeed, graced the discoveries of this sixteenth century, and lent new hopes to heroes of a future day. Virginia was so named in honour of our ever-single sovereign, who seeing improvements thus come on apace, while opium, coffee, chocolate, perfumes and spices, added luxury to living, cut off her cloth hose, 'tis told, and wore

wore silk stockings the remainder of her days, which scarcely lasted to the year 1600.

If however, impatience to contemplate our own country in its most prosperous, most glorious days, has led our hurried *Retrospect* away, and fixed the glass before its time on England; while Turkey's monarch yet remains untold of, let it go among the many to be forgiven faults of this so cursory, so desultory performance. Solyman justly surnamed the Magnificent, enjoyed a fame far more heroick, more extensive, more brilliant than that of Elizabeth; but the astronomers sometimes delight to observe the occultation of a bright fixed star, by a *near planet of our solar system*.

Meanwhile the sanguinary, though not imprudent precepts left to his successor by Selim the rigid and severe, were well obeyed. Solyman turned immediately his thoughts toward Europe, which had in his opinion enjoyed too long repose, during those days the parent prince employed in seeking to crush for ever the Egyptian Sultan. Belgrade, no longer defended by Huniades, opened her gates to this ill-resisted conqueror, who styled himself King of kings, and Lord of lords; *Filius et Nepos Dei*. The translators say, nephew always, but I trust he meant a grandson. Rhodes, under Philip the grand master*, held out gloriously, and when the Turks entered it on Christmas-day 1522, their warlike sovereign shewed *him* every possible kindness, sending him safe to Rome, where Adrian, tutor to Charles V. reigned Pope. No less civility or tender concern was displayed in this victor's conduct when Buda sunk before his conquering sword, or yielded to his well-invented stratagems; he soothed the captive queen, caressed her child, resembling Alexander in the best points of character, far distant in the rest. No haughty or vindictive words escaped him although sufficiently provoked, as it appears by Lewis, a baby king of seventeen years old, who with an army of thirty thousand men only,

* Ancestor to James's duke of Buckingham,

came but to oppose him, assisted by the headlong bishop of Golocza, and fought the fatal battle of Mochacz, where twenty thousand souls paid the sad penalty of this strange rashness. The silly sovereign flying from an engagement he had fought, was killed in a ditch, I think, and the line of Jagellon being now extinct, Ferdinand succeeded to what was left of Hungary and Bohemia, but he acknowledged, by some instrument called a *reverse*, that his succession was in consequence of the people's choice, and not his own descent. 'Twas not his boy by Anne, sister of hasty Lewis, that Solyman kissed, and obliged his sons likewise to salute in swaddling bands, when the Turks took possession of Buda, but Stephen the son of heroick Isabella so commended by Robertson, and wife to John, an intermediate monarch. These the Grand Signor settled in Transylvania. When he had sacked some Christian cities however, he carried away the figures of Hercules and Apollo, saying that strength and destiny now made their residence at Constantinople; where he caused them to be melted into *cannon*, refusing with equal good taste and sense, I think, any place in his palaces or mosques for pagan deities, constructed since paganism fell before the unity of Godhead. The old ones we reverence as rarities, but there is little meaning in mythological ornaments *now* that mythology is no more. Vienna next, invited by the weakness of its government and defence, his ambitious heart hoped no doubt, to find an easy victory, but forces had been collected, and resolution though ebbing apace did not wholly fail. Eight thousand Ottomans lost in the mines made Solyman see that he was not irresistible; he retired from their walls with great loss of troops, that he would throw away no more of; and he complimented the Christians upon their heroick behaviour, whilst Andrea Doria resolving to obtain his, and the whole world's admiration, made himself a sort of volunteer assistant to Charles V., and having obtained command of a fleet, beat the Turks severely by sea, and deserved that sovereignty over his own country which he had the disinterested virtue to refuse, and leaving Genoa free, accepted the order of the Golden Fleece,

Fleece, and died in honour's lap at ninety-four, expecting future happiness after having possessed it and deserved it *here*, nor must the famous Barbarossa be forgotten. He of a low fellow became a furious pirate, a transition not easy in the east, where all men, popularly speaking, must expire in that cast or class of humanity they are born into. Of a fierce pirate however, he became a tame courtier, a transition difficult in every country, and most *in his*. To the amazement of all then he was made admiral and opposed to Doria, when willing to compensate his benefactor, he suddenly arrived on the coast of Naples, where 'twas his intent to seize the beautiful princess Julia Gonzaga of the Castiglione house, for Solyman's seraglio; but she escaped on a swift horse unsaddled, herself half-dressed, and hurried from her bed at four o'clock in the morning. Such a present might have been less acceptable perhaps to Solyman than to another oriental sovereign, as he had always lived with one woman regardless of the rest. A fair Circassian long had held his heart, the best affections of which were at her death transmitted to her son, who enjoyed all his father's fondness, till a European captive, Rosa by name, in Turkey Roxolana, seized on his fancy, and by a thousand wiles won him to wed, and crown her empress, an act so strange, unusual and unpopular, that none but Solyman durst have ventured on it. Self-admiration causes many men and many women too, to think themselves more favourites with their princes than they are. Wolfey and Irene had doubtless indulged themselves oft in imagining how the fond tyrants would refuse *them* nothing, and yet 'tis plain they had no influence *at all*; nor ever could have made their masters stir a step, on any road they did not like to move in. So 'twas with Essex and Elizabeth, but Roxolana was a real favourite: and drew on the first prince and hero upon earth to do an act himself and all his subjects disapproved, break every law of custom and of nature, marry his slave and seat her on a throne, whence she commanded the immediate death of hapless Mustapha till then so loved, that by these means her own son might succeed to empire. This

young prince lived at a distance from his father's court, with an old *bassa*, to whom Solyman had given him in charge for education; there, being sixteen years old, he dreamed one night that Mahomet, the prophet he adored, spoke to him personally; calling him to Paradise, and while he was relating to his tutor the impression, pleasing though painful, that the vision made on him, came missives from Constantinople requiring his presence. Old Alibeg who knew the certain tenor of such an embassy, fainted with affliction; but Mustapha demanded but to *see* his father, fearless of what might follow. He saw Solyman, and the bow-string at the same moment, *and but for a moment*. Relentless Roxolana had assured the Sultan that this young man's life was not consistent with his safety or the state's, he was extinguished, and young Selim then could fear no rival in his parent's favour. The Janissaries growled, but Solyman knew how to awe, and Selim how to court them. New wars were undertaken, and Mustapha forgot. The fair apostate acted as *regent* while her *husband* went out to conquer, and the world recognized for ruler of the east a low-born Russian slave. Old age and death alone parted the union between her and Solyman, who never suffered his seraglio doors to be opened more during her life, which lasted till seventy-two years old. The Sultan followed her in four years more, dying as he had chiefly lived, in *camp* before the town of Sigeth in Hungary, A. D. 1566, after having reigned forty-five years, and his son not contented, says Sagredo, that all *mankind* should weep his gallant father, caused his fine horses to snuff up a powder which made them weep likewise. It was to this young Sultan, that a Christian offered the head of Maximilian, son to Ferdinand. The Turk put this assassin into a hog'shead or barrel stuck with nails, and sent him to the *German king*, so he now called the Emperor, who instantly desired peace, and Selim gave himself up at home to sensual pleasures. Piali *Bassa* was sent to Cyprus, whence to bring specimens of fresh excitements to yet untried voluptuousness. The place produced all that old poems had bequeath'd to fame, all that more modern luxury

luxury could wish. The ship was moored which had on board these rareties; her freight was beauty to delight the eyes of youth, and spoils to stimulate the avarice of age. One barrel of gunpowder protected and polluted the gay vessel, and one noble dame on board having discerned it, just as they touched the shore when all hands were employed, lighted a match, and calling her companions round: Now, Christians, females, friends, she cried aloud, we all die free at last. With these bold words the long-premeditated explosion burst: which hindered any more from being heard, and Turkish mariners alone escaping, told the true tale and called her a Venetian. This was perhaps, in Selim's opinion, the most striking event in Selim's reign, who left to Amurath his eldest son, an empire unimpaired, but such ill health as any lesser courage could not have struggled with, being for nineteen years so tortured with the stone, that much of personal prowess could not be hoped from *him*, and the great battle of Lepanto, gained from his predecessor, put the Europeans in good heart, though Selim said of it and not unjustly, when he was told how Doria had destroyed all his fleet: "I'm sorry for it; I say I'm sorry for it, but having said so, sure I've said enough: because when all is done, the loss is but as of my beard, which if I cut to-day, 'twill grow again: but when the Christian kings lost Cyprus by valour of my trusty slaves and bassas, it was as though they lost an arm I think, for to their side it grows no more for certain." Brave Amurath was not disposed to disgrace his noble origin, but his bad health obliged him to keep peace a little, and the Venetians' strange behaviour would have obliged any sovereign to make war. 'Twas in this reign I fear, that Peter Emo took a ship in which was the widow of Ramadin Bassa, governor of Tripoli, a Mahometan princess, with her train, and 800,000 crowns. The commander seized upon the spoil, murdered two hundred and fifty men in cold blood, among whom was the widow's only son, whose life she vainly begged upon her knees: while forty waiting women who attended her were violated, strangled, and thrown into the sea. The republick wished

indeed to appease Amurath's resentment, and wash away in Emo's forfeit blood, all memory of such an outrage, but history records, and *Retrospection* can't escape it: *Ramadin's widow leaped into the sea.*

This Sultan showed much more respect to our island than to any other Christian potentates; his letter to Elizabeth, preserved by Knollys, is curious to a modern reader. "Most honourable matron
" of the Christian religion, mirror of chastity adorned with brightness,
" and of sovereign power among the people which serve and praise
" Jesus; mistress of kingdoms and reputed of great majesty, Eliza-
" beth queen of England, to whom Amurath, Ottoman Emperor of
" the eastern world, wishes a happy reign," is the superscription. The contents are concerning Philip the second's armada, and full of good intentions towards our country, which mourned its incomparable mistress about the same time that Amurath's decease produced the boastful verses set on his tomb, 1600.

Me tumidum fortuna tumens erexit in altum,
Et par fortuna mens mea semper erat.

The death of these sovereigns mark the end of the century, and Guthrie says, that till their reign the Turks had always considered England to be a province or tributary realm to France. If so, Elizabeth seems to have *enlightened* them; but the fact is very difficult to credit; Solyman and Mahomet II., before *his* time, must have known better concerning the state of Europe.

CHAP. VII.

ITALY, GERMANY, SPAIN, ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND THE NETHERLANDS.

PROGRESS OF REFORMATION.

FROM A. D. 1550 TO 1600.

EUROPE seems to have been, in the year 1550, pretty well persuaded as to the necessity of reform, and doubtful only how much was to be done: as Germany was the original focus of diffention, Italy was looked to now for provocations, and a bad pope was desired by the enemies of Rome with much more earnestness than its inhabitants contended for a good one. J. Maria Giocci was bad enough. Reginald Pole, cousin to Henry the seventh of England, and firm adherent to his eldest daughter, was their first choice, but having been elected in the night, he sent a request that the conclave would confirm his election by day, as he detested deeds of darkness: this they refused; and hastily threw the mantle on young Cardinal de Monte, who took the warlike name of Julius III. although himself a mere voluptuary, of whom one reads nothing but that he made his monkey's keeper a cardinal, to the no small offence of the college, who exclaimed that the new dignitary possessed neither virtue nor learning. "Why, I pray, for which of *my* virtues was I promoted?" said the shameless Pontiff. "Come, come, we know each other, and should tell no tales."—"My Innocent, the lad who looked to his menagerie, will make as good a cardinal as any of us." A daring blasphemy is likewise related of this Pope, which *Henri Etienne* attributes

butes to Leo X. how he said among his friends and favourites, "This fable about Jesus Christ has answered pretty well to us, hah!" If true the tale, I hope 'twas Julius made the horrid speech: his religion was then worthy his morality. An irreproachable character, Marcellus by name, succeeded, but lived scarce a month after his election, and Paul IV, haughty and impetuous, reigned in his stead. The people, hasty as their sovereign, set up his statue the first year, broke it the second, and flung it into Tyber. He quarrelled both with France and Austria for relaxing of their persecutions against Lutheranism, which he vainly hoped, with the duke d'Alva's help, to extirpate by main force: but seeing protection granted to the Colonnas, he became quite outrageous. 'Tis recorded however, that this primate's severities fell heavy even upon his own nearest kinsmen, when accused of vices that disgraced their stations or their calling. His death called Pius IV. to the chair, who summoned the famous calvinistic queen, Joan d'Albret de Navarre, to appear before the inquisitorial tribunal at Rome; but Charles IX. of France would not, though bigotted, permit this insult, as he deemed it, to a widow'd mother of princes boasting his blood royal, and the prosecution was dropped accordingly. Maximilian the emperor next begged his Holiness to take off from his German clergy the vows of celibacy, and grant the eucharistic cup to all communicants—two things repugnant to that new symbol of belief which he had published, and which is known by name of Pope Pius's creed, sanctioned by the Council of Trent, held under, and new opened by dissolute Julius, his anti-predecessor. The cup was obtained however, for Hungary and Bohemia, and the Pope died of vexation. His successor was of the same temper, and a more violent persecutor still; so that whatever Paul IV. did, seems lost in the severities of Pius V. who burned his own best subjects, steady Catholics, Carnefecchi and Palcarius, one a noble Tuscan, the other an author, only for saying that the *Lutherans were in some points excusable*.

It was in this pontificate the battle of Lepanto was gained, and
our

our Elizabeth formally excommunicated: and it was this cruel-hearted sovereign who bestowed upon the duc d'Alva a rich sword and belt, with thanks for such conduct in the Low Countries as would have graced a campaign made by Caracalla. Without encouragement from Pius V. Charles the the ninth of France would never have brought his conscience to endure the premeditation of a massacre which has no example: but the Pope died before it was put in execution, and was beatified in 1712 by Clement VIII. Truth is he led a temperate and austere life, and acted less by passion than by principle: he had not so learned Christ as to love his fellow servants. He delighted to tear the sheep himself, not feed or save them from the wolves. A contrary character makes a pleasing contrast. Gregory, the learned, the gentle, and the grave, who gave up, with disinterested heroism, all claim to the kingdom of Portugal, which the strange death or loss at least of Don Sebastian threw among three European potentates, as a bone of contention. The Pope not only declined all dispute concerning it, but sent to congratulate his rival Philip upon the success of his arms there: he sent no congratulations, nor permitted any rejoicings on the massacre of St. Barthelemi; but intent upon reforming the old Julian calendar, made the Protestants appear truly ridiculous and contemptible, when out of childish spite to Rome, they forebore to count time by a more commodious method than had been till then adopted, and shewed mankind that their researches after learning were prompted less by desire of *general* benefit to the world, than of freeing it from that particular yoke which to say true had long been both heavy and painful. Inquisitorial tribunals were now frequent, and grew every day more strict and more severe, as they became more necessary auxiliaries to the sinking power of the popedom. Gay Venice resolved however, to exclude them. Priuli, their doge, said, "What though our republick
 " has suffered somewhat in her *consequence* by the *Ligue de Cambray*
 " made in 1508, and somewhat in her *wealth* too, by these new dis-
 " coveries, let us not be sapp'd as well as battered: let us keep liberty

“at home at least—and to secure it, *fuori i preti*.”* The greatest name perhaps of *that* profession which in 1586 adorned the papal chair, had been the very man named as inquisitor over that jealous state, tenacious ever of its independence: but Padre Montalto, afterwards Sextus V. knew the world too well; and *Retrospection* sees him flying from their territories with precipitation, as though he had put St. Mark’s wings to his feet; for having made a vow (says he laughing) to become pope at Rome, “it did not suit me, you see, good friends, to stay and be hanged at Venice.” The advancement of this singular genius to the sovereignty was marked with many peculiarities; and the apparent designation of him by Providence to those high dignities he had so desired, and which he became so well, is yet scarcely forgotten among us, though two so busy centuries have elapsed since he wore them. It was his delight to impress that designation on men’s minds. “Whenever I played at back-gammon,” said he, “*six* “*cinq* was always sure to win the game.” He was son to Perretti, a turned-off footman of the Farnese house, who married one of the maids, and lived at foot of Monte Alto, where that extraordinary son was born to them on the day Charles V. was crowned emperor. “We set out together,” said Sextus V. often; “but fortune set me “to keep pigs, when I wanted to be driving more rational, though “not less obstinate animals.” The truth was, Tarli, the famous preacher, going to a wedding in that neighbourhood one day, saw this lad keep on crying while every one else seemed happy. “What dost “cry for so, child?” says Tarli, “tell me.”—“I cry,” replies little Peretti, “because God gave me a heart to be a *great man*, and I am “but a poor boy.”—“Wilt thou study and be good, and learn to be “a great man?” says the preacher.—“Yes *that* I will, and keep pigs “no more, but turn friar.”—“Friars are always poor, my child,” answered Tarli; “those who despise poverty must not be friars.” “Well! I’ll go *through* poverty then,” replies the lad, “as you go “*through* purgatory—but I’ll come out a *great man*.”—“And so thou “wilt,

* Out with the priests.

“wilt, I am sure,” exclaims the ecclesiastick, turning to his companion Selleri, who laughed, but said, “Shew us the road to such a town, child, and don’t cry any more.” The boy ran before them without shoes, nor could threats or persuasions drive him back from their convent, where they clothed and taught him; till such were his acquirements, and such his proficiency, that the superiors counted him a prodigy of early science, and his protector Tarli, on his death-bed, pressed his hand, saying, “I grieve, dear Fælix, I can live no longer to witness your felicity and fame. You will be *Pope*, I’m sure you will.” “And from that day,” says Sextus, “*I resolved on’t*.” When settled in the seat that he was born for, he relaxed not from study, nor stained his character with vice or folly; but in five years contributed, says Zimmerman, more to the embellishment of modern Rome than Augustus Cæsar did to ancient Rome in 40. The immense hospital, the four fine obelisks, the water-work where he employed four thousand workmen, the improvements in the library, the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, placed upon Antonine’s and Trajan’s pillar, evince his munificent spirit. The distribution of his time alone can account for the vast works that he performed. Five hours he allotted then, to literature, seven to the cares of state, two to his private devotions, four to convivial recreation and society—the rest to sleep. When some of his counsellors grieved to see the Bible translated into Italian—“Oh, it will save those *noble souls*,” said he, “who take no pains to learn Latin like the hereticks.” Some years before, in fact, when Calvin died, they were afraid of sending Montalto legate to Geneva, lest he should set up an independent sect. But though, besides all his publick works, he daily maintained three hundred poor out of his privy purse, at his demise the publick coffers were left fuller than they had been by any Christian sovereign: “and this,” says he, “might any man do, who set his face against vice, the great devourer of money, time and fame.” His only sister, Camilla, was called into notice, her children were brought forward on every occasion, and nothing pleased him more than attentions paid to *them*. Yet although Philip II.

sent jewels of enormous value to his niece when she espoused the young Colonna, nothing could cure his hatred of the Spaniards; and when bigotted Olivarez, their ambassador, expressed his affliction that his Holiness had permitted a translation of Holy Writ; the Pope sitting profoundly silent, Olivarez observed it, and asked, "what employed his mind so, and kept it from attending?"—"I was just thinking, sir," replied Sextus, "which of these windows your Excellency might be thrown out of, that so with the fewest bones broken, you might learn to address *Rome's master and your own* with more respect." "These Spaniards," said he afterwards, "will poison me, I know they will." And so he thought they did at last: but like Flavius Vespasian, his model in many things, he laboured for Rome's welfare to the very limits of temporal existence; and then calling *Castagna*, his old friend, close to him, "After *pears*,"* says he, "come *cheshnuts*, you know; and do not, dear Monsignore, keep fretting so about these hereticks when you succeed me, as I am confident you will, but remember 'tis the conversion, not death of sinners which God requires." *Castagna* did succeed *Peretti*, but lived not to obey him. The Sfondinati Pope, Gregory the fourteenth, cut from his dying mother, a noble Cremonese, by the Cæsarian operation, survived them not a year. Innocent IX. reigned but seven weeks; and Clement the eighth's pontificate, was left to close the century with a magnificent jubilee caused by the conversion, and adorned by the absolution of Henry IV.

Our *Retrospection* must now be shifted quick to Germany, where the Reformers had been long since reinforced by John Calvin, a Noyonnese by birth; but France proving no safe asylum, he removed to Switzerland, and as the mode of the day was, formed a sort of creed and catechism of his own, and was soon jestingly, but justly enough termed the Pope of Geneva; where he made his opinions serve as a criterion of necessity, if not infallibility, and burned Servetus for dissenting

* *Peretti* means little pears in Italian, and *Castagni* means cheshnuts.

from them. The magistrates of the city indeed gave consent, yet if the man deserved death for denying his Saviour's divinity, how far Calvin had acquired the right to inflict it, a death so dreadful too, better controvertists than I must decide. He lived about twelve years after, greatly respected notwithstanding, having survived Melancthon but a short time. Luther, whom they both so honoured, and in some respects so strictly followed, had long left the stage of struggle to *them*, and though he held his *own* opinions firm, condemned not *theirs*. Calvin lies nobly interred in his own church at Geneva. Humble Melancthon with his last breath begged to be laid at Martin Luther's feet. He set up no separation, he made no new creed, his study was peace; but like King David, when he spoke to them thereof, they made them ready to battle. A death serene, a countenance beaming with hope, bore witness to his purity and truth: the night of his departure, the twentieth of April, 1560, he drew up four reasons why he longed to leave this world. First: That he should be no more tempted to sin, he said. Secondly: That he should look on his Redeemer. Thirdly: That he should learn to comprehend the mystick union of God and man in the sacred person of our Lord Jesus Christ. And fourthly: That he should be plagued no more with theological disputes. Such was the favourite disciple of *Luther*, and such the man whose laboured eulogium was the work of *Bossuet*. A life apparently of far less consequence stept a short time before him from this stage of business and of indolence, this theatre of active virtue and of senseless apathy. *Jeanne la Folle* ever incapable to do any thing herself, except watch the dead body of her handsome husband, for whom her jealous passion continued in full force fourteen years after his demise, had prevented (by living such a length of time) her son *Charles the fifth* from quitting the thrones and powers he had once so fought, and now so earnestly desired to get rid of. When however there was no danger of leaving Spain to the caprices of crazy Joanna, he called a meeting of the states, and gracefully enumerating the difficulties he had endured for

his subjects, the battles won, the provinces saved under his administration, and the desire he now felt to expiate in secret whatever he might have been led to do amiss, he hastened to invest his son Philip with his dignities, and tortured by a painful and inveterate disease, sought suddenly to bury in the silent shades of monastick retirement that busy genius, that once ambitious spirit, which had for half a century or more controlled the many, and abashed the wise.* He quitted Spain, and Germany, and royalty, the laurels of glory, and the mines of Mexico, requiring only a small pension from his son, which Philip for the first half year *forgot to pay*. This monarch had been always unlucky in his very near connections; his mother mad, his aunts ill-treated, his sister miserable, and his son ungrateful.

But in the cell all sorrows are forgotten,
There love and friendship cease.

As for unfeeling Philip, he seems to have attracted affection by the very means another man repels it. Charles always admired his haughty manners, while his wife, sanguinary Mary of England, doated on him; and had not her folly been diverted into a current still more hateful, by the zeal for re-establishing Popery among *us*, she might have passed her time like poor Joanna, in watching him when dead, lest any woman but herself should touch his corpse. As 'twas however, a murmuring people, a disdainful spouse, an unsuccessful war, and barren bed, combined to break her heart, and make of him once more a youthful widower. The first wife left him a son Don Carlos, whom 'twas supposed the parent prince, alike callous to every sentiment of softness, ordered to be taken off by poison: certain 'tis, he married Isabella of France, that young man's promised bride. Unnatural and cruel in every relation of life, this Philip was on *one* occasion,

* The following anecdote is sometimes related to prove that an unquiet temper will never cease tormenting itself and others.

“Thou hast disturbed the world long enough, good brother,” said a religieux, whom restless Charles had waked one morning in the convent before the hour: “let us poor fellows alone, I pray thee, who like thyself have forsaken it.”

a philosopher. When in revenge for the insults which his squadron received when brave Sir William Monson brought him over to marry our queen of England, he set on foot against her successor the formidable Armada so much talked of, while Europe hung suspended on the project; a sudden and severe train of accidents rendered it abortive, and none but the king's fool dared tell him the disastrous tale. "Well! but," says Philip, "I did not send the fleet out to combat against winds and waves." 'Twas he, however, sent the duke D'Alva to combat against Christians of every denomination except *one*, and that with fury and religious rage unequalled, unless in the records of pagan persecution. This hot-headed nobleman made a vow to his fair mistress, that he would extirpate Protestantism with fire and sword. He extinguished life in thousands; but his cruelties confirmed the cause he fought to ruin. With the fine helmet sent by Rome he warded off some blows, and with the gauntlets formerly blest by her inexorable sovereign Pius V., he certainly did crush countless multitudes of Calvinists and low church professors of Christianity, who perished calling on the name of Jesus. But Heaven frustrated these fierce intents, and turned the sanguine stream into a fertilizing power, which filled whole provinces with just abhorrence of the Roman yoke. In 1579 the states of Holland having revolted against Philip, and he to punish them, having commenced a persecution little inferior to those of Decius or of Dioclesian, they rushed from scaffolds and assassinations to the sea, and fought as the Venetians did, who fled from Attila, a watery refuge. Seven little provinces before the century closed were therefore seen secured by dykes and channels, in an independency at first scarce hoped for, fished for their immediate support, and traded to procure better existence in time to come.

Diciter Archimedes terram potuisse movere,
Æquora qui potuit sistere non minus est.

A sage of old boasted to move the earth,
Those who could stop the sea were no less worth.

Philip

Philip, now master of Portugal however, soon shut his ports against these new republicans ; and they in return tried to ruin his new subjects in East India. Cornelius Houtman, a debtor detained at Lisbon, shewed them the way, and touching first at the Maldivia and Sunda isles, fixed his firm colony at Java, ' spite of obstructions from the Portugueze ; and the great city founded there gives, whilst I write, its name to the parent provinces, which, no longer Holland, submitted in the year 1796, to accept from France the name of the *Batavian* commonwealth. How would the Prince of Orange have abhorred that thought ? He on whose arm Charles V. leaned while pronouncing his heroick abdication—he whose apology charges Philip with murder in the death of his third queen Isabelle, and incest in his fourth marriage with a daughter of Maximilian, his own nephew, by Mary his own sister, empress of Germany, daughter to Charles V. In the last year of the sixteenth century however, his son by that lady succeeded him, Philip the third. The whole family were alike bigots to the establishment of that fatal inquisition first introduced by their great ancestors Ferdinand and Isabella.

The duchess of Parma, daughter of Charles V. drove Flanders into a rebellion by endeavouring to force it on *those* subjects during her regency ; and Jeanne la Folle could never be waked to consciousness, except once after her husband's death, and that was when they told her that the inquisition was likely to be abolished. Mary of England seemed to have had no solace, except in signing the condemnation of hereticks to the flames ; and Toledo duc d'Alva, supposed a natural son of the same house, had the same prejudices. The Italians considered that man as a coward, it appears, by an old manuscript in the Badoera family, which calls him capitano generale *in tempo di pace*, maggior-domo maggiore di S. M. *in tempo di guerra*. Serbellone and he agreed however, to cut the holy Bible into slips of parchment, and lard the living thighs of Protestants with the pieces, as a punishment for their resolution not to prefer the word of man to that of God. His death
and

and that of his master were painful and slow, and afforded time for repentance. Philip insisted on seeing his own funeral performed, and expired with the coffin in the room, a few months before the edict of Nantes was published for free toleration of Protestants in France; a proof that all his impious pains to exterminate 'em were vain, and every way successful. Germany meanwhile, her darling emperor gone, accepted of his brother Ferdinand, a quiet character, who made peace with the Reformers, and truce of eight years also with the Turks; said those were the best princes who made the least bustle, and, careful to make none himself, entailed the succession (if Maximilian should leave no issue male) upon the sons of his own daughters, sisters to that young king of the Romans: and 'tis observable that this manner of disposing things gave (almost in our own day) pretension to the house of Bavaria for the empire against the husband of Maria Theresa. Maximilian II. however *had* sons, notwithstanding which he was contented to lose the crown of Poland by neglect, and suffered the Ottomans to brave him at Zigeti, or Ziketi, where Solyman the Magnificent lost his life. If its inhabitants were indeed, as antiquaries tell, the true descendants of those argonauts who followed Jason, or of the Phthiotes who accompanied Achilles to the siege of Troy, they needed not consider their walls as degraded when such a warrior fell before them. Poor *Maximilian* acknowledged his own feebleness, which he endeavoured to strengthen by marrying one of his daughters to Philip II. of Spain, and one to Henry II. of France, whilst his eldest son Rodolphus, whose long reign finishes the century, passed his time between a laboratory and a riding-house, so that no care was taken of the state at all, nor durst his ministers approach him when so employed, let what would happen. One of them indeed, disguised as a groom, got admittance just to inform him of the fire at Constantinople, which it was hoped might stop the progress of young Amurath, whose gallant spirit, his ill health then unknown, made Christianity tremble. Rodolphus calmly bid him note the chronology of so curious an occurrence,

currence, and be careful to use the new style introduced by Gregory the thirteenth; for while this Emperor spent his days in chemistry, his nights were devoted to astronomical observations; and the manège, his only exercise, filled up every other pause of existence.* That Venice was nearly depopulated by a pestilence, or England threatened by a Spanish invasion; that one sovereign prince had been assassinated by a Jacobin friar, and another publicly beheaded in the realms of a near kinswoman, to whom she ran for succour from her own; affected Rodolphus but very little: his brother Matthias, undertook the defence of Hungary and Bohemia from the Turkish arms, while the necessary supplies were raised by a begging-box; all which gave no concern to the Emperor, who died not till sixty years old, unacquainted with some of these circumstances, undisturbed, and unmarried A. D. 1612; Kepler's Rudolphine tables perpetuating his memory as a philosopher, while the historic muse rejects acquaintance with so bad a politician. But if tranquillity thus degenerated into stagnation at Vienna, our *Retrospect* too long detained from France, looks back thither to the death of all-accomplished François, *incomparable Roi!* when that amiable prince however, who once supported in the hour of death the fainting frame of Leonardo da Vinci, expired himself in Guicciardini's arms; leaving six millions present money in his coffer, and grieving only that he had not sufficiently diminished the necessary imposts: His gay son Henry II, succeeded to the throne, and sat on it when Charles V. pressed by ill health, and allured by admiration of his son Philip's lofty demeanour, yielded to him his hereditary dominions. Henry had no such esteem of him: he joined the League of Protestants against papal and imperial oppression, although himself a Romanist by principle; but finding reasons to repent that step, made peace with

* Over his riding-house, he wrote the word A.D.S.I.T. in capital letters thus. The arch-duchess Isabella explained it in this manner: *Austriacæ Domus Suus Inflat Tumulus*. She had a notion Gustavus Adolphus was the man who was to be the ruin of *their* family, and she fancied Rodolpho had found it out by alchemy or astrology, and that he wrote these letters in that persuasion.

Spain, and was accidentally killed by Montgomeri in a tournament which he gave in honour of the marriage between Philip II. and Elizabeth or Isabella, Fille de France as she was called. He left seven children by Catherine de Medicis, a lady of boundless ambition and splendid acquirements, and Mademoiselle de Luffan, who writes his life, says, that being wounded in the eye by his antagonist's lance, he would not have endured existence had he escaped the fever caused by agony, so much did he regard the beauty of his person, and the Queen's attachment, which he considered as depending on it. For while Diana de Valentinois was his mistress, and at fifty years old possessed his fondest affections, the subtle Florentine guided his counsels, and younger by twenty years than her gay rival, held her place steady in his true esteem. Francis II., her eldest son, enjoyed the crown two years; he was husband to our beautiful Mary of Scotland, niece to Henry VIII., and niece beside to the no less famous Guises. They, leagued with Italian Catherine, planned the extirpation of Protestantism, which certainly did lose its *name* in France during his reign; when they were first called *Huguenots*, from St. *Hughes'* gate, in the great tower which served them as a place of private rendezvous. They were, however, by the furious zealots we have named, soon routed: a massacre of hundreds, nay of thousands followed; and while the shrieks of females and infants filled the air, unnumbered bodies were thrown into the water, till the reluctant Loire, saturated with humanity, rolled her choked waves more silent to the sea. These horrors, however, scarcely could be said to taint the virtue of a feeble prince, not quite eighteen years old when he expired, leaving his next brother heir to a throne he mounted at eleven years of age. In evil hour for Protestants did he ever mount it: *they* seem however to have provoked both Charles and the Queen Mother by unnecessary and bitter railleries. The first caricatura print we read of was published at Paris by the Huguenot party, representing a negotiation between the Devil and Catherine de Medicis, for the soul of her son. *Il me faut son ame*, says

the first, *soit pourvu qu'il regne*, replies the lady. There is something like this related concerning Nero and Agrippina. True it is, that she brought the French king up to cruelty, and taught him betimes to sport with human life. His natural disposition was not ungenerous, yet have all historians consigned him willingly to his *purchaser* for having at twenty-one years old deliberately consented to the massacre of St. Bartelemi, for having added to his consent a charge that not *one* should escape to reproach him; and for having fired at the fugitives for sport out of his palace windows, enjoying their deaths as country gentlemen do killing partridges. Sixty thousand souls were on that dreadful day dismissed to their account, causing the diversion of the court at Paris, the illumination of Madrid for joy, and the emigration of countless Christians from a kingdom where innocence and age were no security, and where the knife was held firm even to the infant's throat. Our *retrospective* eye turns not unwillingly to view the singular and dreadful judgment awaiting this unhappy prince's end, when tortured by a new and incurable disease, blood oozed continually from every pore, staining his limbs, his linen, *all he touched*, perpetually ensanguined to his sight. Remorse and penitent affliction now seized on his noble heart; and he would be attended only by a Huguenot nurse, in whose loyal arms he laid himself down to die, soothed by her sorrows and her prayers alone, washed with her tears of pitying forgiveness. If *thou* can'st pardon me, were his last words, *Jesus will not condemn*. Such may his sentence be, as then he hoped it! his brother and successor Henry the third, reigned but a short time: voluptuous at the beginning of his life he grew fillily superstitious at the end of it, wore a hair shirt, and flagellated his own back. That fellow, said Sextus V. hearing of his follies, tries as hard to get a monk's hood on, as ever I did to throw mine off. That his mother should betray him to the Guises however, and force him upon signing the ignominious *re-union*, he never could forgive, and by Lognac's advice, the duke and cardinal were both assassinated. Madame de Montpensier,

sister, their sister, remembered this event, when the king threw himself among the Protestants for refuge, and Clement, a Jacobin friar, by *her* direction, ended the male heirs of the house of Valois, in this sovereign's assassination, 1589, when Henri IV. de Navarre ascended the Gallick throne. His mother, Jeanne d'Albret, was a Calvinist, and diligently imbued the prince with her own notions, but Gaultier, his first preceptor, being of the Romish persuasion, their young man possibly grew up without a strong conviction on either side; perhaps indeed, his real bias was to popery, from which the lady held him *while she could*.

Henry was never able strongly to resist female influence, and Jeanne d'Albret had a predominating spirit, endued beside with more than Spartan fortitude. The popes had given away all her hereditary realms to Spain, and she indignant helped the Huguenots with her pen, purse and sword. This hardy dame had wedded Antoine duc de Vendôme, lineal descendant of Robert de Clermont, fifth son of great St. Louis, and first lord *de Bourbon*; and when she was about to bring her famous son into the world, her father, Albert II. king of Navarre, (who never left the room) insisted on her singing some stanzas of a Bernoise ballad between the paroxysms of parturition. This family had been closely pursued and carefully watched by Tuscan Catherine and her cruel Guises, especially when Charles IX. died without issue; yet after all Henry the third, leaving no heirs by beautiful but neglected Louise de Vaudemont, that lady caught his spirit of devotion, and turned nun; while the ambitious Florentine, forced to endure the sight of the young Bourbon set on the throne of France, resorted to all her artifices, and succeeded in making him divide it with *her daughter* Marguerite de Valois, hoping no doubt that when four of her children had successively reigned in Paris, the succession must be fixed in her own progeny for ever. In vain!—Fair Margaret's gallantries were so *early* notorious, her husband was obliged to shut her up; and though, having obtained a divorce from her, he married a cousin

of the same Medicean house, old Catherine broke her heart. She had adorned France with many beautiful buildings, and enriched it with valuable MSS. from Italy; but was justly detested by a people whose blood she spared not. Mary, though of the same family, was no literary character: when the Swiss envoys came to compliment her, she who understood them not, asked Melfon what they said? The courtier replied boldly:—"Madam, they say your Majesty is more lovely
 "and more excellent than any princess ever seen on earth." A person present *smiled*:—"Well!" says the Queen, "Melfon tells what
 "they *ought* to have said."* After her marriage with the King, Margaret was no more forbid the court, which she filled with her intrigues, her verses, her talents, her amours, and lastly, like her brothers, with her *penances*. Brantôme celebrates her wit and elegance, and her memoirs are deeply interesting. The Queen of Navarre's tales however, were composed for Henri the fourth's grandmother, sister to Francis the first. The book was named *Les Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses, très illustre Reine de Navarre*. Marguerite means a pearl, and likewise a daisy. I suppose the compiler, who at first called it *heptameron*, meant that his readers should consider these as picked pearls or flowers—choice tales. It was this lady's daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, who gave to the admiring world one of its gayest, bravest, greatest chieftains, the gallant Henri IV. who loved his subjects, protected their interests, extended their commerce, and confirmed their happiness. 'Twas after the peace his change of religion procured for France, that her artificers learned to work in glass, a manufacture till then confined to Venice, but Lyons in this reign begun to flourish, and tapestry work gave hope of that perfection we have witnessed since in the fine Gobelin's loom. Silk too was cultivated in Pro-

* Mary de Medici loved gallantries well enough; and so encouraged Ottavio Rinuccini, called by some authors inventor of Italian operas, that he followed her to France, and lost his wits for love. Recovering, he hid his shame and disappointment in a monastery.

vance, and the kind king expressed his friendly wish that every peasant from Picardy to Perpignan should have a pot and fowl ready to boil in it, each Sunday through the year. His good intentions were well seconded by wise and faithful Sully, of whose services Henry appeared most sensible: for when his rival mistresses tormented him with their jealousies and jars, his answer was—a dozen pretty girls were of not half the value in his eyes as that one honest man. How rightly he had judged, the great event declares; for Sully, though himself a Lutheran, urged his master to accept the terms, and take the kingdom and catholicism together. “Change then yourself,” replied the sovereign. “That could do *only* mischief,” said the minister. I may “be a Protestant, and no harm done. Your Majesty *must absolutely* “profess the Romish tenets.” The sweetness and social temper of this prince made him after that event little less than adored at home, while his heroic courage in the field, by proving him respectable for well-tryed valour, filled even selfish Spain with admiration, rendered him a powerful mediator for Holland, and helped to heal every breach between the then present Pope and the Venetians. The closing century found and left Henry well employed, and Clement VIII. made Rome rejoice in so useful a conversion, A. D. 1600. While these things went forward in the southern parts of Europe, the north failed not to feel the quick’ning power. Alexander of Poland and Lithuania expelled all Tartars from his wide domain, which, now engaged in endless wars with Russia, thinned the excessive population. Gustavus Ericson introduced Lutheranism into Stockholm, and made that crown hereditary in his own family. Freedom follows hard upon the heels of reformation, and many privileges were granted to the commons in all countries, where they were found a bar useful to kings, who by their means shut out the old nobility, no longer now considered as equals to the prince. Sigismund and Maximilian disputed violently for that realm where aristocracy lived longest—*Poland*. The duc d’Alençon, son to Catherine de Medici, had tried for it, but

was

was called home to reign in France ; and our Elizabeth was arbitress between that kingdom and the Turks at last. Among the events of these days, far the most important to mankind of those approaching to the arctic circle, was the auspicious birth of great Gustavus, hero of the north, son to Charles of Finland and Christiana of Holstein. *Retro-spection* sees them with pleasure to the old name of *Athaulphus*, worn by many a jombersgher, add the anagram of Augustus Cæsar or Ctzar ; and while his father attempted the junction of Livonia to his possessions in the year 1599 and 1600, when the free commerce of the Baltic Sea was become a prize worth contending, *that* arbitration was committed to our queen Elizabeth, who sent Dr. Rogers, a man of more good sense than dignity, her envoy to Copenhagen. But England has been out of sight too long : we left her trembling under the rough grasp of tyrannick and uxorious Henry, whose gentler son, Edward the sixth, lived not to bestow on her the consolations reasonably expected from a prince of such premature disposition towards piety and learning, whose only fault seems to have been the preference of virtue to hereditary right, in endeavouring to settle the succession upon Jane Gray, whose grandmother, wife to Charles Brandon, seems to have conferred upon her offspring no part of that contempt for queenship which she herself expressed. The *Betynges*, *Nippes*, and *Bobbes*, so pathetically lamented by Jane Gray, were bestowed on her by the duchess of Suffolk, to make her accept a crown she had no claim to, and her philosophy only served to make her endure punishment, poor soul ! for committing a sin to which she had no temptation.*

Mary, true heiress of England's crown, and eldest daughter to Henry VIII. by Catherine of Arragon, took away this hapless princess's life with far more provocation than that of any other subject during her dreadful sanguinary reign, marked by the death of two hundred

* I have heard that the three sentences found on her tablets, written in Greek, Latin, and English, are yet preserved in my Lord Gage's family : his ancestor begged the pocket-book, which Jane gave him when she went to execution

and

and seventy-eight Protestants in *separate fires*; among whom we enumerate, I think, five bishops,* twenty-one clergymen, eight gentlemen of distinction, eighty-four tradesmen, one hundred countrymen, and threescore women and infants, one born amid the flames; a baby martyr, baptized indeed, as St. John said we should be, by the Holy Ghost and with fire. The comfort was, that such a sovereignty lasted but six short years. The sole attempt at an excuse for such severities was the consent of parliament, who looked on them, as it appears, with no extreme disgust: yet was the nation not insensible to that which touched it in a tender part. A jealousy of Spanish influence was early shewn, and the Queen's marriage articles canvassed with well-judged care. The husband she made choice of was unpopular; and when Sir William Monson brought him over, the admiral reminded his majesty's subjects by a broadside, of the respect due to our British flag which *they* perhaps unintentionally forgot. Philip however, forgot not, nor ever could forgive the offence. The press now teemed besides with light performances on heavy topics, according to our English genius. I question whether small books fastened *par un filet*, and since from thence called *pamphlets*, were known before this occasion. Norris says, "That if angels were authors, none would use folio paper." He meant *British* angels. Guicciardini fills two enormous folios with the events of forty years only. Let such as love a pen more volant than impressive, patronize *Retrospection*. Of such a reign a bird's-eye view is best: yet let not Mary lose her praise for scholarship. She, like her sister and her cousin, was a hard student in her early youth, and Cathe-

* Among all the martyrs, Latimer shewed most unaffected courage. The day before his execution, "Master lieutenant," said he to the gentleman in whose custody he was kept, "if no more fuel is brought, I shall certainly deceive you and your sovereign lady."—"No, no," replied the lieutenant, "that's impossible," (meaning his escape.) No wood was brought however, and Latimer on his re-appearance in six hours more, exclaimed, "Said I not well that ye should be deceived. Ye brought me here a prisoner to *burn* me, and verily I die to-night with cold."

rine had upon her death-bed charged her not to neglect her Latin or her virginals. My heart tells me they were connected nearer than we think for. When mass was daily sung, and in that language, Latin and finging surely went together, and till some one who knows tells me the contrary, I shall believe that we went on pronouncing just like our neighbours on the Continent, *orma veerumque cauno*, not as we do now, *arma virumque cano*, till came the Reformation. Tuffer in his verses seems to hint, that being brought up for a choirister, “*To sing i’ th’ queere*,” he calls it, they sent him to Eton school,

To learn straightways
The Latin phrase.*

* I suppose he was not worthy to sing in the cathedral till he had learned Latin, and the clafficks were thus made subservient to the musical education: his distresses are laughable enough as he relates them.

It came to pass that borne I was,
Of lynage good, and gentle blood,
In Essex layer, and village fayer,
That Rivenhall hight;
Whiche village ly’d by Bantree’s syde:
There spend did I mine infancy,
And there my name with honest fame
Remayns in fyght.

I yet but younge, no speeche of tongue,
Nor teares withal, that often fall
From mothers eies when child out cries
To part her fro:
Could pittie make my father take,
But out I must to sing be thrust,
Say what we would, do what we could,
His mind was so.

Oh painfull tyme! for every crime
What toozed eares, like bayted beares,
What bobbed lypes, what perkes and nippes,
What hellish toies!

What

But facts call off attention from conjectures ; when death from dropfy of the breast, mistaken for that state of pregnancy hoped by the Papists, relieved our realm from sanguinary Mary, and set her prudent sister on the throne, whose early policy, consummate thoughtfulness, and native steadiness of character, had saved her through intolerable scenes of danger *before* that happy hour of accession ; and afterwards saved *us*

What robes, how bare ! what College fare !

What bread how stale ! what peny ale !

Oh Wallingford ! how wert thou abhor'd

Of us poor boies.

Thence for my voyce, I must (no choyce)

Away of force, like posting horse,

For fundrie men had placards then,

Such chylde to take ;

The better brest, the lesser rest,

To serve i' th' queere, now here now there ;

For time so spent how I repent,

And sorrow make.

But mark the chaunce myselfe to advaunce ;

By friendship's lot to Pauls I got,

So found I grace a certaine space

There to remaine.

In Redford's care, the lyke no where

For cunning such, and vertue muche,

By whom some part of musicke's art

Nowe did I gain.

From Pauls I went, to Eton sent,

To learn streightwaies the Latin phrase,

Where fiftie three stripes given to me,

At once I had,

For fault but small, or none at all,

It came to pass that beat'n I was ;

See, Uvedale,* see, the mercie of thee

To me poor lad !

* This *Uvedale* is the *Udal* styled by Bayle, *Elegantissimus omnium bonarum literarum magister*. Roger Ascham praises him highly.

when Philip, stung by revenge at her refusal of his hand and friendship, set forth, to swallow up our independency at once, his powerful and, as he deemed it, his *invincible* Armada. All Europe stood spectators when 'twas seen, how by no more than twenty thousand sailors raised in haste, this pondrous fleet, "Under the weight of which," says Benti-
 voglio, "the very waters groaned," was turned away; and the winds finished what their arms begun. All England, clustering round the patriot sovereign, saw that reciprocation of calm confidence which best assures, and best deserves success, changed into triumph both of prince and people, who hastening paid their praises at *his* altar who alone maketh men *to be of one mind in a house*; and greatly rewarded Elizabeth that day for having never taken away one subject's life for religious opinions, or even wreaked unchristian vengeance upon the persecutors of her own favoured sect. All Protestants on her accession had been set free, no Papist punished. Dr. Rainsford presented a petition, "That her grace would give liberty to four captives lately
 "chained up by her predecessor: Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John."—"By my faith, Doctor," replied she merrily, "we must study a while
 "the will of *these* prisoners, to see if they consent to their own enfran-
 "chizement." The Bible and Testament in vulgar tongue were instantly published, and diligently disseminated however. The Queen, a high church Lutheran herself, kept her own chapel and closet richly adorned with crucifixes, madonnas, &c. but by protecting Christians of all denominations, courting her catholic subjects at home, supporting the calvinistic states abroad, and wisely leaving the mystic parts of our most holy faith as objects of veneration, not dispute; all parties were conciliated, and to her sage reply when questioned hard about our Saviour's real presence in the sacrament, people of *no* persuasion could object.*

Christ was the word that spake it,
 He took the bread and break it;
 And what that word did make it,
 That I believe, and take it.

Elizabeth's

Elizabeth's heart, unactuated by foreign blood, was truly *English*; she had a natural frugality of temper, which disposed her never to trifle with her people's money; and when they threw unasked subsidies into her lap, she was the no less careful of expences. A spirit too of trade and commerce possessed a large proportion of her mind; and Gresham, whom she fancied had been able to retard Philip's progress by draining his coffers, she named her *royal* merchant; and visiting the great Exchange he built, gave *that place* the like appellation, connecting in all English minds for ever the ideas of loyalty at home with traffick abroad *. But while Harrison tells us that a stranger entering her court would think himself set down in a university, so learned were the noblemen and ladies of her train; while reading, spinning, and embroidery employed the inferior maids about the palace, where was kept up severity of manners still consequent on such a busy studious life; the Queen fixed her desire of approbation chiefly on this, that whereas two thousand criminals *o'year* were executed during her father's reign, she never had condemned three hundred in the time either for theft or murder. 'Tis apparent that the vast progress of reformed religion added to that security of our property which trade requires, and a good government delights most in bestowing, had made immense improvement in the morals, which, whilst great barons gave unlimited protections, could not be taken care of; these haughty lords 'twas her care to repress, and few of them were left, though Derby still kept state as allied to the throne; and I believe Lord Burleigh had about his person twenty gentlemen of one thousand pounds *o'year* each as retainers. The Earl of Essex too seems to have been a nobleman

* Sir Richard Clough, partner with Gresham, suggested the necessity of a *bourse*, as his letters call it. He was an Antwerp merchant, and ashamed to see *our* traders here walk in the rain he said, while men of less consequence stood under cover on the continent. Clough had access to the great; he had married Catherine Tudor de Berayne, descendant of Henry the fifth's widow, and whose first husband was Sir John Salusbury of Llewenny; he was knight of Jerusalem *himself*, and called the richest commoner upon the island.

quite of the old fashion: gallant and gay, and wild for exploits of chivalry, his showy character attracted the Queen's notice; but though he was a favourite, and a faucy one, it still appears he loved his royal mistress less than did any of her courtiers; being attached to antique modes of gaining popularity, calling the apprentices about him against his sovereign, from whom when he received a box on the ear he put his hand to his sword as if to remind her, that *Devereux* * was as good a name as *Tudor*; the anagram of that name, *vere Dux*, he wore in his hat: but such a spirit of old *baronage*, *royalty* would not endure. In 1601 his head was cut away, and the Queen smiled no more; yet she returned to her former occupations. Her heart was not a fickle one, as Fuller says, where her grace's kindness did light, there it did lodge: and though it was her temper to pay liberally, but reward sparingly, she showered on this nobleman many honours, and upon Burleigh such emoluments that he left fourteen thousand pounds weight of gold behind him, bequeathing it, oddly enough to *our* notions, in so many ounces each to his surviving friends and relations, having realized in landed property only four thousand pounds o'year. When the Queen died she left this country so much improved and happier than she found it, that philosophical Raynal says, it was time death took her, for that a prince who never will provoke subjects to insurrection is a *nuisance*: had Elizabeth reigned 100 years (says he) the island would never have had spirits to meditate a rebellion. Faustina thus, in her diverting dialogue with Brutus among the shades, called round us by the magic pen of Fontenelle, complains of a good husband, because, as she observes, it only rivets a wife's chains for ever, and takes from her even a *wish* for those loose freedoms which form the happiness of female life. Fontenelle laughs, and endeavours to make *us* laugh; I fear me much his countryman is serious: be this as it may, the times *did* change apace; sovereigns were served upon the

† Le Duc *D'Evreux* was an old title in England since long before King John's time.

knee,

knee, and that by lords. Let us remember though, that they were lords made such by the sovereigns themselves for service done the state. Rank followed merit *now*, and was no longer annexed merely to birth alone. Authority slid fast from the house of peers, whilst diffusion of money long centred, dissemination of learning long confined, and discoveries of distant regions long unknown, produced rapid alteration in the manners both of small and great. A breach had been made in the classes of humanity by the Queen of England when she gave to merit, in the person of Sir Francis Drake, *royal* permission to push aside descent; and that such conduct was both rare and new, witness the well-attested anecdote concerning a contemporary character, Sir Philip Sydney, who having one day quarrelled about tennis balls with my Lord Oxford, *he* appealed, as was usual in such cases, to the sovereign, who sending for the inferior disputant, bid him be well advised of the difference there was in degree between earls and gentlemen; adding, that princes must support the privileges of each subject; and besides, if gentlemen shewed contempt for the nobility, peasants would soon learn to insult both, (an event nearer than she then apprehended.) Sir Philip's answer was in the spirit of Sydney: "That he observed with
 " due reverence how rank was never meant as privilege to wrong;
 " witness her grace's own superior self, who governed even her own
 " prerogatives by law: that my Lord Oxford could challenge nothing
 " of him save *precedency*, *homage* being now quite out of question." We are told nothing of the queen's reply: she must have seen, methinks, how things were going; and probably for that reason, among others, called few parliaments, of which she made a merit to the nation; (see Hume and Camden both;) stopt all discourse about her own supremacy; and when the commons craved *freedom of speech within their own walls*, confined them strictly but to *aye* and *no*. Yelverton, ancestor to the late Earl of Suffex, seemed truly sensible of their inferiority when he, disclaiming the office of speaker to the house, alleges his own difficulties in facing the unspeakable majesty and sacred
 personage

personage of their dread and dear sovereign, the terror of whose countenance (says he) suffices to appal the stoutest hearts. Elizabeth however, perfectly aware that the manners becoming in a monarch are offensive in a woman, and willing to blend the charms of influence with threats of authority, affected in domestic life fears she could never feel, pretending a dislike of certain smells, and acting on some occasion her terrors of a dentist so naturally, that Bishop Aylmer actually fate down to the operator and lost a sound tooth, that so her grace might be prevailed on to part with a decayed one. Her coquetry was all political as it appears, put on for purpose of keeping that power in her own hands which she saw loosening daily, and disposed more and more to slip from them. Cecil, in a private paper preserved by Haynes, says, That the decay of obedience being compared with that fearfulness and reverence which possessed all estates toward their superiors in times past, would astonish any considerate person to behold *the desperation of reform*: and Hume thinks the Queen's frugality was a measure by which she meant merely to hold fast her own independence. Henry VIII. came to the crown and found full coffers; yet so had he and his son and his eldest daughter diminished them, that Elizabeth had four millions of debt to pay; which she honourably discharged, though often refusing offered money from her subjects. This, with her familiarities, when in a good humour, made her adored; and royalty was not then afraid of encouraging individuals to familiarity by good humour. Have you looked over Haywood's book, said she to my lord Bacon, that haply there may be no treason in it? Marry, sovereign, replies her merry Chancellor, I find no treason in the book, but much felony, whereby he hath stolen all his best sentences as I do think from Cornelius Tacitus: but rack him not, good madam, for to say sooth his style is too much disjointed already. On another occasion when musick was performing, Are you not out of tune? said she. Madam, replies Dr. Tye, your ears are out of tune. And no marvel, doctor, answers her majesty, for they have this morning been stunned with much babble. I pr'ythee,
good

good servant, play, that so their conditions may be amended. Of this reign, what English reader regrets not the conclusion? What writer grieves not who is forced to abridge it? but when a new century began she left us.

Elizabetha Regina Angliæ,
Anglis Agna, Hiberiæ Lea,

Said the wits; and Henry the fourth of France, who was one himself, exclaimed, "*Le Roy Elisabeth est mort; nous aurons la reine Jacques.*" When he understood the King of Scotland was her successor, his desire of a conference with our sovereign detained her, as it seems, a while upon the stage, desirous to preserve the balance of power in Europe; but when that business by Rosni's management was settled, some scruples seized her mind, and poisoned her last hours with thought of Essex's unjust or cruel condemnation: the Lady Nottingham having declared upon her death-bed, how that earl had consigned to *her* a ring the Queen once gave him, begging mercy; but that by her husband's command that token was *suppressed*, and pardon treacherously withheld from him. After this news our sovereign refused comfort, and died of only ten days illness, caused by anxiety, at seventy years of age.

CHAP. VIII.

FIRST PORTION OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY;

ITS EFFECTS ON ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, HOLLAND, FRANCE,
AND PORTUGAL.WITH A SKETCH OF THE CHANGES IN COMMON LIFE,
AND PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

OUR *Retrospection* must, at beginning of this chapter, do what Elizabeth's courtiers (basely enough) did by *anticipation* at beginning of the century; turn all their eyes towards *Scotland*. That nation sometimes feared, always respected by ours, had from that hour a claim to being loved by us—we served the same sovereign. It is for that reason necessary we should look back a moment to their conduct, who must in future be considered as our nearest connexion, and recollect how their king, James II., was soon after the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet, killed accidentally before Roxburgh castle by the bursting of a piece of ordnance, the world being in those days little acquainted with such matters. A Scotch shilling then, Buchanan says, was equal to an English sixpence, the halfpenny was first coined in the next reign and called a *bawbie*, because stamped with the image of James III. then a *babie*, perhaps, or possibly from a corruption of *baspiece*, low money, French. It is observable that many French words are retained among this people, who have always maintained a close, not to say kind correspondence with France, ever since Charlemagne made alliance with their king Achaius, and took young Mailros for his tutor, exchanging chivalry for literature, if it be true that Mailros instituted, on his return from the continent, that ancient military Order the Thistle, and added the well known motto,

nemo

nemo me impune laceffit. The words marrow for husband from *mari*; bonie from *bonne*, and a thousand more bespeak French derivations. Cards are mentioned as the diversion of the Scottish court in 1501, before ours had an idea of them: they were called *quartes*, *four-sided things*, in French pronunciation *cartes*. Charles VI. was the first person we read of in Europe, who made his amusement consist in arranging and disposing the four suits originally devised to represent the four classes, or descriptions of men. *Hommes de chœur*, viz. quoir-men, *choir-men*, clergy; *carreaux* or coin, for the monied people, merchants; *picques*, for the soldiery; and *treffe* or *trefoil*, denoting the agriculturists. These are *green* yet in some packs of cards I have examined on the continent; and as to the suit of diamonds, *carreaux*, they have in Italy now when playing tarocco the representation of a coin upon them. The king of hearts had a chorister's gown on his back, A. D. 1783, at Seville and Barcelona, but *l'as de picq*, as a good foldier, *conquers in every game*. The *nine of diamonds* has a reference to *nine luckless merchants*, combined for some discovering enterprize about the time when all eyes were turning westward, 'tis called the *curse of Scotland* still, from their failure, as I have read and heard.* But James the third

* It is a well known vulgarity in England to say, Come, fir, will you have a stroke at the old history of the four kings? meaning will you play a game at cards. Yet has this phrase a deep and rational meaning.

These four kings represented the four great monarchies,

	Jews,	Greeks,	Romans,	Franks.
under	David,	Alexander,	Cæsar,	Charlemagne.
The lead the four suits	Hearts,	Spades,	Clubs,	Diamonds.
The Queens are,	Esther,	Argine,*	Pallas,	Judith.

* Means Regina par excellence, anagram.

*Knave*s are *valets*. Servetus Burn tells us, that in Saxon, knafa or knapha, signifies a servant; the thatcher calls some instrument a *knave* to this day.

The Spaniards not understanding the *treffe*, called that suit *bastos*, accordingly we find the ace of clubs at ombre and quadrille called *basto*, we translating thence say *clubs*; and the thing we call a *spade* is evidently a pike's head; but we do not mean a gardener's *spade*, we mean a sword, from the Spanish *espada*.

claims a word or two, and those not good ones. He married Margaret of Denmark, we remember, and 'twas in his behalf for that fair lady's dowry, her liberal father Christiern relinquished all pretensions to the Orkney and Shetland Isles. Favouritism and folly marked his character. Among other senseless pranks he preferred one Cochran, a beautiful young stone-mason, to enjoyment of high offices about the court, for better excuse of his personal and immediate attendance. Of this when the Earl of Mar, James's own brother, justly complained, representing the grossness and impropriety of such conduct, the tyrant fratricide accused him of high treason, and had all his veins opened as the easiest death. Resistance ended what remonstrance tried at without effect: and the king was killed by his own subjects in an open rebellion, headed by his own son, upon the plains of Bannockburn, where Edward I. of England, in the year 1314, fighting in the same field against the Bruce and Douglas, lost the flower of his army, and the famous scoffing ballad was made, yet remembered by our North Britons, not only as a proof of their prowess in war, but of their advancement in the art of poetry, for rough as they are, *our* contemporary verses are not half as good. Battles are often fought in the same places. When James the fourth found his father dead however, and himself called to reign, he resolved to do a perpetual penance upon himself for his successful rebellion against his parent and his king. He wore an iron chain next his waist twenty-five years, but what was much better, he led an exemplary life; promoted trade, encouraged discoveries, and so protected the commerce of his realms, that they exceedingly increased in riches, and when he wedded the daughter of Henry VII. called her to a court so elegant and respectable, that the South Britons half disliked the connexion with a neighbour so near and so powerful. The lady's prudent and penetrating father saw to a greater distance: no alliance could however, cure the Scots of that inherent attachment to France which caused the battle of Flodden Field, where this James lost his life. His son James V. espoused two French queens, the first Madelaine, favourite child of François premier by la belle Claude: the

the second a daughter of the ambitious and turbulent Duc de Guise: *her* daughter Marie (the two princes her brothers dying young) succeeded when but twelve hours old, to her unhappy father's luckless throne, and to his rivetted aversion for England, in fighting against which he lost a numerous army at Solway Firth, and died of grief and anger. His sweet infant crowned in her cradle was betrothed to France, where she was early sent for education, and married to its sovereign, when he was seventeen years old; his consort fifteen. Under the tuition of his mother, Catherine de Medici and the Guises, she learned that fixed persuasion of the Romish faith, which was considered as almost the only necessary and indispensable virtue of crowned heads, and which would have been useful to her happiness had she continued long in France, but her young husband had in some martial sport been hurt under the right ear, a trifling wound; which seemed to heal at first, but gathered inwardly, and forming an imposthume, killed him in the second year of his reign. Mary a widow now, was called to Scotland; where reformation had made hasty strides and had possessed the hearts of all her people; there in a rough country it assumed a rude form, and shocked her on her first arrival, when a deputation met, and as their earliest compliment insisted upon her reading a sermon of John Knox against ecclesiastical and kingly power—she read, and smiling, gave it the archbishop of Glasgow, nephew to cardinal Guise, “Here, cousin (said she) will you peruse a Scottish pasquinade.” She little thought perhaps that female smiles had no effect towards warding off religious fury, but Knox published his *Blast of the Trumpet* against the monstrous government of women, which would have united Elizabeth with her in a common cause, had not her love of France and abhorrence of England, kept that alliance at a distance, while *Retro-spection* painted her to *our* sovereign as displaying jointly with her first husband the arms of Henry VII., which they used publicly, and Francis had proclaimed himself king of our whole dominions: a pretence which the true heir had tried in vain to make Pope Paul the

fourth annul. Elizabeth was therefore constrained to turn against her gay cousin the only arms in her power—her subjects' aversion to popery: by this indeed our wily sovereign learned with most artful management to sway the people of a neighbouring princess, who pleased herself with the romance of life, whilst her deep rival studied its realities. Mary, disliking least among that people her showy kinsman, the young Earl of Darnley, married and had a son by him, our James, whom yet she never loved; and for his father, empty though brave, and jealous though not kind, slight provocation tempted her to hate, great provocation urged her to destroy him. Mary was almost born a queen, and no controul upon her will was welcome to her: her favourites, as herself however, had ill luck. Rizzio was killed before her eyes by Darnley—Darnley was blown up, with her connivance, by Bothwell—Bothwell was parted from her in four months, and refuging from her own subjects among ours, they all excited Queen Elizabeth to rid the world of her intrigues at once; and she, after deliberating, in eighteen years, agreed to take her head by publick execution. A sentence so severe, though long delayed, so contrary to law of nations, and to ties of blood, that in the rough leaves of political necessity we can alone look for its excuse or explanation. Mary was always plotting to restore the expelled religion in a country to which she felt connexions of ambition, not of love: yet elegant and all-accomplished as she was, no plot succeeded 'gainst her well-served rival. Had these competitors been striving for an apple, each individual would no doubt (as once the royal shepherd) have decided in favour of a Venus-like form and carriage against the merits of Juno and Pallas, though united; but for an empire, men are more in earnest. Our Sovereign was encouraged and abetted in her proceedings against her lovely kinswoman, while warm praises of the unhappy victim's feminine perfections handed down by every historian, may possibly compensate to the manes of a lady, more studious to adorn her own person and mind, than careful to please or benefit her country.

It is besides observable that Mary, though no favourite with the world while she remained in it, has been celebrated and lamented by wits and poets through two centuries and more, since her decease, forming a contrast to fair Joan of Naples, who, distinguished likewise for *her* beauty, gallantry and misfortunes, (see vol. 1.) was adored, protected and admired living; but her renown once blackened by a troubadour of note, *Battiste de Parosols*, *her* name has been consigned irreparably to utter detestation, and no fewer than five old-fashioned dramas recited, with and *without gestes*, by Difours, &c. diverted all France at her expence, from 1382 to the day one was exhibited for the young princes of blood-royal, when Mary Scot was there for education; before she had herself composed the pretty verses, “*Adieu play-sant pays de France! Adieu pays le plus chéris,*” &c.* She had reason to regret leaving it. Her son made a mere show of resentment, but soon forgot his mother’s death in his own danger from a Spanish invasion. The pacific prince was easily prevailed on to lend assistance and receive protection, when Philip’s ships covered the sea; and our Elizabeth added the *promise* of a pension too, which I believe was never paid, and some theological counsel beside concerning the protestant religion, in favour of which he was a steady disputant, and which, to say truth, did at that time certainly depend on British intrepidity; but while the Queen of England quoted Isocrates in her letters to James, who she knew piqued himself upon his scholarship, and who in effect quoted Isocrates back again to *her*, in a happy reciprocation of pedantry, she softened away all asperity from Sextus V. by well-timed presents, compliments and sly kindnesses to all of the Peretti family, then rising into notice in Italy, where her emissaries paid them incredible attention. And ’twas observed the Pope never spoke well of the Scottish Queen, who, as he said, had not only given suspicion to the world that she was privy to her husband’s death, but sought beside to disinherit his and her only child, because he wished to be associated with her in the government: on which occasion she had witten him word that

she

* See Dr. Burney’s History of Musick.

she should chuse her own heirs to her own crown, and bid him betake himself to the earldom of Darnley, as all he could challenge in his father's right. It appears that their country must have been much behind hand in civilization at beginning of her reign, if it be true what Spotswood tells, how that Gordon, who was deputy for his brother the Earl of Huntley, under colour of Mary's authority, committed strange outrage on the Forbes family, summoning the lady of Tivy, i. e. Tiviot, to surrender; and provoked by her valour in defending the mansion whilst her lord was from home, set fire to't, and burned her and all her babes.

This fune bespy'd hir owne dere laird,
As he came o'er the lee,
And ken'd his castelle in a blaze,
As far as he could zee.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenfu' muid;
Ah, traytours! for this cruel deid,
Ye zall weepe teirs of bluid.

This was in 1571, but the new century soon after its birth saw England and Scotland, *deux têtes en un bonnet*, as the French say; and we have ourselves an early blooming flower called *two faces under a hood*.

Of a fresh reign fresh hopes were entertained by the Papists, who promised themselves wonders from a prince whose mother died a martyr to popery. Their resentment at his continuance of those laws which he found in force against them at his accession, drove them to despair, and caused the most horrible and extensive conspiracy till then upon record. King, Lords, and Commons, were to have been all at one stroke destroyed, and that religion changed, which was by its professors supposed to have become popular and pleasing under the forty-four years of Elizabeth. King James's natural penetration, quickened by that timidity which shewed itself in all his counsels, thoughts and actions,

actions, discovered the plot; and this monstrous production of unprovoked cruelty was strangled in its birth. Nor was the sovereign irritated to more than proper punishment of a sect now grown *deserving* his antipathy. James was a peaceful prince, and well disposed: but meaner motives might perhaps be mingled with his clemency towards the church of Rome. *Another* sect, adverse to power in *whatever* hands, had grown up under the care of Knox, the rough reformer of Scotland, where his opinions took deep root, and spread still further than he meant they should—for tares grow faster than the wheat they ruin. Whoever preaches against authority is sure enough to find an audience, and every pitiful fellow is pleased to hear how he is independent of priest or presbyter, bishop or king. That pastors are superfluous and magistrates unnecessary to man, wise, good, and self-sufficient, are sounds in themselves delightful, and more delightful still because they are true. The worst is, that man not being either wise or good, or in any sense sufficient to himself, pastors are needful, teachers to be desired, and rulers indispensable. This doctrine James was well persuaded of in his heart, which seems not to have been a bad one; in his mind, which was surely not ill furnished, and in his experience, which was not meanly limited. But in that doctrine he had a deep interest; his arguments for it therefore, cold as they were, long-winded and pedantic, were despised.

When kings, and parents, and pedagogues feel disposed to *argue* with those whom it is their duty to *govern*, not *convince*, they stand forth in a silly situation, and must not wonder if they are justly laughed at. James made himself beside still more contemptible by weak attachment to a worthless boy, young Robert Carr, for whom his fondness sprung so suddenly, that six months had not elapsed after they first met, before this idle pageant was hung round with titles, honours, and court favour, to that astonishing yet ridiculous degree, the old nobility found themselves all obliged to keep away, or crouch with awkward, ill-put-on submission to my Lord Viscount Rochester. It might

might indeed tend to disarm resentment of such folly, to hear their new king with unwished candour confessing to his parliament the difficulty he had ever found in *refusing suits*: an infirmity his majesty's commons were most careful not to *catch* from him. *They* refused every *suit* he made to them for money; and that with a severity and tartness scarce credible, when we reflect that many members must have recollected trembling, like Yelverton their Speaker, then alive, before the presence of his predecessor—

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace,

however, was now laid cold in earth: faces of a far different cast and sex attracted the notice of the new monarch, and the people whom their late sovereign had made *happy*, now began to find out that they would rather be *powerful*. It was not *abroad* that James could make them so: prince Henry, who promised to have been a martial character, died in his early years. One saying only of his has been recorded, but that was a good one. The French ambassador, who had cajol'd his father long, called upon Henry for commands at parting: "Tell your master," said the brave youth, "how you left *me* employed;" and resumed in his presence the exercise of the pike. His death, and the unhappy marriage of his sister to the Elector Palatine, who, hoping from England that relief he never received, ran himself into unutterable distresses, were heavy presages of ruin to the Stuart family. Poor Ann of Denmark, consort to James, died of a dropsy in the year 1618, fretted by these events, which brought it on: and hating, as she said, to *hear* of *Goody Palsgrave*, so she always called the ill-starred Queen of Bohemia,* left all she had to *Charles*, but could not, as she observed,

* Elizabeth of Bohemia had been an early-taught child, and her parents' hopes of her were high. The marriage ruined all; yet was that princess greatly beloved abroad, in the Netherlands particularly, and they called her the *Queen of Hearts*, which

observed, give him the high thoughts that died with her dear Henry. She died not herself however, till she had been prevailed on by the Archbishop of Canterbury to supersede Rochester in the king's affections by placing another youth, eminent for personal attractions, in his way, who helped them all to drive the Scottish minion down a precipice he had prepared for himself, by putting his master to excess of trouble in saving him from punishment for murder: this wretch having leagued with Lady Essex, his favourite mistress, to poison Sir Thomas Overbury, a man who had committed no offence, except endeavouring to prevent their marriage, and her divorce from a husband James had all reasons to protect and not offend. Such nuptials were new things, and shocked our English morals, although loosened exceedingly by importation of luxuries innumerable and till lately quite unknown. "In those days," as Harrison says, "they slept on straw pallets for the most part, their heads resting on a round turn'd log, which, covered with a coarse sheet, served as bolster: nor were pillows known, save for the old man of the house and yonge wyfe when with chylde, a sack of chaffe to rest their heads upon." But what is most worth minding is that all people seem to have liked the rough times best. When we had willow houses, we had men of oak, says an old writer, but now the houses are oak, I fear me the men are but willows. Witness also the pretty old popular ballad in James's time, when improvements came forward apace; it is preserved in Dryden's Miscellanies and Percy's ballads, and is called an old Courtier of the Queen's, and the Queen's old Courtier. Coaches, watches, knives used regularly at meals, and pewter plates, expelling treene platters from tree-wood; tobacco, coffee, chocolate, spices and perfumes, new minerals, new vegetables for purpose of food, physick and de-

which had already lost the *h* in *chœur*, 'tis plain. *Non des carreaux apparemment*, was the answer: and a picture was extant at Antwerp in old General Guise's time, representing this lady like a poor *Scotch* travelling beggar, her child at her back, and King James carrying the cradle. Granger from Arthur Wilson says an *Irish* woman, but Elizabeth Gambarini described her as wearing a *Scotch plaid*.

light, poured in upon this nation, in the last five years of her reign, and the first five of James the first, to a degree perfectly incredible: yet whilst opium seduced men to temporary forgetfulness of their cares, not even the fresh importations of all that can please the palate, or irritate the appetite, nor the narcotick substitutes of sleep for the repose of voluptuousness, rendered them happy in any wise as it appears. Suicides grew common; and as existence was too much sweetened, it began to cloy. In political life the effects were still more discernible; and as restraint seemed dropping off itself, the people longed to pluck it quite away. In proportion as freedom advanced forward, all struggled to meet, embrace, *enthron*e her—never enquiring, as Elizabeth proposed to do, of the evangelists, whether she herself wished so *very* warm and tumultuous a reception. Knowledge likewise, science in every branch, sprouted and sprung, till pressed as far as ever it could go, was in danger of running to seed. Priests, princes, soldiers, ladies, children, piqued themselves on study, and delighted on abstract enquiries. When sovereigns were scholars, and the courts of kings became schools of disputation, not to have been pedantick must have been impossible: it would be pedantry in *this* age to enumerate their works, and praise their powers. A friend of mine, when we were at Venice, bought a little book called *Jesus Puer*, or *de Pueritia Domini*, written I believe by Cotelarius, one of the prodigies of the seventeenth century. He explained the Greek testament at *twelve years old* before a clerical assembly, *à l'ouverture du livre*, and the Old Testament in Hebrew, adding his own comments in fluent and colloquial Latin. There is another book in the world, though on the same subject, of inferior value, translated from the Arabick by Sikius, called *Evangelium Infantiae*, if I mistake not; but there Christ is examined by the Jewish Doctors in astronomy, medicine and metaphysics: in the little tract we purchased, he runs to his grandmother, St. Anne, for apples, &c. and these odd performances gave rise to numberless and beautiful pictures: the *santo bambino*, for example, learning to walk, by Rafaele; Jesus working with his father,

father at the carpenter's trade, by Carracci, and a thousand more. Corregio's ideas are almost all from sacred subjects; he was a poor man and illiterate, and died long before the period we are reviewing. So did his admirer and imitator Schidone, who, because Corregio was born in *coarse* life, seemed to think no other worth representing: he idolized the hand which penury could not paralyze, the heart which ignorance could not freeze. Caracci too, immortal, inimitable Carracci, bore testimony to *his* unfeigned merit, which lives on, enjoying praise as deathless as does Hans Holbein, who with his *left hand* painted our Henry and his favourite females; or even Titian, whose dropp'd pencil was picked up by Charles V. with the well-remembered compliment that such an artist should be only served by Cæsar. But when our *Retrospection* is employed on those who best bestowed the new-blown pleasures that spring from the newly-dug-up soil of intellect, let our delighted eyes fix upon him to whom perhaps we owe our happiest moments—the poet of daily life, of hourly use; our solace when alone; our pride in the theatre; Shakespear! who, if he *had* an equal in Homer, a competitor in Ariosto, never, oh never shall acknowledge a superior. Shakespear! whose mind, like to our Wicklow mountain, produced his gold in masses from the mine—not in a shining sand or brilliant dust, washed from the distant bed. Nor warm'd by patronage, nor fertilized by education, nature and genius claim him for their own, and while they last, he lives.

Ben Johnson too, who taught our English stage to study masters then so long forgotten, must not himself in his turn be forgot; whilst, like Pouffin, he studied nature through the medium of that antique he understood so well, that he has left us persuaded of his power to rival them; though meaning but to imitate, and transfuse their perfections into his language and our own. Cervantes next, that never-dying name, whose peculiar happiness it is to hit the taste of every nation, to be commended, honoured, loved, in every clime, and every clime alike. Indigenous in all countries, and flourishing with equal perfec-

tion in Scotland and Amboyna—thus,—tow'rs the tall larch tree : till botanists of all realms willingly forget, whence came at first the naturalized foreigner. But now Amboyna's name calls us just to review the conduct of those states which, when they fled from Philip's cruelty, settled in Holland ; and being supported by Elizabeth, maintained an honourable independency, of which they rather *called* than *acknowledged* the Prince of Orange as their head. He was *Statholder* indeed, but his powers were limited with jealous care, and his countrymen, for subjects they certainly were not, grew formidable in the eyes of all Europe, though Venice alone was content to league with them. From the *Poor Distressed States*, their style to our Elizabeth ; they now called themselves “ *High and Mighty Lords* ”—a title offensive among Christians, as bordering on blasphemy ; while their behaviour in Pegu, where it was said they trampled on the cross, and bowed to an idol, for purpose of prevailing on the emperor to *trade* with them, shewed little regard to the sacred religion of Europe. Commerce indeed, was their tutelary saint, and interest appeared to be their only god : but they discovered Streights La Maire, they under Spilberg beat the Portuguese in the east ; whither attracted by the fragrant gales from spice trees that lent their odour to each aromattick monsoon, the warlike plunderers pressed forwards, and resolving that none should share the spoil, seized all the fruit, and then cut down the plants ; securing by such means a vile monopoly, and circumventing their best friends the English ; who under gentle James, gave them up willingly those cautionary towns which his predecessor had insisted on as a sort of hostage for their gratitude, rather than compensation for kindnesses received. All the rich islands witnessed their barbarous conduct when Amboyna was made the scene of general massacre, and those British merchants who escaped assassination and were put to torture by a new dreadful method, being obliged to swallow gallons of water, with which the Hollanders drenched them till they confessed where was their wealth, and let them have it all. This was about the year 1620. Yet while
the

the *aggregate* of this new nation seemed so vile, that, as our poet says :

Hell has its *Nether-Lands* :—

some individuals bloomed in excellence, as do the tulips 'mid the fens they dwell in. Barneveldt, their virtuous minister, rendered the greatest services to his country ; actuated by what even yet appears the truest motives of pure patriotism ; and though the Dutch tolerated all worship, and seemed attached to none, polemick divinity, well named *theologia armata*, employed *his* pen and sword. Against Prince Maurice of Nassau, this busy controvertist was opposed ; lifting himself among the Arminians, while his *successful* adversary (not his *serene* one) held contrary opinions concerning grace and predestination, subjects the world, now seized, with as much avidity as if they were hoping not only to *understand* which is most difficult, but to *controul* them, which is wholly impossible. The synod of Dordrecht condemned poor Barneveldt, however, and he lost his grey head in the cause at seventy-two years old, A. D. 1619, or thereabouts.* His sons engaged in a conspiracy soon after, under pretence of revenging a father's death. One of these youths escaped by flight, and one was taken. Their weeping mother, all arrayed in black, threw herself mute and prostrate at the feet of much-embarrassed Maurice : “ You amaze me, “ Madam ; rise I beg of you,” exclaimed the great Nassau ; “ but “ tell me first, why did I not see you in this posture begging your “ *husband's* life ? ” “ Because,” replied the lady, rising with dignity, “ My husband was *innocent*, my sons are guilty.” Her interference saved the life she gave. That of Prince Maurice had been attempted

* It was supposed he began the *Tulipomania*, as it was not unjustly called ; when twelve or fourteen years after Barneveldt's death, a collection of these flowers were sold for *nine thousand* pounds English ; it belonged to Wouter Brockholmsen : one tulip in the collection, called *par eminence* Semper Augustus, was valued at seven hundred pounds of the money. In April 1637, by an order of the state, a check was put to this strange trade, by invalidating the contracts made by purchasers and venders.

in a strange manner some years before by the Archduke Ernest, who having lost a battle, persuaded one of Nassau's guards, a Roman Catholic, to murder his master, assuring him that the mass he had assisted at in the morning had a peculiar quality of rendering him invisible. This made him bold of course, but it made him rash too; and finding himself seized with the knife in his hand; "Why how could you see me," exclaimed the foolish fellow, "I thought myself invisible." This mistake, though favouring of madness, did not preserve him from the death due to assassins. At no great distance of time from this *coup-manqué* our *Retrospection* is constrained to see the great, the gay, the brave Henry the fourth of France stabbed in his coach by Ravailac, a half crazy devotee, who fancied he was doing God good service. The people, persuaded he was only an instrument of a deep conspiracy, put him to torture; and though he confessed nothing, and had, as 'tis now supposed, nothing to confess but the regicide, all France was of opinion that many were implicated in this horrid crime, though never king was more beloved than he, or had more qualities to attract affection. His friend and favourite, his first minister Sully, retired from the world immediately; but Henry was scarce less adored by those he had been rough with. The Comte de Soissons, who had no mind to bring up his forces, in 1597 I think, and who excused himself by pretending some pilgrimage or prayer, though he received the rough reply well known, "*Ventre St. Gris!* I'll make him fast as well as pray if he does not obey my orders," died almost in our fathers' time at a prodigious age, bearing testimony to the heroick virtues of Henry IV. not eclipsed by those of his descendant the famous Prince Eugene. By him the divided provinces were re-united too, and under his reign flourished manufactories till then unthought of.

The children left behind were young, and the Queen wholly given up to folly and favouritism: Leonora Galligni, therefore, a Florentine, and through her influence over Mary de Medici, her husband likewise, foster brother to that princess, Conchini by name, governed the Realm:

new

new honours were showered on them every day; and Conchini, when become Marechal d'Ancre, displayed talents which made the whole nobility as furious as did the haughtiness with which he treated them. He was abhorred, pursued, and diligently watched; good sense disliked his interference; envy laid snares for his undoing; and murder, approved, if not commanded by the boy king himself, met his last unlucky step as he was entering the Louvre. Vitri's hand struck the blow, but le Duc de Luynes dictated the measure; and France was ruled by a child's favourite instead of a woman's. Paris rejoiced however, acknowledging the young monarch as completely of age at fourteen years old, and helped him to drive his mother into confinement at Blois. She begged leave to go *home*, but was roughly refused; and 'tis curious to observe the French historians blackening Mary de Medici's character in an over-heard conversation between her and Bassompierre, at one time ambassador in England. The writer of *La Vie de Louis XIII.* tells how she was known to promise him wealth, honours, and *caresses*, in exchange for his ready obedience. *Les biens, les honneurs, & les caresses*: so they render the poor Queen's words, which, in her native tongue, the only one she ever learned to speak, were *li beni, gl'onori, e li carichi*: *employments, charges*, in French. It is a literary blunder, from ignorance of the language merely. It is, perhaps, my ignorance of *theirs*, which renders me incapable of guessing what they could mean by calling Conchini the *python*; for favouritism was by no means ended in him; it was transferred to le Duc de Luynes, who let the Prince de Condé out of his confinement, kept Mary at a distance from her son, and in the sole interview they permitted her to have with him, after the Marechal d'Ancre was no more, set down the king's part of the conversation in writing, and made him get it by heart. He was a married man meanwhile, and fair Anne of Austria was his wife. But no verses, no praises could surpass, in beauty and elegance, those

Cet Anne si belle,
Qu'on vante si fort. MALHERBE.

which

which the same poet had made upon the hapless Florentine, who now all but witnessed from her window the cruelties committed on the body of Conchini, which was dragged up and down by an infuriated mob, who calling him an excommunicated Jew, stripped, wounded, mangled his half-buried corpse, dug out for purpose of wreaking on it far worse than brutal indignities; and laying hold of his lady, threatened her with the same treatment; she was, however, brought to judgment, as they called it, and there formally accused of having bewitched the Queen, and being asked, on her short trial, by *what means* she had gained such an ascendancy over her mistress's affections? By those same means, replied Leonora steadily, that a great mind always finds to rule a little one. When she was carried to the stake, where, after some mutilations of her body, it was burned, the people hooting as she passed along; *Che popolazzo Francese!* exclaimed La Mareschale with indignation; but seeing Sillery among the crowd, requested his nearer approach, that she might beg his pardon for some ill offices she had once done him when in power: that ceremony past, *in manus tuas Domine!* she cried aloud; *in manus tuas!* expiring as if insensible of her torments. Her brother, the Archbishop of Tours, hearing of the death and confiscation of his friends, although an exemplary character, said he would never trust himself with *Frenchmen*, and escaped over the Alps to the monastery in Piedmont; while the Duc de Luynes persuaded Louis treize to tear from his Huguenot subjects all those lands and estates in Guienne, Languedoc, &c. which they had enjoyed under his predecessor. This step produced a temporary rebellion, where Montauban signalized himself on the Protestant side, and le Duc de Mayenne, son of the Guise, who had so often opposed Henri quatre *hand to hand*, after the old modes of *Chevalerie*, and was at length pardoned and protected by him, fell from his horse, and died fighting for the *Catholick* cause, so bravely maintained by all his noble house. These events bring our *Retrospection* to the year 1620, or a little more, when by the death of his favourite, Louis the thirteenth was again set
free

free to make a new choice upon nobler motives. The Duc de Luynes first won his affections by making bird-lime for him to catch sparrows; *piègrichès à prendre les moineaux*.

But Portugal now claims a glance of *Retrospection*. We left her employed only in discoveries, and mentioned her since then only in the words of flippant Florian: a slight recapitulation of her history is therefore necessary, to introduce the revolution which will be observable in our next chapter. Her rulers have deserved well of mankind in general, and in the latter times have been eminent for keeping faith with England. John I. then was natural son to Peter the Severe, and succeeded to Ferdinand, who took the Moors' heads for his coat armour, as mentioned in Vol. I. This was in 1383. He beat the Spaniards, seized upon Ceuta, and died full of days and honours, A. D. 1433, at eighty-five or eighty-six years old. For love of his memory, and in consideration of his merit, bastards were, from that time, deemed admissible to the throne, in failure of legitimate sons and daughters, and were, after his time, preferred to nephews. It was in preference to a first cousin alone that he himself was called to reign: and his son, by our Philippa of Lancaster, *Prince Henry*, has been already mentioned as a promoter of discoveries. Tristan Vaz, who first landed on the Madera isles, and is supposed to have called them *Madeira*, was an emissary of his; but that young prince died too soon. Alphonso the fifth, however, lived to take Tangier, and to rejoice in the hope of future wealth found on the Gold Coast of Guinea. He was surnamed Africanus, and was succeeded by John the Rigorous, whom no man could bias or turn, 'twas said; when a courtier now and then took courage to attempt it: "Nay, nay," replied John, "that king who acts by guidance or governance, is no king at all." Many of his sayings are recorded by Vieyra. "I can," says he, "answer for my own conduct, while 'tis mine, but if 'tis the conduct of another man's mind, how dreadful will be such responsibility?" A trusty favourite represented some hardship to him as felt by the people. "Will you pretend to love my subjects as I do, foolish fellow?" cries

John, justly surnamed the Unpersuadeable ; “ I was born to rule *my own* people, and I will rule them *my own* way.” So he did, and with good advantage, as it has been affirmed, to the nation in general, never deviating for private gratification either of himself or others. In his reign a Duke of Braganza aspiring, lost his head : he was the king’s sister’s son, I think ; but Juan had no family fondness. When his only child died of the small-pox, “ God loves Portugal,” exclaimed the unfeeling parent ; “ that silly boy could not have done his duty by the nation ; Emanuel will prove a better successor ; I shall be removed now soon myself ; had the prince survived this disease, my life would have been longer necessary, and longer preserved.” He was quite right ; the pains he took to colonize and extend the Portuguese dominions in India ; the plans he formed for taking burdens off the poor at home ; the bravery he had evinced against the Moors, were all considered as models by his distant but attentive relation, Emanuel, who in a short time succeeded to his throne, and was said to restore the golden age. He protected men of letters, encouraged commerce, took towns and fortresses in Africa, rewarded those who with an enterprising spirit brought home accounts of daily new found lands, but checked that zeal by which the countries so discovered felt cruelty consequent upon submission. He comforted the nation in general for the loss of John the Rigorous, but could not console the Queen, who in her husband’s last moments expressing her grief aloud, “ Be quiet,” said the expiring patriot, “ Emanuel will be good to Portugal.” “ What care I for Portugal ? I have lost my son, and now I lose my lord,” she cried. John put his hand before her lips and died. His successor, after an exemplary reign of twenty-three years, desired to be laid at his feet, leaving John the third on the throne, who inherited many of his father’s virtues, and is famed for some peculiarly his own. His ships in 1524 brought into Europe the first accounts of Japan, and to him David King of Ethiopia sent ambassadors. His Portuguese Majesty, however, more shocked by the ignorance of these wretched mortals, than flattered

tered by their homage, engaged St. Francisco Xavierus to transfer his spirit of good works and charitable instructions to nations newly found. This incomparable missionary, therefore, quitted the Hospital of Incurables at Venice, which he served in the capacity of ordinary or curate; and at the command of John III., taking some jesuit assistants with him, propagated Christianity all along the coast of Coromandel, Cape Comorin, the Molucca Isles, the Peninsula of Malacca, and even Japan itself. Letters still extant prove the prodigious talents and learning which this pious creature, truly devoted to heaven's service, was willing to bury in places where they could be but merely humble, and often superfluous attendants upon true holiness towards God, and charity for his creatures. These are the characters our Retrospective eye loves to repose upon: these are the men who exalt human nature by imitation of that divine Saviour who took it on himself. The body of Xavierus rests on the island of Formosa, as I think; he died there in 1552. His royal patron meanwhile wedded his only son to a sister of Charles V. but they both died before the king did; and Don Sebastian, so well known to fame, was their *posthumous* and only child. The parent princess scarce survived his birth a moment; her husband's death had pressed upon her heart, and disqualified from all power to endure or combat the pangs of parturition. Her offspring succeeded, at three years old, to royalty, but added a romantick genius to his valour and virtue, which soon deprived Portugal of all advantages from either. He would go *himself* to propagate the Christian faith in India: when stopt from that project by nearer dangers to that Catholick religion which seemed an object of passionate fondness to Sebastian more than of pious care; he joined King Philip the second of Spain against Muley Moloch, the heroick defender of Mahometanism, and invader of his nephew's rights King Mahomet, who helped the Portugeze in hope of conquering for himself, no doubt, and destroying an uncle whose ill state of health rendered him more easily overcome. The battle of Alcazar was fought in 1579. Muley Moloch, carried to the field in a

litter, encouraged his troops, and animated by the noble noise and thunder of the war, sick as he was, leaped from his couch, and fought gallantly at their head ; till overpowered by illness, not by wounds, he dropt ; and charging those round him not to reveal his death, fell gloriously, while his brave troops, thinking him still a witness to their valour, charged heavily on bold Sebastian, who having had three horses killed under him they hoped would yield. “ *Surrender, Christian king !* they cried, *surrender !* your life is safe with *us*.” “ But who shall save my *honour* ? ” replied he, and rushed among them, till he found his death. His corpse was never found ; his hapless kingdom, a prey to seven candidates at once, dropt to the King of Spain, whom Don Antonio de Castro vainly attempted to keep out : when the Duc d’Alva, red with the blood of the Protestants, returned from all his horrors in the Netherlands, and taking possession of Lisbon, treated the nobles with unexampled cruelty. Philip the second and his son governing Portugal by viceroys, oppressed her terribly ; and the last named prince contributed no little to her depopulation likewise, when all those Moors and Jews were driven out, that made nearly a million of subjects, sent from both realms at once. Such conduct, though it rendered Spain a desert, gave spirits to the old Braganza house, who even then planned the restoration of that independence which Portugal so well deserves. Philip the third was still employed in Flanders, where he continued the system of oppression. Spinola, his general, took not Ostend, however, till after fifty thousand men had lost their lives before it. Our brave Sir Horace Vere slipped through his fingers with four thousand soldiers, and he was forced at length to acknowledge the Free United States, as such, in the year 1604. His son, Philip the fourth, employed his agents to cajole our James I. with promise of a marriage between his son Charles and the infanta of Spain ; while projects of more importance were maturing, in what he deemed his natural dominions : and the year 1622, silently carried on the Portuguese conspiracy, which in eighteen years more set on the throne of his ancestors, Jean le Fortuné.

C H A P. IX.

PORTUGAL, PERSIA, INDIA, CHINA, TURKEY, AFRICA,
AND ROME. TO 1650.

WHILST the princes of Portugal were running the race of Christian perfection here at home, their subjects in the east suffered grievous degeneration, falling far below the true standard of pagan morality: and whilst the son of virtuous and exemplary Albuquerque recorded in elegant language his father's pious intentions and heroick deeds, Nũno d'Acunha acted in direct opposition to his so great example. Wishing to make himself master of Daman, an island on the coast of Cambaya, he fell upon the inhabitants sword in hand. "Why all this slaughter? European," said their chieftain, "take the place quietly, but let us go first, and give us necessaries for our emigration." The hasty and unfeeling Ninio (for so his countrymen pronounce his name) put them every soul to the sword. The King of Pegu, hearing these particulars, resolved upon resistance, and long wars ensued. The rubies of that place however, although not equal to those found on Ceylon, attracted Corea, who, after losing some of his Portugueze by the valour of these antagonists, thought it was best to deal with them by stratagem: and as both parties now began to wish for peace, let it be confirmed by *oath* they said—*agreed*. "We swear upon a book here in the east, the Veidam; it contains our law and our belief." "We too," says Corea, "swear by the blest Evangelists."—"Bring out the volumes, Christian," cried the King of Pegu, "and let us ratify our solemn contract." An immense multitude

tude of Indians, peacefully arrayed, arrived to witness the well-meant transaction, calling the sun to look into their hearts. Corea had but thirty men with him; but they were all in arms. When *his* book had been kissed, he held it up with a triumphant laugh, shewing it the soldiers—"It was a *song-book* only that I swore on," cried the cool traitor from our temperate zone, "Fall on these fellows; cut them all to pieces:" and so they did, leaving not one alive. Another Portuguese, in consequence of a religious vow, he said, knocked down the pagodas all at once, and set his men to massacre the poor Malays, who innocently came to weep over their ruins. Nor did the kings longer receive the produce unimpaired of oriental tribute. Remittances, which had enriched the coffers of John the Rigorous, were dissipated and detained by these truly worthless governors, who fought for spoil like beasts of prey, not men; and having plundered the inhabitants of provinces, they were sent forth to civilize, not destroy, they robbed their sovereigns of their just revenue; while torturers, murderers, inquisitors, thieves in short, (call them how else we will) brought shame upon their country and religion, and made the name of Europe much abhorred. The source of all this mischief is not hard to trace. When 'twas supposed the Pope of Rome had power to bestow nations that he never saw, wide-spreading districts of which he had scarce time to read an adequate description, the rest followed of course; for if he gave enormous territories to a Portuguese king, he had not stipulated to withhold the property of individuals from a Portuguese captain, or the inferior officers who cheated *him*, while he was defrauding the crown. It was a train of error and offence not new in the world, for where men are, there will be offence and error. So long ago as the days of Xenophon may *Retrospection* see these ills provided against; where, in the *Cyropædia*, the young prince is censured for having, in his rage of liberality, bestowed a big coat which belonged to a little boy upon a great boy that he thought would fit it better. "Nay," says his instructor, "you are now in danger of grow-
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“ing unjust, when you seek only to be generous. The little boy has
“a right to his own coat, fit him or not, and 'tis tyrannick violence to
“take it from him.” Alexander VI. when he drew the line of demarcation between Spain and Portugal, in South America, might have perhaps been turned from his purpose, had he been reminded that he was acting like the *baby Cyrus*, of whom he had read no doubt, but with more care concerning the *language* than the *sentiment*.

Various misfortunes retard the progress of science: when learning was newly revived, scholars studied chiefly to polish the key of the place where her long-entranced body lay: they swept out her apartments neatly, classed her possessions diligently, and spent no little time upon the *stair-case*, admiring and justly the gradual, the luminous ascent. 'Tis otherwise now that she is once more in decay from *age*, as then from *sickness*. Every pretender, like myself, who can make a light ladder of ropes, runs up now, and enters by the window, *venturing a fall*, for the sake of some literary plunder, which we devour and digest, and trust to our agility for more; but never knowing either the comforts or sorrows of repletion, we seize the *sentiment*, and neglect the *language*.

Such reflections will however, but retard our work. That it may not be gloomy beyond endurance, the character of Juan de Castro breaks the cloud; and though Raynal refuses not to grieve aloud that any Christian should behave with honour, he confesses *this* man to have possessed an elevated soul, and says he had imbued it with the maxims of old Greece and Rome; which appears not to have been a mere author's speech or common-place, for Castro, after conquering Surat, amused himself and his companions with instituting *funeral games*, after the antique manner, to celebrate the heroes who died in battle; nor were these victories as easy as those of Cortez or Cabral in the western world. Cojè Sophar was an antagonist worthy a warrior's arm, and one of less note than Castro would scarce have vanquished him. The Indians indeed admired their prowess—but the saying of a
Malay

Malay chief shews the superiority of these men's minds to those who inhabited America. While Montezuma verily believed our Europeans children of the sun, this fellow wisely remarked, that Providence had shewn its care for human kind in creating Portugueze men few in number, just like the lions and wild beasts, said he; had they been plentiful as rabbits, *our* race had surely been annihilated.

The Queen of Portugal however, when she heard the bustle made at Goa by Juan, after his destruction of the people who opposed him, said it was a pagan triumph ill befitting a christian hero. The reigning prince soon after these events, heard of a deep conspiracy in India, formed among the rulers of some places yet free and independent: he therefore hastened to send Ataida, who learned particulars of the ill-laid plot from a trusted mistress of Idalcan, one of the combined princes, who could not keep his secret from this favourite, and she betrayed him to the Portugueze. It is observable that in both hemispheres a love for novelty quickly engaged the females to promote the happiness and stability of these new-comers. Women first courted the Trascalans to entertain and make friends with Cortez—a woman now threw the East Indies into Ataida's hand, but he scorned to abuse his power. While he managed the public money, none was embezzled; while he held the reins of sovereignty, none were oppressed: but the death or loss of Sebastian, as it involved the parent kingdom in a temporary chaos, so the unlucky accident which happened to this governor ended all comfort of their subjects in the colonies. Soon as they heard Philip of Spain was their master, and Portugal now a mere province to that crown, a total change appeared. Some rich men made themselves independent, some turned pirates, and some joined the princes of the country, who admired their powers and gratified their pride. All sunk immersed in vice, which Castro had checked, and Ataida in some measure had restrained. Manners grew more and more depraved, till Hollanders, urged by avarice, as the Portugueze had been stimulated by mistaken piety, and inflamed by martial ardour, stepped forward

forward and disputed with them the empire of the oriental seat of gems and spices. Dutchmen were become exceedingly formidable in Europe: the year 1590 saw their fleets humble the Spanish flag. They had, like ancient Rome, at beginning of their republick, granted an asylum to all pirates, by way of galling their tyrant Philip; and 'twas their countryman Houtman's having been long detained for debt at *Lisbon* which taught them how to torment the Portugueze, when his prudence procured him an alliance with the principal sovereign of Java, purchased God knows how, or by what sacrifices; but in 1602 their East India Company was established. Their competitors lost ground every day, and all went so much in favour of these Batavians, that after Philip the fourth had unwisely renewed war with them, when they were grown able to make head against his power, and quarrelled with France beside, he gave them cause of triumph every hour, and shewed his increased weakness, so that the valiant Portugueze, by a well-concerted plan promptly executed, shook off the Dukes of Mantua's miserable administration, and scorning to be governed by the King of Spain's aunt, suddenly set *John of Bragança* upon their throne, A. D. 1640. This gallant prince was of the royal stock, and lineally descended from him whose neck fell under the axe of John the Rigorous, whose race being extinguished in Don Sebastian's sole son Antony, it was most just and happy for mankind that brave Bragança, in whose family the blood was best preserved, should rule his own hereditary realms by name of *Jean le Fortuné*, fourth of the name. This admirable sovereign, deserving all that heaven had done for him, behaved most sweetly after his elevation, wearing the same dress that he did before, and partaking of a table by no means more splendid. "All foods nourish a man," said he, "and all clothes cover him. The difference between other people and princes is simply this, that *they* should be *gentle*—but *we* should be *kind*." His reign, to which by all men was wished a long continuance, lasted till 1650. Of his colonies in the east indeed, few or none remained. Macao, Goa and

Timor, were his best possessions there: if however he learned how little wise it is for a small country to desire wide spreading colonies at a vast distance from the parent nest, he gained more than they could bring him in, experience: for had things taken what is called a favourable turn, Lisbon must have been by that time a town of factors and merchants merely, with a good hospital for sick sailors, impaired by long and frequent voyages to an unwholesome climate.

In the western hemisphere, the Dutch began likewise to threat and teaze the Portugueze when deserted of their rulers, and took the town of Paraiba from them about 1635: but 'twas retaken afterwards under the reign of John, while *Puerto Seguro* defends their *Brasils*, rich in sugars, odours, metals, medicinal plants, &c. to this day; *Bata-vian* invaders having been finally driven *thence* about the year 1650. 'Tis curious to see how the new continent, however, degenerates from the old; I know not whether *any* product of nature is quite as perfect in the occidental world, mountains and rivers excepted, as in our own hemisphere. Though the tropical birds seem more curious and beautiful in south America than any where: a condor that trusses a calf as an eagle in Scotland would a rabbit, is perhaps peculiar to that region, and yet the roc's egg, mentioned as a prodigious rarity in the Arabian tales, seems the same creature, and Pennant mentions the bird called a *ruck*—when I asked him personally of the matter, I saw he considered the *roc* as a real, not a fictitious animal, but that it was less unfrequently seen in the *west*, under the name *condor*. The world in short, began to be known, examined, and arranged in the period of our present *Retrospect*, namely, the first fifty years of the seventeenth century, pretty well; and men saw how silly they had been, to think it was going to be destroyed at beginning of the twelfth. Christ says expressly, “that this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations—and then shall the end come.” To do men justice, they did spare no pains for propagation of that religion which had been originally founded on the gospel;

gospel; and though from policy the Romanists locked up the word of God at home, their missionaries willingly promulgated *abroad* those evangelical truths which even militated against their own interest, and Jesuits in Paraguay were in our latter times found living among their profelytes with simplicity and gentleness resembling the Quakers' colony in Pennsylvania. It was however, with none of these pious and virtuous intents that the Dutch sought in 1601, to open a communication with China, trade was *their* only means, and wealth their only wish: but the Chinese steady to the same purpose, *interest*, have taken precisely the contrary method; and as it was for benefit of those republicans to enter into every country, so was it for the benefit of these imperialists to keep every country's inhabitants at distance from their own. If then it may be accounted as approbation to declare, that whilst a flux and reflux agitated for many rolling years the other parts of our terraqueous globe, one nation remained resolutely stagnant, that praise belongs to China, while Symes confesses they coin no money yet, but in their commerce with us at Canton, use Spanish dollars. Their second boast is a remote antiquity, but Fohe was their ancestor; so he was ours, if Nohe, Noe, Noah, be the man, as Mr. Bryant rightly conjectures. Confucius, supposed to have flourished about the time of Cræsus, and the elder Tarquin, five hundred years before our Saviour's incarnation, was their legislator, and *his* laws, who was at once their Solon and their Socrates, are still observed, and laugh at the constancy of Sparta to her Lycurgus. The codes indeed resemble each other in nothing unless permission of *thievery* perhaps; as Ferdinand Andrada found them in the year 1518, and as Hambroeck left them 1645, such are they now, and so did Æneas Anderson describe them in 1797; adding not an idea to those given us in Herbert's travels, 1632. Duhalde and le Comte tell us some amusing tales of the seducing women sent by the king of Xi to corrupt the morals of their emperor and mandarins, and how Confucius left the court, and with seventy-two doctors, a sort of Septuagint, set down his directions to

future sovereigns; how he lived seventy-two years, and was buried near the river Xù, in the district of Riofu; how his memory is still sacred and his precepts even yet obeyed; how he arranged those precepts under four different heads—the acquisition of moral virtue, the art of just reasoning, the study of good government, and fourthly the power of enforcing all this by eloquence. We knew indeed, before this information, that ethicks, logick, politicks, and rhetorick were necessities to civilized life, but men liked the new periphrasis better than the old nouns, and Pere Couplet made himself welcome to the world in 1687, by publishing at Paris some of these wonders translated into Latin: how he got to understand the originals is not quite clear though, while but few of their own literati make pretence of comprehending their copious and anomalous language, so as to *read any book quite through*, in which the letters and words are complicated and numerous beyond all idea of us Europeans. Father Couplet tells us however, notwithstanding this inaccessibility, how Confucius learned much from Yao's records, who had Chun for his successor; but Yao was contemporary with the first and earliest post-diluvians, and must have been greatly beforehand with Moses or Cecrops, if he could really register events by any mode of writing. Phœnicians, Egyptians, all give place to Yao, if we believe the *Tabula Chronologica Monarchiæ Sinicæ* of that good missionary, who died in his last voyage 1693, but not before he had filled France with notions of Chinese superiority which have been swelling ever since. Their population, their inland canals, their beautiful fire-works, their artificial rocks, and vast imperial palace, are the five bells on which we must ring perpetual changes indeed, for nothing else is told us; and these facts would have less power of attraction, did not the apparent absence of all religious establishments catch hold upon our fancy in such a manner, that each scoffing wit and semi-philosopher has delighted to dwell on, and exalt the wisdom of a state, which can subsist so long without a steady code of pious institutions, or any corporate body of ecclesiasticks.

stafficks. With regard to the vast wall of fifteen hundred miles, 'tis more a proof of ignorance than knowledge; all other kingdoms can find out a way, nearer than building walls, to keep invaders out. The wall meanwhile most certainly is carried over hill and dale, an immense bulwark both for height and breadth; P. Regis took a map of Petcheli, east of Pekin, and often stretched his line upon the top, to measure there the basis of triangles, and take some distant points with an instrument. They always found it wide enough to admit five or six horsemen riding on't abreast, and that with ease. Their bridges too are wonderful, that over the river Saffrany is four hundred cubits long, five hundred high, and joins two natural, not artificial mountains. Such works evince enormous population, and population implies agriculture. The turning water over all their land suffices, to say true, for such as yield but rice; and rice composes the bread corn of China. Their fisheries are likewise very curious, Herbert mentions the tame cormorants which surprized lord Macartney's suite, and might have more surprized them had they reflected that the same strange method had gone on unaltered for two whole centuries, perhaps for four. It was in 1692, that we were told, how the good Emperor is himself chiefly husbandman, sole priest, and parent of his country, which 'tis his care to render *inaccessible*, raising in political life the same artificial rocks as so delight the Chinese in their gardening. The same high wall for keeping in every sense all other nations at a distance. The rule too that every son should follow his father's trade is a strong bar against incroachments at home; where ambition is thus driven behind the distance post, each man will keep his own rank certainly; nor will the peasants too be ever able to gall the courtier's kibe, as Hamlet says: but why our modern men of letters should so esteem the Chinese for *such* a rule *I see not*. Had *they* been bred each to *his* father's trade, much speculative nonsense had been even yet unborn. Voltaire would have kept office accounts and struck treasury tallies with more exactness than he used in his
compilation

compilation of historick annals : Rouffeau would have been an honest watchmaker at Geneva, and Diderot's acuteness would all have been bestowed upon the knives he sharpened. They might exclaim with Nero, "*What artists perished !*" when we turned Polymathists. Their friends in China were in 1636 however, although fortified with Asiatick fences, strangely disturbed by Scythian turbulence, and Cum Chi, last of the old dynasty, being besieged by Li Cum Quei, hanged himself in despair, like a very Englishman in November ; while Ufum Quei, the general of his armies, calling in Tzum Ti, the *Tattaar*, or as we call him the *Tartar* king, by way of auxiliary ; the race of Yao was exchanged for an Ismaelitish sovereign. No alteration however, as it appears, was made either in government or civil life. Ever ready to applaud *their own way*, and despise all the world beside, they still eat dead dogs as they did in the year 1642, and steal with their toes as in 1520 ; and while the great mandarins made a joke of our presents in 1796, their sage and hoary emperor sent to the king of England in return a book he could not read, nor learn to read, nor take the smallest interest in, was he able to read it to-morrow. Such are the wise and the polite Chinese. When our Charles II. once was riding over the Surrey hills, he saw a gentleman's seat, and asked suddenly whose it was. " That house, Sir," replied one of his attendants, " belongs to 'Squire Buckle of Banstead, a " gentleman of 500l. o'year ; and what is worth remarking, an't please " your Majesty, it has remained in his house from father to son for five " hundred years nowabout, and never either increased or diminished in " value." " A rare family i'faith !" exclaimed our merry Monarch, " which for so long a time has never had either one wise man or one " fool in it. And with the like praise, if praise it be, we will dismiss " this empire." That of the Turks did in no wise resemble it. A furious tumult of the Janissaries, who, like the elephants in battle, always either win the day by their weight against an enemy, or lose it by the confusion they cause in turning back and trampling their friends, ushered in the reign of Mahomet the third, who, having had
private

private information of his father's death, kept fast the fatal secret and invited his nineteen brothers to a solemn feast; they, ignorant of Amurath's danger, though accustomed to hear of his illness, came with pleasure and were strangled to a man; ten pregnant sultanas being on the same day thrown into the sea. But the fierce soldiery, enraged they had not been consulted who should reign, rose on the instant and committed furious outrage, till Mahomet, and the great Bassas who had fixed on *him*, by bestowing immense largesses upon them, purchased a *quiet moment*. A new tent was in that moment suddenly erected near Santa Sophia's temple. The young Sultan there placed before his own body the rever'd parent's corpse, a certain shelter; and from that post, secure and confident, harangued these riotous defenders of his person. "What would you have?" said he, "here I remain sole progeny of this your favourite Emperor. Here lie his other sons! lifting a curtain which concealed the murdered princes: I'll join their number or reign over Turkey." The Janissaries shouted "Long live great Mahomet! lord over all, from rising up of the sun to going down of the same." A banquet was prepared for all the guards, and a few of them being that evening somewhat disposed to misrule in their mirth, largesses were no longer produced to appease 'em, but cannon planted round the principal square, reminded them more roughly of their duty. Thus was the state tranquillized at once, but Mahomet had Christian foes to contend with, who would not so be silenced. For whilst the Emperor Rodolphus collected pictures, or counted the drops as they fell from a retort, or worked a favourite horse between the pillars, or watched the immersion of one of Jupiter's satellites; Count Ernest de Mansfelt, styled the Ulysses of Germany, battled the Turks with such success at Strigonium, that after a dreadful siege it was taken, and the old Alibeg who defended it was killed fighting at eighty-two years old, after having told Palfi, the summoning General, that fire, sword and famine were the same to him, so as he served his master faithfully; so as honour accompanied him to the

the door of death, and the Prophet called him in at the gates of Paradise: but new and dangerous foes seemed starting up against the Ottomans. Some Russians, so they are now called, Muscovites *then*, signalized themselves, when being united with the Transylvanians, they beat the old general, Sinan Bassa, at Bucarest, upon the banks of the Danube, where he had wisely formed a bridge of boats, on which a scene of horror was exhibited, scarcely surpass'd, if equall'd in carnage, by the far-fam'd passage of the Granicus:—water with fire in ruin reconciled. Nor were portents and prodigies here wanting to fill up the consummate tragedy, when on the morning of the fight an eagle, high-soaring above both the rival armies, stooped, not unseen or unobserved of either, and perched upon the tent of Sigismund. When she had fate a while and plumed herself, the Christian warriors shouted, and struck such panick on all Turkish hearts who heard the clang of her wings as she flew off, that their great Bassa, expert in war, could not controul or counteract. Upon the first assault they fled, sure of defeat yet desirous of safety, to the bridge of boats, and when just over, their pursuers followed. Sinan set fire to the fore-laid train, and the machine all blazed up in an instant: while Chiefs confused in mutual slaughter, Moor and Christian rolled along, and made it Mahomet's best policy to repair by negotiation the heavy loss he had sustained in war, exciting the Chan of Tartary to enter the territories of Moldavia, and make a useful diversion in his favour. Buda being saved meantime from falling into the hands of the allies, and a rebellion at Constantinople crushed in its infancy, the Sultan yielded himself up to pleasure, and died of the disorders caused by its excess, leaving young Achmet successor. A plague of locusts distressed the realm during his administration, nor did his tributary kings of Fez and Morocco contribute a little to disquiet him. Those districts had been usurped by a base-born prince, whose sleep was everlastingly broken by the noise of a preternatural drum: civil disturbances followed, and Achmet was called to the decision. A sudden stoppage of the periodical rains happening
immediately

immediately on his arrival, that and other occurrences of less importance were all attributed to the powerful forceries of *Muley Hamet*, whom they averred to have a *blue tooth*—*blaatant* according to the runick ideas of Denmark and Norway, which seem to have been believed in softer climates upon this occasion: Achmet commanded the tooth to be drawn; but the enchanter with one hundred men only, defended himself and his tooth so well against two thousand Turkish horse, that the Sultan himself began to fear the wizard; the more, as an express came from Constantinople to tell that a pestilence was begun there according to the words of Muley Hamet, who threatened his capital and even his children at home, if he continued to abet the usurping prince, who, although assisted by the sovereign himself, could not be happy while the drum beat incessantly in his ears *. Achmet next ordered all the dogs out of the metropolis, where he supposed they added to and communicated the contagion—but these animals being held half sacred in Turkey, a dangerous insurrection was set on foot, and the dogs recalled the same day. An unexampled tempest now raging in the Mediterranean which destroyed vast quantities of shipping, during which time Muley Hamet dropt down dead by a flash of lightning, confirmed the notion that he was some way connected with the world of spirits, who snatched him thus in whirlwinds from the earth. A stranger thing than storms, however, happened soon after, when Achmet himself dying, his brother Mustapha was set upon the throne as regent for young Osman during his minority. How this man had been preserved or overlooked, so contrary to oriental customs, is surprizing; but every rule has its exception, and Mustapha profited but little by the accident, for he was soon sent back to his confinement and the reins of administration were confided to Osman, declared of age at sixteen years old. This youth planned the war against Poland with acknowledged ingenuity, and would have prosecuted it, 'tis supposed, with active valour, had not home-bred seditions prevented and

* Addison drew perhaps from anecdotes of this drummer the first idea of his comedy.

frustrated all his hopes. Born their sovereign, however, he for some time made head against their fury, having thrust his uncle, aspiring Mustapha, into a dungeon, with one negro wench to wait on him, and bread and water to suffice them both: *his* party in the state prevailed, however, and Osman was knocked down with a battle-axe, after a stout resistance, making his dream come true which he had sent for the sages to interpret six months before, telling them how he had in his sleep fancied himself riding on a camel, which would go no way he guided; and when he at length began to correct the evil beast, it vanished from under him, leaving the bridle in his hand. It vanished indeed, but so it did as swiftly from the management of Mustapha, who seemed like Beattie's Edwin, a dubious character.

Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

They, however, who could agree on nothing else, agreed on his removal, and set up a new *Amurath*, son to Achmet, and younger born than Osman, known by name of *Morat*, taking the two last syllables of the name only as a diminutive; probably because he was an infant when called to the throne by tumults consequent on the lenity of these last Emperors, who seemed to leave off murdering their brothers before they had taught their subjects to prefer *one*, and stand firm to their own choice. This boy, famed chiefly for voluptuousness, is best known for having hanged a rich Venetian merchant, only because the man had built his house so high, that the roof overlooked the Grand Signior's private garden, where he amused himself with female favourites. To the Polish Ambassador, however, he behaved with strength of mind worthy a warlike sire; for when the Christian Envoy represented the strange proceeding his Sublime Highness had encouraged of beginning hostilities without declaring war: "Why, Sir," replied the Sultan, "there are three ways—either let the European potentates resolve at once to receive the law of Mahomet our prophet, or pay due tribute to us his successors, or try the sharpness of our Turkish scymitar. They are free to chuse, and you to tell them so."

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To this proud Emperor, notwithstanding his own mad grant (when overdosed with opium) of all his dominions to the Chan of Tartary, succeeded his weak son Ibrahim, a poor degenerate king, immersed in sensuality and vice, which passing the prescribed bounds of his own seraglio, sought to possess his noble Vizier's daughter, having heard her beauty praised by an old eunuch, who perhaps dreamed not the dreadful consequence. A long and serious rebellion, however, ensued. The lustful prince was at length subdued and thrown into prison, a fetva being issued to preclude him from reigning, and exalt his infant son to the throne of Turkey over which he presided, with assistance from preceptors, in the year 1650, while his father was strangled in the dungeon he so well deserved. 'Twas now they began recollecting the odd prophecy about the blood-red apple, and some mystick story of a yellow king which they began to apply to Muscovitish princes—for all men saw the Ottoman empire failing, and Sir William Temple says of it wisely, “That its first growth was so sudden and violent, that “for two or three centuries it seemed the *one great terror* of the world: “yet for the last hundred years,” adds he “it has stood still making no “conquest since Hungary. This empire has indeed,” continues he, “been the fiercest, as that of China the wisest, that of the Goths the “bravest, and that of the Incas the mildest upon earth.” One grieves indeed, that the old Persian empire which yet in some measure derives from Cyrus, “to whom God gave the kingdoms,” should in these latter days, (such I account those called by this little work to *Retrospection*) be swallowed up in Ottoman superiority. Yet so it is: the Turk ingrafted on the Persian stock, like the *crategus ariæ* in a hawthorn, devours and annihilates the blossoming plant, on which alone 'twill grow. Yet will we not say of him, as Plautus says,

MEREAT Persarum, montes qui esse aurei perhibentur, &c. &c.

The gold there now is not famous, I believe; the pearls found in the gulph of Ormus, or I suppose of Ormusd, meaning Oromazdes, are incompa-

nable. A friend conversant in India told me that a nabob he knew possessed two pearls drawn from that fishery in 1640, that they were of exquisite beauty and value, and went by the sacred names of Brahmah and Lachety. His only notion I found was how to get them from the nabob, and sell them to the emperor of China, who would, he said, make any man's fortune who should offer him the *pair*, but that no mandarin, much less the sovereign of that country, would give thanks for a *single* trinket. They must have duplicates of all: a pair of swords, a pair of clocks, &c. But Persian treasures have, during these last two centuries, been greatly plundered, and Persian morals have been much corrupted since they learned *to ride*, to *draw the bow* and *to tell truth*, as ancient history relates of them. Since they in a great degree received the law of Mahomet, riding is wholly out of fashion among them, and no longer *sagittaries*, they neglected wholly in the seventeenth century, as travellers of that day tell us, their fine breed of horses, leaving them with a bag of barley and chopt straw at their noses, like ours in the London hackney-coaches, which was to them, says Herbert, both livery and manger. He describes Shah Abbas however, in the year 1628, or thereabout, as a man low in stature (I remember) but a giant in policy; flourishing upon an Arabian gennet, and enumerates his titles, beginning with the sun, and ending with the nutmeg, whole pages of puffing nonsense, and he calls him, or rather shews us that he calls himself in the phirman, or firman, or passport granted to the English, Potshaw of Persia, Media, &c. This I suppose was our British mode of pronouncing *pacha*, or *bashaw*, (*bassa* by rights, I believe) and means, I trust, a tributary prince or vice-roy in the east; the man who murdered Darius that we read of in Quintus Curtius, &c. *Bessus* was a *bassa*; the *bassa* of Bactria: 'twas his employment, not his name most probably, but oriental language was no more familiar to Roman historians than to English travellers, so one called them *Bessus* and the other *Potshaw*, according to their ear, and as led by the genius of their vernacular tongue. Be it as it

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it may, Amurath sent a letter to Shah Abbas, *Amurath god of the earth, beloved of Mahomet*, to his *slave the Persian*, greeting. This suffices to shew how matters really stood among them, although these tributary princes rioted in the full exertion of delegated power, and this very prince or *Shah* or *Bafs-shah* Abbas, swore he would raise a column of his subjects' heads, if they persisted in some act of disobedience: but when they all surrendered at discretion, he compromised the vow, and every rebel brought a head or skull of horse, cow, any animal he pleased,* the pillar was erected, and stood in the great square of Ispahan, A. D. 1642. But while we turn our mental telescope and call these distant objects from afar, to suffer diminution in the convex mirror which courtesy has suffered us to term a *Retrospect*; let not the Armenian Christians be forgotten, which to convince our countrymen that they were unmixed with Jewish or Persick blood, roasted a pig to welcome them, and gave them wine, less out of hospitality than scruple, showing their distance of opinion from the Mussulmen. These have St. George for their patron, and boast a wonderful antiquity: fast strictly for the forty days of Lent, and are permitted, or connived at, when the rejoicing time of Easter comes, in open shows and feasts of great expence. Jesuit missionaries have tried to reconcile these to the church of Rome; but they will not be persuaded to pray for the dead, nor to believe the real presence in the sacrament; they beat and afflict themselves upon Good Friday, and lead a spotless lamb about the church, killing him afterwards and dividing among their friends on Sunday morning, but they communicate in bread and wine, and use the form of baptism after the Eutychian fashion, a permanent cross on the head, obeying their own patriarchs who reside one at Jerusalem, the other at Sinai.

'Twas in this century too that Paul V. received a famous embassy

* I have read somewhere lately that the Indian Proserpine is called Cali, and that *cali* means *time*, but in the feminine gender: to her perhaps Shah Abbas dedicated his column of heads.

from Congo: Puffendorf and after him La Martiniere, gives us no reason to think this a slight occurrence, though the pope's death rendered it a thing of little consequence at the moment. Don Alvarez III. I know not his appellation before baptism, but being chieftain of a tribe called the tribe of Congo; a black king, converted by the Portuguese, and named by them *Alvarez*, he was suspected of having assassinated his brother, and sent messengers to clear himself in an appeal to that court, which they were taught to consider as infallible: requesting missionaries at the same time for further instruction, and 'tis said by some writer, I forget who, that they were all astonished when they found that Portuguese was not the language at Rome: they all imagined Christendom and Portugal must have been necessarily synonymous. Our faith meanwhile had not been ill received at Congo, where, and in Abyssinia too, strong traces yet remain of their adherence to the mystick creed. The greek X marked upon the foreheads of one well-known sect, the motto *Vicit Leo de Tribu Juda*, round their device, a lion rampant holding the same symbol of our religion in its paw: and their own steady persuasion that from a son of Solomon by the Queen of Sheba their kings derive uninterrupted lineage; sufficiently evince that Christianity could never have been, and in effect was not unacceptable to them. Bruce says indeed, how 'twas the missionaries changed their lion passant to the rampant distinction, that so he might the more conveniently hold the cross: this seems probable enough, but it still tends to prove that they had a blazon'd memento of their origin, and though Bruce does certainly love to talk much of himself, and to talk largely too, as if with more desire to stagger than instruct his readers; we never find him shrinking from avowal of his faith, or giving fly hints to raise a laugh at what is of all other things most serious, our hope of everlasting salvation through Jesus Christ. The patriarch of Alexandria used to send priests into the interior parts of Africa perpetually, from A. D. 900 to A. D. 1300, while the remembrance of St. Thomas continued in Ethiopia. I know not whether

whether the apocryphal letters mentioned by Eusebius to have been *carried* by that apostle to king Abgarus, were directed to that continent or to Asia, but I believe 'tis Bruce who tells us, that when after suffering some usurpations in consequence of intriguing *Effaz*, her *Sassan* family ended at length in Naveto Laab, and the old Solomæan race resumed the throne. We find the bishop Oviedo in danger from their semi-barbarous manners in 1560. Angola is said in some old Portuguese book to have been so named, from a man who first taught his neighbours to temper iron and polish it into steel. He was made *thieck* or chieftain, but lived long enough to lose the esteem his powers of invention had bestowed, in that dotage which attends preternatural longevity. His sons and brother's sons were all carried away by some infectious disease, and nothing of his house remained but one great grand-daughter, the Princess *Zunda*. When things stood so, a trusted slave, his steward, caught the old man up upon his back one day, and telling him death was at hand, ran suddenly into the woods with him and stabbed him there, but returning to his heirs, then scarce twelve years old, told her the old tale, how it was all for love of her, &c. offering himself as regent and co-partner till she should be eighteen. The girl too young for resistance, too proud for consent, closed her lips fast and pretended to be dumb: and the slave reigned in Angola *three* full years, when making a great feast upon his birthday, *Zunda*, having previously secured some nobles of the land, cried out aloud—"Down with the slave, the traitor! he is poisoned; your
"mistress now is free, she has resumed her speech, her throne, her
"power." Such a step proved how perfectly she knew her pretensions, and this was said to have befallen in 1642, when on his sudden death she seized the reins of power. I first did read this story at a book-stall many years ago; but it recurred to my memory *now* on hearing, whilst I write, the discoveries of a country where *steel* is tempered to perfection, even in the *very heart* of Africa, say the reporters. But our immediate business is with *Retrospect*; what is now
murmured

murmured, hoped-for, and listened after; will before this work is presented to the publick, be duly confirmed or compleatly contradicted. Italy and her capital have been too long forgotten: they once engrossed the telescope's whole field; but her last truly great and truly famous sovereign, Sextus quintus, was no more. *Peretti*, pears are a late fruit, as he said; and at his death Rome, rich but fatherless, looked up in vain to his friend Castagni for protection. Urban VII. died twelve days after inauguration; and the Sfondinati pope, Gregory XIV., a Milanese nobleman, distinguished his reign chiefly by excommunicating Henri-quatre; and hearing how his bull was torn in pieces, and burned by hands of the hangman, among shouts of *vive le Bourbon; vive le Roi de Navarre!* Gregory outlived this vexation but a few months; and his successor, Innocent IX. reigned only twenty-six days. To him the Aldobrandini pontiff succeeded, by name of Clement VIII., whose whole care was for peace; and that blessing he was most happy to purchase by absolving Henry the fourth upon his change, and by quieting the Molinists, who having renewed and embraced some of the old semi-pelagian heresies concerning grace and predestination, threatened the church with fatal and senseless divisions. This papacy was honoured by a pompous embassy from Gabriel, the patriarch of Alexandria, who sent to Rome signifying his desire to accept the court there as his superior: but the ambassadors came so *opportunately*, that many doubted the authenticity of their appearance. A resolution not to be duped had succeeded to the humour of seeking to be so, and every thing was suspected to be priest-craft, and the priest-craft was no less employed.

Leo XI. of the Medicean house, who was elected in preference to the learned Cardinal Baronius, sat in the chair only a fortnight; and Cardinal Borghese, known to the world by name of Paul V., was puffed with ill-timed pride, so as contentedly to hear himself called Vice-God upon Earth, Monarch of Christendom, and Supporter of Papal Omnipotence. I fear it was to him that some letters were directed, *to our Lord God the Pope:*

Pope : but multiplication of titles is no proof of power; the reverse rather. Polyonymous, or many-titled, is a distinction fit for the Byzantine history, and becomes none but orientals; while this blasphemous folly served but to provoke those who were already incensed against the trappings of that dignity he was, unhappily for his adherents, chosen to protect. Under such a sovereign, two centuries before, such language might have been *endured*; but what was deemed offensive then, was now growing ridiculous. By him the doctrine of Suarez was approved; who in these days of controversy and investigation had found out that kings, when in actual rebellion against their parent and sovereign the pope, might be assassinated, and no harm done. The kings, however, were not of this mind; and their subjects, who perhaps thought a parity of reason might soon be talked of in *their* favour, willingly burned the book, and hastened to abet resistance, and free it from the name of rebellion. The Pope expressed his resentment that the book should be so treated. In vain! Suarez, a merry Spaniard, when he heard its fate, repeated Ovid's well known line, with happy change of one word only, and cried out,

Parve, nec invideo sine me liber ibis in ignem.

He died, however, a natural and happy death: in his last moments, pressing the hand of an attendant, "I had no notion," says he, "it could have been so easy." Theologians had indeed reason to congratulate themselves if they could obtain quiet dismissal from a world, where it seemed impossible for *thinking* men (if they would likewise be talking men) either to live or die in peace. Du Pleffis' book, called *Mysterium Iniquitatis*, had been published in 1612, laying down all the crimes which popes could commit, or the papal power encourage. It was, however, condemned by the Sorbonnists. Scioppius and Joseph Scaliger had shewn to what excess *literary* abuse could be carried, early in that century; but the aggressor's lips were not closed from further invective till 1649, before which time torrents of black scurrility rolled to the gulph of oblivion a large portion of talents and genius, which

funk of course, and lie there still struggling in vain through two long centuries against the weeds of offence and grossness which closely clasp them round. Some of their books were burned; and Bartolomeo Borghese was justly enough strangled, and then burned too at Paris, for feigning to be son of Paul V., who had no children; and whose character was that of a lawyer and a scholar, a statesman and a divine. He canonized his contemporaneous saint, Carlo Borromeo, whose virtues would compensate for many wicked individuals of his persuasion, and whose acts of beneficence still live, recorded by the Lazzaretto of Milan, a prodigious work, and one whose fame no invaders who steal his silver statue, &c. can ever take away. It was, however, supposed that the beatification of this excellent nobleman would take the edge off a new celebration set on foot by George Duke of Saxony, who prepared for, and in his own person at length attended a showy jubilee to the memory of Martin Luther in 1617, after the grand congress of confederated princes at Nuremberg, called two or three years before. If this was intended, the failure of effect was obvious as deserved. Whatever was intended, Paul V. after beautifying his own capital, and interdicting that of the Venetians; after having received a *real* embassy from Congo requesting missionaries to Africa, and accepted the French king's mediation between Rome and Venice, died, and was succeeded neither by Bellarmine nor Baronius, his old competitors for the chair, but by Cardinal Ludovisi, Archbishop of Bologna, who lived to enjoy his final exaltation but two years; and after canonizing St. Ignatius, founder of the Jesuits, and Xavier the Apostle of the East, as he was scarce unaptly called, * died likewise, and made way for Urban VIII., two hundred and thirty-third bishop of the old see, who first

* It is, however, worth remarking, that Xavierus was beatified, on a report of his body's being found upon the island of Formosa *uncorrupted*; thus contrasting Pope, or Arbuthnot's celebrated epitaph upon Chartres; because after daily, for many years, deserving to be accounted a *saint*, or *holy man*, for what he had really done: Xavier was at length registered as such—for what *he could not do*.

bestowed

bestowed the title of *your Eminence* on cardinals; and who, like his anti-predecessor, quarrelled with the Venetians, but made a less honourable termination of his differences with them, than did Paul V. This was a Florentine Pope, a belles-lettres man, a man of elegant more than elevated sentiments; so pleasing a poet, so polite a scholar, that he obtained the appellation of the Attick Bee: yet was he forced to suffer the inquisition to condemn his ingenious countryman Galileo, because he would *openly maintain* what Copernicus had quietly asserted and taught: that the sun was stationary, not the earth; in contradiction to the Ptolomæan hypothesis, which was supposed more consonant to holy writ. Bellarmine probably recollecting what our astronomer willingly forgot, how Boniface, bishop of Mentz, had been excommunicated by Pope Zachary, A. D. 745, for teaching the sphericity of the earth, begged of Galileo to be quiet, when he first broached to him the new hypothesis, urging that although Copernicus had taught the mathematicks at Rome, he had more prudence than to broach these disputable opinions there; and added the impossibility of his protecting him. But *scire tuum nihil est*, &c. as Persius says; and Galileo would not be restrained; he therefore had to abjure formally in the metropolis of Italy, the notions which Copernicus taught peaceably in a hanseatick town of Polish Prussia, without the comfort of thinking or making any one else think those notions original. Having heard of Metius's new invented glasses however, he set himself for the remainder of his days to endeavour by their means at more certain intelligence of these planetary motions, till losing his sight, and his lady betraying his manuscrips to her confessor after that accident, the papers were all burned, and Galileo began to think of turning the pendulum to common use, which he had till then kept for astronomical purposes. At a prodigiously advanced age, death stopt his further projects, and left his son Vincent to bring them to perfection; but he had the good sense to study at Venice, not at Rome. There Innocent the tenth, called the Pamphili Pope, began to reign on death of Barberini,

whose family was cruelly persecuted by Donna Olimpia, widow to the deceased brother of the new elected sovereign, who did nothing without her consent, proving to *us*, that Fuller's quaint remark was not ill founded, where he says, that the church stood more in need of a salique law than the state did, as it was often governed by the distaff.

It was *not very* often that its delicacy had been more insulted by females, than in the year 1650, under this pontificate, when a lady openly governed and disposed of all employments civil, military, and ecclesiastical, to the no small shame of the Romish court, and triumph of those professing purer morality. Among those boasted princes, he who is perhaps the most deservedly gloried in by us who *protest* against the innovations and abuses of papal power, must be the subject of the next chapter's *Retrospection*.

CHAP. X.

SWEDEN, GERMANY, FRANCE, AND AMERICA,

DOWN TO 1650.

FROM warmer climates and a steadier sunshine, we turn the *retrospective* tube away, and watch the coruscations of a brilliant meteor, that blazed along the northern hemisphere. Our chapter last but two, page 150, announced the birth of truly great Gustavus, surnamed Adolphus, son to the King of Sweden by a second bed. The house of Austria treated his first appearance on the horizon with contempt, called him a cold aurora borealis, a chief of snow, whose fame would soon dissolve and melt away under more tepid influence. They learned to change their hastily-formed opinion, when afterwards his very sword was said to be enchanted; and the compacted troops he led to war, were deemed invulnerable by their foes. He had been destined early as a husband for our Elizabeth, daughter to James the first; but Maria Eleanora, of Brandenburg, was his wife, and Charles IX. his gallant father; fretted by the loss of Calmaria after his long fruitless war with Denmark, he died content at last in 1611, leaving the world to *abler hands*, he said: when after losing his son by Mary, sister to the luckless Palatine, Gustavus Adolphus ascended to the throne: a character so prematurely wise, so early warlike, he seemed to have sprung, like Pallas armed for fight, out of his parent's head. All excellence was, in a manner, expected from this youth, and he resolved not to disappoint men's hopes. "I will, if the states make me king," cried he at fifteen years of age, "acquit myself with courage, and with magnanimity, and the reformed religion I'll protect till the last moment of my life so honoured." His first care was to exalt Count Oxenstiern to be prime minister, and in this case the voice of honest friendship.

friendship was the voice of wisdom. Intrepid in counsels, and penetrating in political knowledge, this young statesman failed not to second his master's projects, and to further them, less with an idea of flattering the *king*, than a sincere approbation of what naturally flowed from a mind correspondent to his own.

The old king of Spain said, "*Esos muchachos*," these *little boys* (for their united years made up but forty), "should not be provoked: 'tis dangerous." He said very true. Gustavus heading the combined Protestant powers, gave solidity to Lutherans and Calvinists, by uniting and incorporating them in one common cause, though he was himself of the first named persuasion: but the union between the Papists and Lutherans at Antwerp, in 1567, had ended so exceeding ill for all dissenters against the Romish church, they in this century willingly joined hand and heart to oppose a power, which, when it had the better, shewed no mercy, and treated friends and foes (if separatists) *all alike*. To this zeal for religion, our young hero added a steady unostentatious morality, and paid up all his father's debts before he required from his subjects any contribution for war. Sigismond, king of Poland, however, having entered into cabals for purpose of shaking his subjects' allegiance, and winning over their affections, it was time to be in earnest; and Sigismond soon saw his dominions inundated by an invading army of Swedes, with a chieftain at their head, whose personal prowess amazed all Europe, frightened anticipating minds, and shrunk not from those, who for a competitor searched back in busied *Retrospection*. The siege of Riga witness'd his persisting spirit; where stripping to his shirt, he worked himself in the trenches, and having at length forced his way into the town, saved it from the pillage of his own soldiers, secured the property and safety of its innocent inhabitants, and piously returning thanks for his success in St. Peter's church, extorted praises, if not blessings, from his Catholick opponents, while he forced laurels from coy fortune's hand. 'Twas at this siege 1621, Seyton, the Scots officer, well known to fame, broke his thigh serving the
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the gallant prince he so esteemed. Their friendship had arisen two years before, when at a grand review near Stockholm, our rough North Briton failed in the mark of personal respect, keeping his hat on (although admonished) when spoken to by the king, who, easily provoked by such an insult, struck him slightly on the face. When the day's pomp was over, and that supper ended, which Gustavus was obliged to eat in publick, he asked the page whom he had set to watch, "Whither was Mr. Seyton gone?"—To Denmark, was the answer. "Follow me thither, we shall overtake him easily, and there is no night now," replied the king, who mounted his swiftest horse and carried pistols—this one attendant only as his follower. Seyton saw himself outstript before he had passed the first frontier village, and observed his pursuer respectfully riding up to him with his hat in his hand, these words in his mouth: "Dismount, Sir, I have injur'd you, and have ridden thus far to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman. Here are weapons and room for both, and no possibility of hindrance: Seyton and Gustavus are equals now—I am out of my own dominions; but you did ill to forbear the respect due to a prince, in presence of all those troops."

"I did indeed, Sir," replied the brave Caledonian, throwing himself upon his knees, "and only request pardon and the honour of devoting my future life to service of such a sovereign." The Monarch raised and embracing him, "Let us be friends then, said he, and never part again." They went back, and never more eat a meal asunder, till death found Seyton unhorsed in a *fosse* before Riga, Gustavus vainly endeavouring to restore him, and save him from the heavy trampling cavalry.

Meanwhile, France was taking advantage of all that past; her admirable statesman, Richelieu's first wish was, humiliation to Austria, and that he looked for through the on-pressing ardour of Sweden's glorious king: His second hope was destruction to the Huguenots, which might be expected from the hourly dangers to which their
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leader rashly expos'd his gallant person. But though he delighted to face perils in the field of fame, he never risked his dignity, or set his own superiority to hazard; and when Louis the thirteenth's ambassador, *Charnacé*, inserted the word protection in the treaty. "Protection, Sir!" exclaimed Gustavus, "is a word I use to God alone, and from him only I request it. Your master and I are both kings, equals of course; and I will dispense with any assistance he can give, rather than commit to such decision, the unblemish'd lustre of old Sweden's crown."—" *Comme si tout écarlate était de même valeur!*" * cried Charnacé, shrugging his shoulders: but a letter dispatched to Cardinal de Richelieu, caused his immediate removal. As a lofty consciousness of his own worth prompted this treatment of Louis's *first* ambassador, policy and native good humour joined to suggest a behaviour so different to his successor, that these unpleasant passages were soon forgotten; and speaking of a regiment to be given away some years after, that gentleman was mentioned to the cardinal as fitter for the purpose than Ranzau his competitor for the post. "I know," replied Richelieu, "that Ranzau gets drunk now and then; but Gasson, since he went to Stockholm, has had his head so turned by Gustavus's civilities, that he has never seem'd rightly sober." France, notwithstanding, looked on the Swede with more attentive vigilance than positive apprehension. The emperor Matthias had felt himself so unable to support the dignity of Austria's house, during his philosophical brother's life, that when in 1612 it dropt to his care entirely, hope revived, and had his marriage with Ann, their near relation, produced sons, that hope might have lasted longer. But though he crowned her at Prague, with no small pomp, the thoughts of a Protestant church erected there, damped their joy, and when some Calvinists were treated with unprovoked cruelty, in consequence of this presumption (as 'twas called) they threw the emperor's three favourite counsellors out of a window, and by these and other vexations (want of children being the

* As if all red was of one colour.

most serious) his heart was broken, and in 1619, Ferdinand, the archduke his cousin, succeeded, and saw Vienna besieged by Count Thorne in behalf of Frederick, set up as his rival by the dissenters.

Meanwhile the castle at Prague blew up by accident; the prince palatine, married to our English Elizabeth, was hunted from place to place, while Bohemia, as if all this were too little, was, in company with Moravia and Silesia too, desolated by famine. Count Tilly now, a soldier from the ranks, raised by uncommon merit to the situation of general, shone forth the leader of the Catholick armies, defeated the duke of Brunswick, and spoil'd his territories, took Minden, dismantled Mannheim, and drove the Protestants from Juliers. Gustavus sheltered the fugitives and revenged their cause; swore he would pursue the old corporal to the earth's verge, and to say true, after the outrageous behaviour of the Imperialists under his command, in the principality of Hesse and electorate of Brandeburgh, one wonders not that coarse passions mingled with the purest motives. The siege of Magdeburgh, and its being taken by storm 1631, with circumstances of horror unexampled *achevé la provocation*, says a French writer, for Mahomet II. suffered not such a conflagration in Constantinople, when he planted the crescent there instead of the cross, 1492. Three hundred women flung themselves into the Elbe, and a city once dedicated to Venus, by name of Parthenopolis, now witnessed the chastity of its females under our more delicate dispensation. Torquato di Conti, another Romish general, hearing that the king of Sweden was expected, and wearied with a war which he had tried in vain to end by assassination, retired from fatigue; but Tilly and Pappenheim still kept the field, and waited the coming storm. The northern hero drove forward like his native snows, covering the earth, and confounding his antagonists. He crossed the Oder upon Christmas eve. "The earth is all *gefrorne*," said his attendants: "The earth," replied he, "never is *gefrorne* to the hard hand of honest industry;" and well might he say so, who had so often dug his way through it with a pick-axe: nor feared he water more than land, when the ice breaking under him in a fosse before some fortified

town, and a centinel hastening to his relief: "*Keep your post, young man,*" exclaimed the warrior monarch, from the encircling cold; "I shall find ways to extricate myself," and so in effect he did.

The ever-memorable battle of Leipfick, followed, and the king's loud cry from the centre, was, "*Remember Magdeburgh.*" It was on this occasion that Gustavus disarmed his men of all their pikes, a coward's weapon he called it: "Give no fire, said he, till you can see your own faces in the pupil of your enemies eyes:" Something like this is, I believe, related of Cæsar at the battle of Pharfalia. Tilly who led on his bold Imperialists, gave the watch-word which had been so profaned, when the poor Protestants heard and saw themselves hunted as by blood-hounds, with a shout of *Jesu Mariæ* from mistaken men, who thought themselves exterminating infidels, and establishing Christianity. Let crimes that thus blot the fair page of *history*, half reconcile us to this artless *Retrospect*, which dwells not on the sanguinary scene, but lightly glancing over a theatre of such horrors, shews us old Tilly weeping soldier's tears over this steady resolution of his troops, who like *true Catholics*, said he, stand to be cut in pieces rather than give ground. Two letters written on the field that night, one from the victor general, one from the vanquished, may be opposed to any thing antiquity has bequeathed us. But Ferdinand now no longer thought himself safe in his own capital: he began removing the imperial household to Stiria, and the pretty Italian book called *Ritratti de 'gran Capitani*, says, that sure enough all Germany would soon have groaned under the new northern yoke, had not death's long dart reach'd it on its road to Vienna. Before that day, however, St. Etienne, a trusted emissary of le Cardinal de Richelieu, having obtained a passport through his relationship to father Joseph, who, though a Papist, kept up a constant and friendly correspondence with count Oxenstiern, came and informed our brave defender at his army's head, that seriously if his majesty would persist thus in harassing the Catholic princes, Louis XIII. would find himself obliged to grant them assistance and march an army
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into Germany : “ Oh, sir, no need of that, (rejoined Gustavus) ; if your master means in this manner to express his wish of making a campaign “ against the Swedes, (pointing at them) we will treat him with a battle “ under the walls of his own metropolis.” Before the setting of so bright a star, another anecdote or two must be recorded of its course. When after passing the Lech, a dangerous exploit, he entered Augsbourg, birth-place, or rather naming-place of Protestantism as Antioch of old was of Christianity, prince Albert the Bavarian met, and claimed a boon, he said, of the king’s justice and knighthood ; that boon was neutrality for his own innocent family, who ought, he said, not to be persecuted for their religious opinions. “ Sir, (said Gustavus) there is Juliana “ Electress Palatine, a widow’d princess, and there is Elizabeth of Eng- “ land, a still more unhappy wife, and lawful queen over Bohemia, “ who are persecuted to poverty for their religious opinions, and have not “ where to lay their heads, can justice and knighthood look on ?” The duke retired, and the monarch got a dreadful hurt that day by a favourite mare’s falling under, and then rolling over him, struck by a cannon-ball as he surveyed the trenches. Charles V. was right, he cried, the moment he could speak : “ Kings are never killed by cannon-balls you find.” Both sovereigns were right. Gustavus rose from the ground, and heard that very evening the death of count Tilly. “ Poor “ fellow ! (exclaimed he with a sigh) then *we* shall meet no more in “ this world ; he was a brave old foldier, and I’m sorry.” The next enemy who fell, before he himself obey’d the call, was Sigismund, the warlike Pole ; who, after an active reign of forty-five years, devoted to the service of popery against his own relations, friends, and even interest, died in 1632. “ Another foe taken from oppressing our “ Protestant brethren, (said Gustavus) and God leaves me still to protect “ them :” He *did* protect them at home as in the field. Count Oxenstiern clustered around the metropolis of Sweden whole shoals of Lutherans and Calvinists, school-keepers, manufacturers, exiles from Germany, who civilized and almost colonized the country, while the original inhabitants went forth to fight : thus carrying on designs scarce pene-
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trable,

trable, and with so great success, that a familiar writer of that day observes how Austria was put to such a plunge, no man can guess how matters might have ended, had longer life been lent to our young hero, who now sensible of his prodigious consequence to Europe, gave St. Etienne a rougher answer than before, when he was sent a second time, to say how Munich trembled at his approach, but who took up a tone in telling it, which was insupportable to the long-flattered nerves of a conqueror. "Speak as becomes the agent of a petty prince, sir, (said our Swedish monarch) or instantly begone: you are no envoy from the crown of France *now*, though still a flippant Frenchman, as it appears. Away! and take this with you to your sender. *I am offended, and I am victorious.*" The next step was Lutzen; and the soldiers fretted for the first time; but their march had been *long* and their refreshment *short*, and that is sure to breed faintness and ill humour both in men and beasts. Early in the battle a young officer cried out aloud, "The king is hurt." "Mind your own business, sir, let mine alone," exclaimed Gustavus in an altered voice; then gathering strength and breath, shouted "Follow the track of my blood, comrades, that path shall lead you to victory and fame." He galloped forwards, but the giddiness of death shook him in his seat. "Cousin," whispered he to duke Weimar, "I have got enough: look to the troops and keep my secret." A heavy fog falling that moment, concealed the accident from all but the imperial general, Count Pappenheim: *he* had received his death's wound in the same instant, but seeing Gustavus taken off the horse, exclaimed, "Fallen is the foe, *Christianity* remains victorious; tell the emperor he is a *free man*," more was not permitted: a thicker fight closed round the body of the Swedish warrior, for whose corpse they fought like those in Homer round Patroclus; his own officers by turns exclaiming, "Mistaken Austrians, 'tis I, 'tis I." The king's great soul returned to thank their loyalty: "No, no," said he; "*here* lies the king of Sweden, who seals upon these plains his love and care for the dear Protestant cause, farewell!—Commend me to my poor Maria—Oh, farewell!" *Talfin ebbe Gustavo secondo*, says an

an enemy's pen, who yet describes him as a first rate hero. Two noblemen of his train feigning death, held the body fast under them till all was over, till the Swedes won the day and routed the Imperialists. A royal elephant thus, stung by a serpent and swelling with the pain, flings his vast bulk upon th' offending animal and crushes him to atoms with his weight; meriting the spirited legenda of Gustavus, *etiam post funera victor*. Rockets were thrown up at Vienna, notwithstanding; and Richelieu gave a grand *fête* on the occasion. The Spaniards represented plays, comedies, interludes, for fifteen days together, with a fool or pierrot acting the character of Gustavus, and imitating his short-sightedness; whilst Urban the eighth, nobly, like David of old upon a similar occasion, pronounced these words alone: "Know ye not that a prince and a great man is dead this day in Israel?" forbearing all further speech about the matter. This was in 1632. In seven years afterwards, as if to shew that although Death is the Almighty's executioner, and Time his instrument, nature unwearied still, and in that age lavish of great productions, lay not *effete*; a splendid character and man of other mould from this rough chieftain saw the light, when after twenty-one childless years, fair Anne of Austria's pregnancy was published, and in due time Louis IV. was born. Poor Italy having lost, as they said, her *Prete* and her *Medico*, meaning the Barberini Pope and Duke of Tuscany, was in a wretched state; the French assailing her on one side, the Ottomans on the other, while Innocent the tenth troubled himself more to please Donna Olimpia than to provide against any dangers to the state. *Papa magis amat Olympiam, quam Olympum*, said the wits, while wise men thought they saw Christianity herself in danger, divided at home so, and set upon abroad, by loss of Candia to the Turks, who had been long in possession of old *Paphos*, now *Bassa*, in the isle of Cyprus. Venetian politicks were indeed at low ebb, and Contarini, when he was sent to Constantinople about 1625, had given a hint that France could not commodiously clip the eagle's wing, meaning Austria, without clambering first

first up St. Mark's tower. During this time the flames of religious persecution continued against the Huguenots of Lyons and Grenoble; but peace was at length concluded, and the edict of Nantz confirmed. Le duc de Luynes died before his favour with the king was quite run out: and Cardinal de Retz, first minister after him, yielded his activity to old age, his post to Richelieu in 1625. Of this great genius for government, his country even now feels the effect; because although it may be too much to say for him that which he said for himself, when being in his last moments asked how his heart stood towards his enemies, he replied, "I never *had* any who were not at the same time enemies to the state." 'Tis certain that the state had no better friend than Richelieu; nor its enemies any more dangerous foe; witness the melancholy business of Rochelle, with numberless acts so fresh in all our minds; it scarce seems *Retrospect*, but present life. Richelieu was never a favourite with queens: Mary de Medici hated him, because having begun the world an humble dependant upon Leonora Galligni and her husband, he rose upon their ruin, and being employed by the king to make up matters with his mother, obtained for her majesty worse terms than she thought she had a right to expect, and shortened her allowance, that so there might be no more Italian intrigues, he said. His dislike of the queen consort, Anne of Austria, was supposed to arise from his having entertained hopes she resolved not to gratify; certain it is that they lived in decided enmity some years: for when Louis XIII. was taken ill in 1630, and the whole court, with these ladies, joined together to turn his heart against this great minister, who was absent on some business, something like a promise, a *royal* promise was given, and his disgrace began to be counted on as a certainty. A page in the Cardinal's interests heard how things went, and flew to fetch him from Havre. When he arrived, "I beg only *one* favour now for all my services, said he, *one* favour and "I never ask again." The boon was granted, and found out to be an hour's *tête-à-tête* with his sovereign. So well was that hour employed, that

that he came forth more a court favourite, and more a powerful minister than ever; his enemies looked abashed, and that day was laughingly called *la journée des dupes*. 'Twas he indeed, who fixed the throne and dignity of France, rendered his master absolute and independent, extinguished all that remained of an aristocracy once fertile in petty tyrants, so the kings of the seventeenth century called those barons among which *they* were merely chiefs two centuries before, and by encouraging arts, manufactures, and commerce, so enriched the realm, that he left Louis XIV. little to do, except embellish it: he died however, in 1642, having out-lived Mary de Medici, who though once his benefactress, he suffered to expire of a broken heart at Cologne, ten months before him, when *Fabio Chigi*, afterwards Pope Alexander VII. exhorted her vainly to complete a perfect reconciliation with a man to whom she considered herself indebted only for disgrace and death. British synonymy has attributed this last scene to her and Lambertini, but Benedict XIV. was then a child; Padre Chigi was the Queen's immediate countryman and confessor. A thousand anecdotes are related of Richelieu's death: this epigram, written by *François de Bassompierre*, the famous marshal de France, who passed much time at our court here in England, whom the Cardinal had kept *en bastille* a long while, is scarce esteemed enough by those who are not aware that the third line contains an anagram of the author's name, to which however, a natural and easy turn of versification has by no means been sacrificed.

Enfin dans l'arrière saison,
La fortune d'Armand s'accorde avec la mienne;
France je fors de ma prison,
Quand son ame sort de la sienne.

The queen, Anne of Austria, did not dissemble her joy in the loss of a minister who had made use of his delegated authority to seize all her private papers once, upon hearing she had written to Madame de Chevreuse:

reuse : and a lady of high quality, whose brother he had brought to the axe for treasonable practices many years before, going to see him lie in state, Dec. 1642, is said to have addressed the corpse half maliciously, half profanely, with the words of Lazarus's sister Martha in the Gospel : " Ah, Lord ! if thou hadst been *here*, my brother *had not* " *died*." Be these tales fact, or fable, his master soon followed him : he was a prince, *mal placé*, between Henry the fourth and Lewis the fourteenth, a figure in a bad light somehow, sacrificed to the nobler objects in the group : our eye rests on Richelieu's strength, on Colbert's growing powers, or on the infant prince, ennobling, illuminating the glorious days to come. The father may fade into nothing when he will, after it has been told of him, that he convened *les états généraux* for the last time, till we saw Louis XVI. do it to his ruin in 1789. France grew in power and importance every instant ; her cardinal's glowing embers kept a kindly warmth about the country that he loved so well ; and in the war kept up against the Spaniards, le Duc d'Eng-hienne, better known afterwards by name of le Grande Condé, won the famous battle of Rocroy, and took Thionville. Spain looked from Carthagen's tow'rs upon a sea-fight, disgraceful to her own superior force, under shelter of her own batteries. Turenne assisted to make this minority more splendid than the actual reign of princes less favoured by fortune, and beat the Imperialists by land, whilst another naval victory at Castella Mare ushered in the year 1648, and produced the peace of Munster. During this time the internal affairs of the country were governed by Cardinal Mazarin, who had prodigious influence with the king's sole surviving parent. Italian politicks seem always to have swayed the realm of France, when a queen mother has been regent. This was natural while the ladies came from Tuscany ; but Anne of Austria had found him useful to keep a balance of power against hated Richelieu in her husband's good graces, and he kept the post of minister, which dropt to him on that great man's death, half by rendering himself necessary, and half by shewing himself successful.

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A prodigious conspiracy of old nobles, princes of the blood, &c. was raised against this cardinal in the year 1649, chiefly, as it appears, because he was a foreigner; and he left the kingdom for a while, but it was only to return with more power and magnificence. The king was no longer a child, but a *youth*, and Mazarin's nieces were on this occasion auxiliaries of the first rate importance; but we must leave France to settle her own affairs; in 1650, a moment in which her whole soil seemed teeming with genius, though Maynard, who makes the shade I think between Malherbe and the ensuing wits, Boileau, Racine, &c. * was found dead in his closet, these lines upon the door:

Las d'esperer et de me plaindre,
Des muses, des grands et du fort;
C'est ici que j'attends la mort
Sans la désirer ni la craindre.

Weary of hopes, and fears, and muses,
Sharp fought wits, and fortune blind;
Here whilst no man my life accuses,
Death I'll expect with tranquil mind.

Felibien, Gomberville, Tannequi le Fevre, all lived at this time; and Sir Theodore Mayerne practised medicine at Paris before he was called away to its natural enemies, London and Amsterdam. He 'twas who dulcified mercury so finely as to make it a delicate and safe cathartick, well known to all *now* by the name of *calomel*, no good appellation for *so white* a powder; but the little *negro* boy who served Sir Theodore, and was a favourite with his master, had worked so diligently with him in this new and neat process, that he gave *him* the honour of hearing it called *calomel*, *pretty black*, by all the contemporary chemists.

* About this time, I think, Brossard says it was, that Berardi ingeniously comprized the syllables of Guido in this line, *Ut Relevet Miserum Fatum Solitosque Labores*. Certain it is, that line was marked upon Corelli's favourite fiddle; and certain 'tis that the old musick shop at Bologna had Corelli's fiddle for his sign, and round *that* were marked the words, quite in our later days.

Meanwhile, though Cardinal de Richelieu endeavoured and delighted to unite the grandeur of great houses with the cleanliness of small ones, as he expressed it, things were even down to 1560 at an immeasurable distance from what we all saw them in 1750. The high roads of France were infested with banditti; the streets of Paris filthy and ill-paved, miserably lighted, and dangerous on every account; forty-five watchmen only had care of the whole capital, and more need not be said concerning the *police*. A spirit like that of gothick times continuing to possess private people, battles between whole troops were fought every day in honour of a banner belonging to some parish or *confrérie*; and if two processions met by evil chance, blows determined the precedence. That we may not let Voltaire make us believe all this folly grew out of *religion*, our *retrospective* eye sees through tears of laughter; the lawyers and clerks of the treasury, drawn up in two bands, and fighting in the church of Notre Dame at five in the morning by appointment, that so decision should be made which was to walk first in the procession of the day. But the time of compleat civilization was at hand; the child was grown, at whose birth an *astrologer* had been concealed behind his mother Anne of Austria's bed, that he might burst out at the moment, and cast his nativity. Meanwhile John Duke of Bragança, firmly fixed in his seat, showed that *his* astrologer had been right enough, and his stars favourable. He was no *bean cake* king, *El rey de Havas*, as Olivarez, to flatter Philip the fourth, affected to call him for awhile; he was El rey Don Juan, and so the Spaniards were obliged to acknowledge him; nor could their mines in Mexico prevent a thousand mortifications endured here in Europe, where Dutchmen worried them, and Frenchmen braved. The Hollanders, who saw one hundred and fourteen of their own ships of war covering the seas even in 1643, went on increasing in political importance; *marte triumphabis Batavia, pace peribis*, was the destiny attributed to these united states by those that looked through Fate's clearest spy-glass; although it seems strange to think commercial men

men should gain by bearing arms, but as Antwerp had swallowed the trade of Venice, so Amsterdam now become the storehouse of Europe, drove Antwerp into obscurity, and caught the eyes of all, while none failed to rejoice in the sight of a city formed in proud Spain's despatch, and grown from an asylum into a strong fortress. The waves of life tumbling off one another, and leaving those below to rise, and in their turn roll over the next comers, can alone represent the state of nations: their rise, their lapse, their fall, their total loss among their noisier neighbours.

America now rose, while others foaming, fell. The Spaniards had discovered that the *whole* continent so called, contained not feeble, helpless creatures, like those who yielded up the treasures of Mexico to Cortez and his men. Those who drove northward of the straits and isthmus, named Darien or Panama, lighted on Indians different in character, fieros y *Barbados*, like those found on the island which owes its appellation to the *beards* of its inhabitants. It appears, indeed, that the distinction is not a favourite one with any occidentalists; they pluck it up by the roots, and daub the chin with stuff intended to prevent its return wherever it can be seen. But James of England, and Richelieu of France, had colonized or examined by this time large tracts of land, foundation for future quarrels, places where Europe hastened to carry those arts and sciences she had so lately learned herself, and amaze the silent aborigines. Sir Walter Raleigh failed indeed, in his attempt upon Guiana; the mine which played and glittered before his dreaming fancy eluded every search, and left him to wake at last with a halter instead of gold ore in his hand, like the juggler in Gay's fables. The zeal of Zummeraga too, an empty-headed bishop of Mexico, observing some figures awkwardly delineated upon cotton cloth or barks of trees, burned all of them he could collect, hastily thinking they were objects of devotion, whilst gold, the object of his countrymen's research, produced no happiness to those who gained it. Destroying these odd hieroglyphicks was a folly; they are now said to have been the annals

of the empire, and serve as subjects of dispute again, 'twixt Dr. Robertson and Clavigero, how far poor Mexico had been advanced in arts of civilization before the arrival of Cortez. Montezuma is supposed to have been the ninth emperor, I think, and his crown elective. They mention a chain of subordination, prince, noble, and vassal, or peasant: their having appointed posts or couriers through the country, seems a prodigious step towards improvement; they were probably beforehand with the Europeans in *this*, for Lewis the eleventh was first in that quarter of our globe to fix such comfortable appendages upon life. Peru was still forwarder, as it appears; their empire older than that of Montezuma, and the spirit of religion somewhat milder. Human victims were not required by Peruvian deities, nor were the inhabitants of that district constrained to suckle their infants seven years, for purpose of preventing population, because the earth could not afford subsistence to proportionate numbers. These descendants of the sun, as they stiled themselves, or at least their yncas, learned of him to draw provision from the ground, and cut canals to water it where an arid appearance gave worse hopes of harvest. In *some* places it even came into their heads to add manure, perhaps from seeing grass grow where a dead animal had lain by chance; and on such spots a rustick monument was raised, denoting their triumph over that earth they trod: to make roads, however, no Peruvian had attempted, contenting himself with sticking posts of wood, shewing the shortest path from one place to another, as we stake out ground for a horse course. Destiny seems to have resolved against agriculture in all parts of South America, where Spaniards and Portuguese got footing: Miners turned up the bosom of her parent soil, and aukward piety ill-set to work, covered her superficies with convents quite innumerable. Prince d'Esquilache represented the impropriety of this to Philip the third; but he had few ideas beyond a Peruvian, and those few were all occupied by love of monastick institutions. Robertson says, that Spain lay *comatose* from the year 1650 till the great national convulsions on death of Charles II.

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rouzed her once more to sensation, if not to sensibility. Carpomanes himself says plainly, that the monarchy seemed inert, and as if dead, from Philip's time to that hot civil war which followed the event we speak of—a subject for some future chapter's *Retrospect*; and my readers will scarce fail to say, how such a mode of regeneration reminds *them* of the story told by Raynal, and again by Pennant in his *Hindustan*, where a poor fellow born in an inferior class or cast, when he desires earnestly to become a Bramin, is obliged to crawl in at the tail of a brazen calf they worship, and whose idol on this occasion is previously heated; if working on, the poor wretch is not suffocated before he finds out his way at the beast's mouth, the honour is purchased, and a Bramin he becomes; if death arrests his progress to their society, so much the better, their cast is kept more pure from profanation. All this tends, however, but to corroborate the true idea, that Phœbus, partial to his native east, ripens *their* spirits as their mines more perfectly, and with a warmer kindness as it seems, than those of their Periæci in the new-found continent. For while the progeny of Abraham and *Kétura* (if such they are) count the four classes of humanity, as soldiers and labourers from the arms of *Cuttery*, statesmen and legislators formed from her head, priests and pure worshippers of heaven from her heart, and groveling souls ordained by Providence to take the lowest place, made from the feet of this much-honoured parent:—the five Indian nations of North America, ignorant of all ideas concerning rank, owned no distinction but the necessary one; a leader or chieftain, the Sachem of their tribe.

This man elected for superior strength at first, and afterwards confirmed by their experience of his superior wisdom, was followed to war, or listened to when he persuaded peace, till age or sickness dulled his powers, and made a new choice indispensable, while fullen and taciturn, and steady to their sole purpose of getting and protecting woods for purposes of chase; the only pleasure capable of animating a no-longer-hungry Cayuga, is hope of enjoying the tortures of an enemy, who

who stands between him and his subsistence, by preventing the carcajou from climbing the chestnut trees appropriated to his brethren's haunts, or frightening the moose deer from passing through their shade. Proportionate to the cruelty shewn by *one* tribe to a foe, has been from time immemorial the dreadful revenge taken by that foe upon his neighbour, when caught upon a hunting party in a wrong place; nor must we wonder at the howling female who dances round the fire where this unlucky enemy is consuming: when we reflect upon the measures she is driven to, rather than see her children pine with hunger or feel the blows bestowed on her, when no more food can be found. But Monsieur de Champlain, in the year 1632, first governor of Canada, gave name to the lake so termed in all our maps, and wished to civilize the furious chieftains. The French had tried at an establishment in 1539 and in 1608; the intelligent Chanoine de Vaucouleurs tells us, that one might begin to call it a colony; our English displaced them in 1629, but gave the matter up in 1632, when a settlement of thirty thousand men, women and children, introduced with Christianity some softer notions. Yet scrupled they not to add our European vices to the few they found there; when round the place now known by name of Mount Real, existed some old tribes which the new settlers leaguings with other tribes destroyed and the poor senseless savages, delighted to learn new modes of gratifying their deep-fixed revenge, studied the use of all destructive weapons with alacrity, and willingly assisted Champlain and his followers, to drive the Adirondacs out of existence. Piskaret indeed, last of this last-named tribe, an Adirondac, skulking in the woods, committed many acts of dreadful cruelty upon the French Indians—Christians of Loretto, as their new allies were called when once converted. This active creature learned to run in snow-shoes turned or inverted—put on backwards, in short, with so much skill, as to render his being caught impossible. When he had gained intelligence of his enemy's little camp, where now accustomed to drink ardent spirits they slept soundly; he stole
upon

upon them as a pole-cat on a hen-roost, and having first knocked them on the head with his tomahawk, tore off their scalps, and carried them away as proof of victory and prowess, leaving them sometimes alive in agonies scarce to be conceived, from which however more than one hardy Indian has been known to recover; and meditate for months and years a dreadful vengeance beneath the naked undefended cranium. Of all the European nations, who arriving disturbed and fomented these domestick quarrels, a Dutch commander seems to have been the favourite; *Corlear* was his name, and in the year 1650, he settled a pretty town at Schenectady, situated upon the Mohawk's river near Albany. Such was the esteem of all for this gentleman, that they have ever since given his name to every Christian officer endowed with authority, Frenchman or Briton; and to the year 1750, I am *sure* that whoever was made governor of New York, bore that appellation from the friendly Indians: thus for a whole century at *least*, preserving a kind memory of the man they loved, and upon whom they oddly enough bestowed in token of amity and true regard, the coat armour (as I may call it) the insignia if you will, of the five principal nations, wolf, tortoise, bear; I forget both the other two. When first these nimble savages ran with our people, and shewed them whence the wondrous noise proceeded, which for so many miles is heard to those who travel the interior parts of North America, as they approach the falls of Niagara; how must the view have brought back to their *Retrospect*, a horrid parallel between those Spaniards who first descried the latent hemisphere, and hurled the old inhabitants from their abodes, and that smooth stream which gliding forwards unperceived, covered with water-fowl innumerable, dashes them down at once; while the stunned birds are thrown in heaps on all the neighbouring lands, where fear has flung them, or the torrent driven. But we return again to long-left England, whose colonists less cruel had so conciliated their naked neighbours, no opposition stopt the progress of a trade which brought tobacco to our land, with other luxuries that seemed to render us rich although discontented.

C H A P. XI.

GREAT BRITAIN ONLY TO 1650.

OUR eighth chapter left King James, first of that name, sovereign in *Great Britain*, so was our country, our whole island called after the reigns of *Henry*, *Edward*, *Mary*, *Philip* and *Elizabeth*, the initials of which names Camden says, compleated an old prediction that when *hempe* is spun, *England's* done : our style being altered from the king of Scots accession, to the composite word *Great Britain*. James however, seemed to enjoy royalty only as it gave him power to feed favourites. The gay dress and elegance of mien and manners for which young Villiers was so very eminent, soon rivetted his conquest over a heart made vacant by disgrace of Robert Carr, who seems to have left no trace of *his* power, nothing but tales of infamy, and the word *summer-set* still used by tumblers, taken from *him* who excelled in feats of activity. The newer minion now in three or four years at farthest, from being cup-bearer at first, became knight of the garter, master of the horse, constable of Windsor, warden of the cinque-ports, chief justice in eyre, and lord high-admiral of England, adding to these places of trust and offices of emolument, the titles of viscount, earl, marquis, and at last duke of Buckingham. His beautiful and provident mother, says his biographer, having given him an education more of gay courtesy than deep literature, no one ever filled such a post with less danger of losing it ; and Du Puy, in his *Histoire des Favorites*, gives Villiers the palm for managing in such a manner, as to procure and keep, free from all rivalry, his master's purse and personal affection, wholly

wholly his own for ever. As the remaining part of James's reign was in reality *his*, the king will have less share in our *Retrospection*, except perhaps to observe that the cautionary towns were by the royal order given up for money to supply the duke's delight in magnificence. Meanwhile a manifest change of manners took place, no fewer than twenty thousand mariners protected us, two ships of sixty-four guns each were built, and commerce brought hither the broad-filk manufactory. Saltpetre was worked in England, sugars were cultivated at Barbadoes by negroes; the slave-trade flourished, and gazettes were printed in every country, communicating intelligence from shore to shore. The word was originally Italian. Gaza in that language means a magpie: they published a *gazetta*, or little chatterer, at Venice, telling the news of the day, in 1629; the small coin which paid for it was, from the paper itself, term'd *una gazetta*, and Theophraste Renaud, a surgeon of Montpelier, printed one for the amusement of the sick in 1631. In seven years more we had not only newspapers in London, but even private towns boasted their weekly courants. Newcastle was the first. The Thames made during this reign navigable to Oxford, increased the internal traffick of the nation, and the new river brought to London by my countryman, Sir Hugh Middleton, increased the comforts of a now splendid and full metropolis. Hackney coaches, twenty in number, plans of sedan chairs for ladies, evinced an alteration all desired to see, a state of ease and luxury which all desired to partake; while the pretty ballad preserved in Dryden's *Miscellanies*, shews how the nobility changed their mode of living and flocked in crowds to the capital, where such attractions were concentrated, where scenes were added to the theatre, where conversation was growing to be a sort of science, and books written to regulate it were translated into English. Aristocracy, deprived of its power in distant provinces, sought compensation from familiar talk in the town, where cultivated minds, congenial spirits might be found, with whom to discuss the politicks of the day; and leaving abstruse studies,

profound enquiries and logical ratiocination behind; gay wit and lively rhetorick succeeded to the publick favour. Romance was going fast out of the world, though not yet wholly lost. Lord Surrey's passion for fair Geraldine, heated up to a fine poetick phrenzy about the year 1540, seems to have been no longer the fashionable reading, and even the writings of Sir Philip Sydney grew daily less and less in vogue, though Johnson quotes the *Arcadia* as a standard of language in our own day, and Surrey is at this time styl'd our earliest English classic. His love being inflamed by a magical glass indeed, wherein Agrippa shewed him his lady reposing on a couch reading a sonnet written by *himself*, while a wax taper gave him a glimmering sight of her beautiful countenance, rendered more interestingly a transient paleness, was not likely to please the middle of a century like the 17th. It was exactly calculated for the days of Petrarch, whose passion Surrey warmed his own after, ending it much in the same manner too; for having been victorious in a tournament where he challenged whole nations, and bravely risked his life for her sake, all Europe resounding with praise of her great merits, and his firm attachment: this flaming lover after all quietly married Frances, daughter to the Earl of Oxford, by whom he had many children, while the bright Irish damsel (such Walpole says she was) and daughter to *Fitzgerald*, not Tuscan Geraldine, was contented to be third wife of Clinton, earl of Lincoln; such conclusion of such rant, brought the rant itself quicker to conclude.

The last tournament held in our country, for Elizabeth's amusement on Blackheath, was of ill ending. A dwarf appeared tendering the Queen a paper, signifying how some knights from a far country, devoted to their dames, had vowed to maintain the honour of *their* beauties against whoever should affirm his fair one more excelling. "My bold 'Squire," replied her Majesty, "you give short notice, yet shall your challenge be answered." At the trumpet's found, therefore, out started champions on both sides richly accoutred, and M. Cornwallis was terribly hurt by Sir John Perrot, natural son to Hen. VIII. The Queen felt greatly

greatly distressed, and a Mahometan envoy present, wisely exclaimed :
 “ If these combatants be in earnest, this is too little ; but if they be in
 “ jest, believe me ’tis too much !” A messenger at that moment arriv-
 ing to tell how Henry II. of France had received his death’s wound in
 a similar contest ten days before ; the entertainment was broken up,
 and tournaments put to a final and fatal end, both in our own country
 and our neighbour’s. These romantick and dangerous amusements, had
 their exit hastened still more, by the taste people took up of translating
 the old Greek tragedies, and correcting our stage by model of the old
 Greek drama. In *this* again our sovereign bore her part, and rendered
 the Hercules *Œtæus* into English. I suppose Shakespear was a better
 courtier than to ridicule what had attracted her immediate notice, else
 should I be tempted strongly to believe, that the nonsense he puts into
 Bottom the weaver’s mouth about *Ercles’ vein*, a *tyrant’s vein*, and a
 part to *tear a cat in*, had reference to Hercules, in the Queen’s favourite
 play, throwing the beasts about from the top of Mount *Œta*. Her
 Majesty was not the only woman employed in Greek literature, and ver-
 sifications of old poets by female hands, were then coming out every day.
 Puttenham says, “ We would not have girls be too precise poets, lest
 with such shrewd wit as *rhyme requireth*, they become hateful to hus-
 bands who love not fantastick wives.” Harvey had said in his character
 of a maid of honour,

Saltet item, pingatque eadem, doctumque poema

Pangat ; nec musas nesciat illa meas.

But the fear of dying maids and *single wymmen*, as Puttenham threatens,
 seems to have taken immediate effect ; and ladies were so well warned
 by *him*, and by Edward Hake afterwards, in his *Touchstone of Time Pre-
 sent*, that instead of being such scholars, that Roger Ascham reproached
 the university with the court lasses’ superior erudition, they ran into a
 contrary extreme, and by the time the Stuart race was ended, a family re-
 ceipt book contained all the literature of an English country huswife,
 however high her rank, while Swift’s account of Queen Anne’s maids

of honour, forms a droll contrast to Harvey and Ascham's notion of that post under Elizabeth, and of their knowledge who occupied the station.

All changed apace ; Hake wrote a book on the impiety of dancing, but girls did not leave *that* off as willingly as grammar. The art, however, underwent many alterations : a dance called Pavan, from Pavo the peacock, because they performed it in long robes puffing and trailing after them, was dismissed, and the same figure to quick-time came in with Scots' reels, &c. We call it a *truss'd peacock** still, in the north, because the train is tuck'd up as in a jig. The galliard which set Sir Christopher Hatton high in his sovereign's favour, till *step* by *step* he became lord keeper ; still held its place at Paris, where Furetiere tells us, that in 1558, a book of *Orchesography* was published, denoting the names of various motions in a dance, *fieson*, *fieson relevée*, *brisée* *marche* and *close* : words now familiar to us all, but apparently new enough to English people in Addison's time, because the Spectator makes much sport out on't. The *Morefco*, or Moorish dance, brought in by Catherine of Arragon, is scarcely gone *quite* out of the island yet, I believe. *Morris dancing* (for so by corruption it was called) lasted till George the second's reign at least, and morrice pikes for the purpose were common in Wales five years ago.

Queen Mary delighted much in what reminded her of Spain and Spaniards ; but tumbling and trampoline tricks, at that time a novelty, *inchaunted* her, as we read, to *much* merriment. What wonder then, if James of Scotland, her first cousin once removed, was struck with such performances ! his mind was not empty, though it was flexible, but no endowments give the power to use them. *That* quality depends on *strength* of mind, not fulness. This prince saw plainly how the world was going, and he saw plainly too, he could not stop or turn it. He recommended other modes to his nobility, and told the great lords with

* From a *truss'd pea* comes the word *strathspey*, I believe.

good sense enough, that here in town they could appear only like great ships upon the ocean, but that in their own shires and boroughs, they would shine like great ships at a river's mouth, esteemed and wondered at, and benefiting those around.

The wise maxims of a man whose conduct was repugnant to decorum however, just at the moment when decorum began to hold a higher price than learning; failed of all effect upon his hearers, who saw him every day duped by Gondemar, cajoled by Bassonpierre, and fool'd by Buckingham, almost to fatuity. The trick this last named nobleman played, bringing a sucking pig wrapt in a mantle for the king to kiss, making him believe it was a new-born baby to which his majesty had promised to stand sponsor, was a device even below contempt, had it been practised on a child of eleven years old: yet served it as a standing jest at court, and to that foolery the duke alludes, when in his letters from France and Spain, preserved in our British Museum, he begins, "dear dad and *gossip*. One is not sorry to see every one of such epistles, ending however, with your Highness' humble *slave* and *dog*, *Stenny*. Many strange passages are recorded of their odd familiarity by French Memoires. Those of le Marquis de Bassonpierre, Marechal de France, compiled whilst Richelieu kept him in the Bastile, whence that great minister's death released him, teem with tales told of our English monarch and his favourite. Among the rest he says, how while king James and he were speaking seriously upon business one morning, without any witnesses in the bed-chamber, Buckingham came *tumbling* in, in his *odd way*, and clapping a hand on each of their shoulders, leaped suddenly between his own legs in the air—" *Glissant et sautant* (says he) *comme un danseur de corde, et d'une maniere merveilleuse,*" put an end to the conversation. Grave characters always affect levity in their domestick companions; and I suppose Charles I. whose face was said by physiognomists to be marked strongly with melancholy and misfortune, delighted in feats and frolicks like his father, otherwise it seems to me foolisher *still*, that he should for a friend and future

future minister make his deliberate election of the youth his predecessor had taken up merely as a toy. The intimacy between *them* grew up from the young prince's desire of seeing the Infanta, whom it was thought fit for him to marry, and for whom he fancied himself already possess'd with passion. Villiers, eager to escape from his old master's awkward fondness, and desirous to display his spirit of gallantry and variety of accomplishments on a new and more extensive theatre, resolved to obtain consent for accompanying Baby Charles (as his doating parent called him) who, although convinced beyond a doubt of the folly of such an exploit—being overaw'd by a favourite he now began to fear, and over-persuaded by a son who above all things he loved, and being ever unable to deny suits, permitted their absence on the silly and dangerous errand, when tears and entreaties failed of power to detain them. My countryman, Sir Richard Wynne, was in their train and confidence, and has given the best account we have of their adventures. Tom Hearne published it, but it is little read, though very entertaining: his head painted by Cornelius Jansen, is preserved at Wynnstay, and Bartolozzi engraved it for Mr. Pennant's book, but the author's body lies at Wimbledon in Surrey, far from his native land. He tells how the Infanta was used to go and gather *May dew* for her complexion in *early morn* at a *casadi campo*, or summer-house, on t'other side the river, I remember; and how Prince Charles, taking with him master Endymion Porter, went thither likewise, and got surreptitiously into the house, and into the garden too; but his fair one was in the orchard, between which and them was a high-partition wall. This did not however, keep out the active Englishmen: our future sovereign, like Romeo, *with love-light wings did overleap that wall*—but the old Marquis Olivarez hearing him, hobbled to the scene of meeting, and fell on his knees, conjuring the prince to retire, and protesting that *his* head must inevitably answer for such a breach of custom and ancient usages.

Goodness of heart prevailed over absurdity *for once*, and no more
private

private conferences were even fought by Charles, who now contented himself with watching her, the Spaniards said, "as a cat watches a mouse," and singing seguedillas under her window, among which the following seems best remembered.

Carlos Estuardo foy
Que fiendo amor mi guia;
Al ciel d'España voy,
Por ver mi Estrella Maria.

As a proof that our royal adventurer made his own verses, they are bad ones; and such as none but a foreigner would make. The match went off, however, through the caprices of Buckingham, who once so wish'd it, and the two friends, their friendship unimpaired, in spite of all his pranks, returned home through France, where Villiers felt himself more at home than in grave Castile, the courtiers of whose king recollected a thousand insults offered to them or to their families by a presumptuous favourite, who, while among them, they felt half afraid of.

Philip however, sent the diamonds back which our prince had presented to his sister, rejoiced in their nation's escape from a heretick match, and prepared for war upon gentle James, who never recover'd his grief for the quarrel in a cause he liked not: although his darlings did come home safe at last, a circumstance which added, perhaps, two or three years to his now-declining life. On their way back, Charles found it likewise convenient to fall in love at Paris with the daughter of Henry the fourth, while Buckingham, half in his own country, and ever confident of success in all amours, acting, as it appears, upon Lord Chesterfield's opinions before they were published, paid secret, yet easily-discerned addresses to Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII., whom he invited upon visiting when confined by a cold to her bed, by the side of which sat a lady, employed in preventing too close approaches, and crying out occasionally: "*Ah Monseigneur! que faites vous donc? Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'on adresse la Reine de France.*" The thoughts

thoughts of seeing his son married, however, consoled the old king a little for the tales told of his favourite's conduct; and though this lady's fortune was far short of that he had hoped with the Infanta, she was daughter to a king, which this monarch seemed to consider as a qualification indispensable to a Princess of Wales. She was shortly wife to a king, but his people's veneration for royalty was waning apace; and some who loved it still, fretted at the odd mistake made in proclaiming the successor *Charles rightful and disputable heir*, &c. instead of rightful *indisputable* heir. A worse omen, however, might reasonably have been drawn from that young heir's attachment to a nobleman, against whom all ranks testified now their undissembled aversion, notwithstanding which he continued to hold places quite incompatible with each other, though my countryman, his true servant, Howell, admonished him in the quaint phrase of the times, how his Grace would stand firmer without help of an anchor, meaning the office of high admiral, *now* supposed too arduous a post for any one man to hold, and Buckingham was responsible for half a dozen more beside. He and his master however, seemed resolved to do their own way, and then trust to their own skill for pacifying those they had offended. This mode of proceeding did well *within the palace*, when king Charles with his own hand turned out of it all the French servants who came with the Queen, I think, for imposing some odd penances upon her. The confessor, bishop of Mende, ran to his mistress for refuge; but her husband suddenly catching her up in his arms, hastened with her to the bed-chamber and locked her in, so that, although she broke all the windows in the room, and tore off her hair, there was no remedy, submission followed of course.

“A family,” says some philosopher, “is but a little kingdom, and a kingdom is no more than a great family.” The saying was truer when 'twas spoken than when our sovereign applied it; he soon found that the same talents will not do for both. Charles was an excellent husband, father, and master; but knew not how to rule a powerful state

state swelling with opulence, and fermenting with new and yesty knowledge, that foamed itself into a rocky head below, a strong mephitick vapour hovering round, over which dangerous steam who holds his face, loses or wits or life. Buckingham, heedless and daring, was the first to suffer by his encouraged folly; he would be sent ambassador to France; Louis XIII. swore he never should come there again; in a romantick passion Villiers threatened that he would see Anne of Austria spite of her husband and of all his nation. Our own was by this freak engaged in wars which the surly parliament would not give money to support; why should they? Disgrace of course attended our attack upon the isles of Rhé and Oleron, and assassination waited the flashy favourite's return.* Howell's account of it is succinct, yet comical. "The duke, says he, rose in a *well disposed humour from his bed, and cut a caper or two, and then to breakfast, amidst a ruffling train of courtiers and commanders.*" The event is known to all, for in such passages history holds out her features prominent for *Retrospection's* eye to seize the outline: yet 'tis odd that a man writing to the Duchess of Buckingham's own aunt, should dwell with admiration on the circumstance of King Charles's quiet behaviour and serene acquiescence in his loss, nor can one refrain from smiling to see him make his exit with a caper. Clarendon's story of Sir George Villiers appearing to an old dependent friend, and requesting *him* to warn his son against such an accident, is indeed confirmed by his Majesty's conduct, who had often heard the tale no doubt; and the historian says, that Countess Buckingham, mother to the favourite, was in nowise astonished, though much grieved, having a sure trust in the spectre's words. Spectres, however, were unnecessary to tell what was so very likely to happen; and we see Lord Portland, who succeeded him as high admiral, frightened to death almost because feeling in his pockets one day

* His duchess soon married the Earl of Antrim, Lord Rutland having, as appears, quickly consoled his daughter, to whose house Howell describes *him* riding on a *post-horse*, soon as the news had reached his country seat.

when he changed them, a paper was found rumpled up with these words on it, *Remember Cæsar*. Self-love prompting him to think himself threatened with the fate of a hero his lordship in nowise resembled, he staid from council, pleading sudden sickness, and let no one in to comfort him except the Marquis of Tullibardine, his intimate friend, who, in order to change the conversation, asked him if he had yet bestowed the trifling post he promised upon the son of their common acquaintance, Sir Julius Cæsar? adding, that he had taken the permitted liberty of putting a paper in his lordship's hand once, reminding him of the kindness designed by two words only, *Remember Cæsar*. Portland then recollected the circumstance, provided for the innocent cause of his panick, said nothing to his companions, but hastily quitted the court, and told the tale some years after. Cæsar is originally a Venetian family; L'Abate Cæsarotti of Padua is of the same house: they almost always baptize their sons Julius or Augustus. Of this servant, however, his majesty had no loss; he prepared for the coming struggle, and apparently resolved to encounter it with roughness; every house of commons which he called throughout his reign renewed and enforced that struggle, and every parliament dissolved boasted some old prerogatives lost to the crown. Party rose higher and higher every year; and distinctions were soon observed about keeping Sunday, which Romanists and Lutherans had till then alike agreed to hold as a high festival, being the day on which our Lord rose from the dead; it had been so accounted since the time of Constantine, till Calvin seeing the abuses consequent upon merry-making, gave men to understand it should be kept *holily*, not *gaily*: a caution useful in the industrious cities he inhabited, where if the people are allowed to play, they'll soon find out it were as well to work too, and so the Sabbath is profaned and broken. But in our island's foggy air, Calvinism saw each object of dissention magnified; and being grown much more morose than at her birth, suffered with sour malignity her harsh professors to drive even devotional musick from the church: all ornament, all elegance was chased away, each gloomy ill-presaging idea being with avidity substituted

tuted in their stead. Prynne, whose austerity surpassed belief, wrote against all amusements, all diversions; and tore the gilding off life's bitter pill without remorse. When we were called, in the last volume, to turn our *Retrospect* upon the reigns of Theodosius or Pulcheria, a meagre troop attracted our attention, but *they* practised cruelties only on themselves: these censured all who did *not* practise them, and tried to settle sorrow by establishment, and to perpetuate it by long entail. The court, adhering to old usages, was the more abhorred; and to say true, the cutting off Prynne's ears, and pilloring him, seems a preposterous mode of making their own notions popular, or deserving of approbation. It certainly increased the sect of Puritans, and great was the company of the preachers, who called our clergy dumb dogs, because the lectures were in Anglican churches short, compared with the regular service or form of prayer; while these new teachers found some latent merit in extemporaneous petitions to heaven, and harangues to their mortal auditors full three hours long.

Preaching was an art now, almost an accomplishment all over Europe; and little Bossuet, when just six years old, was blest with a peculiar talent for it. The French *Melanges* tell a droll story how the child's father called a large company of wits, lords, ladies, &c. to hear the baby hold forth; his exhibition of premature excellence beginning after supper, and lasting till one or two o'clock. *Je n'ai jamais entendu prêcher, ni si tôt ni si tard*, says Voiture. I never heard such *early* or *late* preaching in my life before. But we return to England, whence Hazelrigg, Hambden, Cromwell, proving their sincerity, resolved to emigrate; and for our colonies in North America quit a country where the old cross upon a church top, an organ in the choir, a surplice in the desk, and, above all, a decent altar whereon to celebrate our Saviour's sacrifice, commemorating his last supper, offended their righteous spirit. In an ill hour the king forced them back, by a strange abuse of the authority still left him; for if men like not the worship or government of their fathers, they should leave it. Compulsion never made good subjects yet, and that *these* men lived to be thorns in poor Charles's

Charles's crown, no reader can much regret; from *them* he *did* deserve reproach for tyranny. Yet was there no popular or general cry as I can learn against subordination; what nearest drew towards resemblance of next century's scenes, was the saying of a member of parliament, "That men were grown too wise now to let one person rule them." He meant, however, but a transfer of that rule from the king to the *house*. For this purpose the lords grew obnoxious, and the lower assembly sighed for their removal; from *power*, as it appears, but nothing more. The tale Clarendon himself tells of a London citizen quarrelling with a nobleman's waterman, about saying that the swan he wore as *badge* being his master's crest, was but a goose, proves how severely offences towards superior birth were punished. The tradesman paid so high a fine it bankrupted the man. The Earl of Suffolk, in the year 1634 too, had been called a *base lord* by Sir Richard Granville, who thought himself cheated by him, (perhaps it was so) in a contest for property; he was, however, forced to pay eight thousand pounds for defamation: nor can a modern reader forbear to rejoice in the abolition of a star-chamber, that levied ten thousand pounds upon Sir George Markham's estate, as a fine during the same reign, only because he had horsewhipt Lord d'Arcy's huntsman for insolence to *him* in the field while sporting: but challenges and duels once so frequent were out of fashion; *that* fiery spirit was evaporated, and the coarse dregs of avarice more solid, sunk behind. Puritanism felt more shocked by showier vices than by meanness, and pecuniary composition for private offence was *natural* to England. See the first volume of this work, eleventh chapter. Corruption once again crawled forward into dirty life: Wentworth, a busy speaker against grievances, attracted notice from the house of commons; and Charles, who felt authority sliding from under him, resolved to try the force of influence, and buy his friendship by promotion. The Earl of Strafford now defended measures he had once appeared to think pernicious; and like the tame jackdaw, with cap and stockings, was soon pursued by quondam companions as a deserter: his intimacy with Archbishop
Laud,

Laud, however, confirmed him in his court principles, and he defended church and king to death. Charles, who had felt an unfilled void in his heart since Buckingham was killed, gave to these two great statesmen all his confidence; but the queen who disliked rivals in her husband's affection; having suffered some personal insults from the last named nobleman, and who wished to be the only favourite herself, when republicanism rose upon the ruins of our constitution, and *rebellion's vengeful talons seiz'd on Laud*; was observed to express herself less angrily than she had often done on similar occasions. She urged the king too on that great concession, when he agreed to expel his spiritual lords from parliament, which seemed surprizing to those who knew how highly a daughter of the Bourbon house was likely to hold up aristocratick power. Her majesty however, true to the church and court of *Rome*, *despised* our ecclesiastical arrangements no whit less than presbyterians or even independents *hated* them. She doubted not but that the division among protestant partizans would drive all England back to the infallible papacy which she preferr'd in heart and soul, to a husband whom she had from her infancy been taught to consider as allied and predestined to certain damnation. Placed among such subjects, such bosom friends, such counsellors; our sovereign hurried forward his temporal undoing. While Strafford's impeachment and execution, tho' not unwelcome to the lady, filled *his* indignant mind with fierce resentment, approaching to a criminal desire of revenge;—the horrid massacre of protestants in Ireland at which the English were taught to believe that he connived, the Scottish covenant, and some sketches of a new form of government moulded on that in Holland, and publickly handed about London streets, increased his rage; and irritated it to a temporary phrenzy. He suddenly accused five members most distinguished for patriotism in *their* sense, and in his, sedition; of treason against the state: and drove himself to Westminster to seize, and drag them away for condemnation. *They* escaped, and made so good use of their lives thus saved,
that

that they filled the town with tumults and were brought back to their seats in triumph by the multitude, whose noisy arrogance now drove the king from his metropolis, and prompted him to ship away his queen and daughter, the betrothed Princess of Orange* safe for Amsterdam. From Dover where they parted, Charles rode in haste to York; receiving at that place the last proposals for accommodation before the sword was drawn. They were conceived according to the spirit of the *new* times, and he rejected them according to the spirit of the *old* ones. Then, without any well-founded hope of succour from abroad, without any settled revenue at home, without money and without a fleet, he fearlessly set up his royal standard at Nottingham. To those bright colours so long dear to England, loyalists from every quarter flocked in apace, nobles and gentlemen of ancient families rallied round them as their defence from democrattick tyrants, whilst the honest peasants, ever desirous to see the royal cause triumphant over all its enemies, clung round their monarch, who led them on with chearful confidence, nor seemed much to reflect how all magazines of ammunition, all ports and harbours, all excise and customs were in the parliament's possession; or how the Earl of Essex, remembering the insults offer'd to his father in the last reign by Somerset, willingly headed their army against a son of James the first. His lordship lost the first battle however; and might have suffered a final overthrow had the king pushed on with the falling tide to fortune. But Baby Charles, as his fond parent always called him, though a belles-lettres man, never made a deep scholar like his father: though an exemplary and virtuous individual, could not perhaps at *any* period of the world have been considered as a great sovereign; and though a pertinacious and valiant soldier, never learned to be a skilful or successful general. He wasted after every victory, in fruitless negotiation that precious time which would have gained another battle and made peace pos-

* Mother to King William III.

fible. Apprized of his disposition, the foe managed with adroitness, appearing still to seek the accommodation which they scorned; and while he thought of his duty, they talked about their conscience. The result was what it must be in such a contest.

This world is made for the bold impious man,
Who flies at all, and catches what he can;
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own,
And while she long debates, the glitt'ring prize is gone.

DRYDEN.

Upon the 23d of October 1642 then, our *retrospective* eye sees a new civil war kindled in Britain, which had enjoyed no very long repose since York and Lancaster drenched it with English blood. The quarrel here indeed was widely different; a question *then*, not very unusual, had been agitated; as who should sit upon the throne of their ancestors: the struggle now was whether any throne in our island should exist at all. Princes to thwart each other, had for some time been calling up the mercantile order to depress nobility. Trade had increased their general importance, and now the demagogues drew on the commons to think that other forms of government existed, where *they* might rule without regard to ancestry; and as they had already learned to think all hierarchy on earth an empty show, the passage was short and the transition easy, from no bishop to no king. A tenantry long dependent on the higher powers were however, in small haste to learn such doctrines. The city of London listened to them willingly; and in the city of London now were seen young men of high birth, whose parents dazzled by the splendor and opulence of the capital were induced to bind their sons apprentices to trade; while twenty thousand bales of cloth sent annually to Turkey, the reduction of interest to six per cent. and the wonderful increase of the customs, said by Lewis Roberts in his *Treasure of Traffick* to bring in half a million per annum, evince our growing greatness to have been prodigious, and it was natural for those who gained money at such a

rate

rate to desire its security, and with its consequences—a solidity of power and firm establishment of property, equal to that enjoyed by nobles. Pressing these principles too far however, they rushed into a war capable of destroying those riches they meant to realize: the bloody contest desolated our land without deciding any superiority for two full years. The greatest men on both sides were fallen on the field; and among the parliamentary army a warm fanaticism prevailed, little understood, and scarcely dreamed on by those who first withstood what *they* unjustly called the *encroachments* of the crown, but what *Retrospection*, with more candour, sees to have been the too rough and too free, and very imprudent exercise of those prerogatives by Charles the first, which were once easily enough endured, by differently-constructed parliaments, crouching before his differently-constructed predecessors. He had himself tacitly acknowledged that they were not tenable in modern times; he had made many concessions, and recognized many privileges on the part of the commons, with which the first and original movers of the dispute would now have been contented; but their party weakened fast by frequent deaths, and by strange sub-divisions into new sects, the strongest among which, well named *independents*, professed themselves completely so in all opinions concerning church and state. Of this number was the renowned Oliver Cromwell, whose bravery and skill won the great battle of Marston Moor, and whose happy art of disciplining and training troops till then unused to war, was exemplified at Naseby to the king's utter ruin. His army was dispersed, his cabinet and letters seized, and after a few unsuccessful skirmishes, retreat was needful, and no place afforded one, but Oxford. From that city, the true seat of loyalty and learning; Charles dispatched couriers to *request* accommodation; but no terms now, however advantageous, would be listened to by a parliament, whence many old moderate members had seceded, many had fallen in battle I believe, some had changed sides, disgusted with their comrades; and some had died of grief. In this
extremity

extremity the distressed, almost the quondam monarch turned his eyes to Scotland, his father's native country, ever beloved by both, and in 1646, he delivered himself up *unconditionally* into Lord Leven's hand, then general of the Scotch army at Newark. These, glad to share in that wealth they had long regarded with envy quickened by appetite, sold him directly to his English enemies for four hundred thousand pounds, insulting him during the short stay made amongst them in every possible mode. When the king first was told of the base bargain—a messenger sent by the parliament to fetch him there, found him at chess,—“Go on with your game, sir,” in an unaltered voice to his companion, was all the answer which he made; they went on, and as a proof that Charles's spirits were not agitated, after an hour's play he won. This was of a piece with his conduct, when being in chapel an express came and said, Buckingham was assassinated—his Majesty fate the service out in calm and undisturbed devotion: much had befallen him since then to *now*; yet was his heart the same. Historians never fail to blame the Scotch for selling thus the life of an unhappy prince; but they say little of those scoffs which he was made to suffer while among them; yet surely to sin with temptation must be more pardonable than 'tis to sin without it; four hundred thousand pounds were in those days a purchase for any crime, but to tread down already fallen fortunes, and press the recent wounds of royalty to torture, only for the pleasure of seeing them bleed fresh; is a disgrace upon the species sure, a stain to human nature. The war however, by the King's desertion of his adherents, was here at an end, he was himself conveyed to Holmby House, Northamptonshire, and while the conquering army bullied the once victorious and arrogant commonwealth, he secretly hoped to be called in as umpire among his hot contending subjects. But Cromwell, who was rising to the height from which he had lent his hand to fling down his master, suffered nothing (that once done) to impede his rapid progress. “Returning were as tedious as go o'er,” Macbeth says; and Oliver had only his king and his

conscience in his way; 'twas necessary that one should be appeas'd and one removed. As for the parliament at Westminster, he had spirit and sense enough to despise *them*, in opposition to whose measures he set up a sort of military parliament, under his own immediate influence and control. To tease the house of commons, these petitioned and remonstrated, just as the commons before the war begun, had done by the king, and with the same success; every concession producing a new encroachment, till all their power was completely gone; to tease Cromwell again, and show mankind "how even-handed justice returns th' ingredients of each poison'd chalice to our own lips," started up a new sprout from his own independent tree; a new sect, calling themselves *Levellers*, who cried aloud, that all mortal men were equal, that all subordination and government was of *human* institution and *profane*; that no one ought to obey any one; and that all property should be shared in equal portions through every realm. This folly grew dangerous and might have proved fatal, had not bold Oliver, apprized of their meeting, suddenly appeared among them, and commanded them to disperse. A saucy answer from one of their orators provoked the general to *level* him with the earth, and having killed half a dozen of these wise men of Gotham and hanged half a dozen more, the rest ran away; nor could they be any more collected for purpose of enforcing those doctrines which he himself had indeed *taught*, while they were convenient to him; but without ever supposing them fit for rational creatures to act upon, or practise. Another stroke of unopposed severity accelerated the end of England's troubles. Lest some connection should by chance grow up between the house of dupes at Westminster, and their much injured sovereign, cornet Joyce with three hundred men was dispatch'd to bring *him* to the camp at Cambridge, where the commander in chief set spies about his person, and by perpetual alarms of that assassination he had long expected, frightened the gentlemen attending on his bed-chamber, till they prevailed on him to run away, and seek for shelter.

shelter in the Isle of Wight, where Carysfort castle was his prison till 'twas thought fit to bring him back to London: where incredible offences had been committed, and various disorders suffered by all conditions of men, under the ostensible guidance of a weak parliament, incapable of doing civil justice by any, and apparently unable to disband an army raised by themselves; *these* happily for all mankind, now closed around the city gates with Cromwell at their head. His presence there brought peace, submission, and obedience. He sent their silly mayor and sheriffs to the tower, drove eleven members into exile for treason and sedition, as he called their impotent attempts to resist *him*; and then made what was left of the house, return him formal thanks for his *faithful* conduct. Poor Charles was now informed his trial was coming on; the day being arrived, seventy pick'd men from one hundred and thirty-three who had been named to sit in judgment on him, appeared in their places, Bradshaw the president at their head, our long imprison'd monarch seated at their bar; but steadily disclaiming their authority, and rejecting their jurisdiction, made no answers: lest, as he said, he should appear to sanction a court which never had existence in law, and which they had no right to hold. When permitted to speak, rejecting the style of response, he used the language of un sullied royalty; protested himself their native and hereditary king, said no man could be justly tried but by his peers, and asked what was become of the house of lords? by that very enquiry tacitly considering himself as an old Gothick baron, whose great ancestors raised to the sovereignty in Scottish land, centuries before, and England dropping to his house by heirship, he was in his own sense, their true and rightful ruler. This scene three times repeated, he as often refused to recognize their self-created court; as often spoke to them by appellation of his misguided subjects, obtesting heaven that he never wronged them, but submitting to the sentence he had merited *from* heaven for having, in compliance with their wishes, as he said, consented to a virtuous servant's death, meaning the Earl of Strafford. Such

temperate, such pious sentiments, such truly intrepid and dignified behaviour could not, and, in effect, did not fail to make a temporary impression. But Cromwell plied the soldiery with songs, and psalms, fanatical hymns too, all in praise of liberty and freedom's glorious cause, till they thought what they were doing was to purchase paradise; while *he*, protesting 'twas against his will, and by immediate inspiration that he acted; they willingly threw off what they now called aloud *the beggarly elements* of justice and humanity, and trusted to the *internal movements* of their hearts. *These*, now suggested the immediate execution of Charles Stuart (as they called him) and on the 30th day of January, 1649, he was led forth to the scaffold amidst insulting soldiers, whose spitting in his face, but called up in his memory the devout recollection how his Saviour had been so treated by the Jews. His last words were an earnest exhortation to those who stood around, that they should instantly return to their obedience, and expiate their crimes by fidelity to his son and lawful successor. One stroke given by a masked executioner, dismissed his soul to happiness, and wondering Europe saw in the next year the commonwealth of England, a great nation, which did indeed at that time exhibit a marvellous congeries to all calm spectators; to *Retrospection's* eye a mingled mass, consisting of royalists justly enraged 'gainst their ignoble plunderers: republicans oddly over-reached by men they meant for tools alone, a deistical minority striving for rule, though contrary to consent of all the rest, and a grave set of empty-headed fanaticks, wholly unskilled in state affairs, which they considered as *profane*, if not *superfluous*, and who, when treating with the Dutch, betrayed a weakness which bent beneath that political burden they would not suffer their king to bear for them. His *grey and discrown'd* head at length laid low, our ecclesiastical seemed more perplexed than even our civil administration. The clergy beggar'd, bore with amazing patience their hard hap, while their oppressors, split into a thousand sects and parties, formed clubs of separatists almost *ad infinitum*, every little piece cut off,

off, either uniting to some other little piece like the polypus, or like the same polypus forming apart a separate creature, endued with life and crawling among the rest.

Take Dūn with his club, take *Smec* and his tub,
Or any sect old or young;
The devil's in the pack if choice you can lack,
We are *four-score* religions strong;

says a high church ballad of the times; to understand which we must recollect that the Smectymnians were professed followers of Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Mathew Newcomen, and William Spurflow, five famous dissenters, who, in the cabalistical manner, formed of each name's initial the imaginary word *smectymnus*, and their disciples lasted a good while. Calamy's writings are even yet thought well of; and his morals were irreproachable, if we forgive him saying that the *festival* called Christmas was buried in a *fast*, and he hoped it would rise no more. But it was a time when some changed their opinions every day; some dissembled them, and some temporized without shame backwards and forwards, as interest prompted, or caprice hit off. Seldin says there was at one moment a hot debate, whether Usher might sit in an assembly of divines. "Marry (quoth he) 'twere better to have propounded another question, and fate down to think whether his majesty's architect, Inigo Jones, were worthy to sit in a company of mouse-trap makers." Yet all these people fancied, or said they fancied themselves filled with the Holy Ghost; nor recollected that the apostles, after the coming of that comforter, said the same things in different languages. These, in their mother tongue alone, taught different opinions. Meanwhile poor Martin Luther's works had been burned long before, and that by parliamentary authority, because he had said in them that next to theology, a virtuous conduct, and good classical knowledge, he loved the music of the church: seeing that by sweet sounds anger is forgotten, devotion kindleth, and the devil fleeth away. But captain Henry Bell, hearing how the colloquia

loquia menfalia, or *table talk*, a fort of *Lutheriana* had been confumed, called to mind how he poffeffed a fmall edition of it, and thinking much upon the fubject, *dreamed*, how an old man ftanding near his bedfide, lugged him by the ear, crying, “ Sirrah, go now and tranflate that little “ book you brought from Germany, I’ll find you place and leifure to “ perform it in.” And fo fure enough he *did*, fays Bell, “ for I was “ committed prifoner to the gatehoufe, and worked upon it *there*—my “ fole amufement, for five years at leaft; Archbishop Laud fending me “ before his death forty pounds in gold.” Such was the prelate condemned to fuffer decapitation under pretence that he favoured popery. But Luther was no more efteemed than was Urban the eighth, by thefe extraordinary perfons, among whom a clafs of people in procefs of time fprung up, who firmly expected our bleffed Saviour’s infant appearance on earth, Antinomians, fifth monarchy men, who proclaiming themfelves incapable of error, calmly propofed to fuppreff all clergy, all fchools, and all courts of judicature—and thus did they behave, who had fo juftly protefted, fo loudly exclaimed againft papal infallibility. When their enthuftick phrenzy came to its height indeed, and they ran through the affrighted ftreets, faying that Jefus was their leader, and knocking down all they met: force was applied, and after fome lives loft, a temporary quiet from thefe turbulent faints was obtained. The year 1653, however, faw Cromwell at length peaceably feated upon his felf-created eminence: the only man in all the world, perhaps, who could have ruled fuch mortals in fuch times. His high, his fingularly-constructed fpirit, pervaded the whole heterogeneous mafs he had to manage; levigated, reftained, and gave formation to its fighting elements. Stern in his counfels, confufed in his harangues, he awed the feeble and perplexed the ignorant. A ruggednefs of manners too, ferved happily the ufe of keeping diftant all ideas of royalty, while his affectedly uninviting countenance, kept even his firmeft friends from clofe approach, or undue familiarity. Skilled in the canting language of the day, he executed the moft daring projects with

with the most steady hand, while his tongue talked of “waiting upon Providence,” “wrestling with the Lord,” and such strange phrases, not *then* by *any* sect I suppose considered as *now* by *all*, egregiously absurd: but coming just so near to unintelligibility, that they carried as it appears, to his auditors’ minds, the customary effects of obscure verbosity uttered with gravity and fervor; a steady veneration, a source of the sublime. As for the wretched remnant of a parliament, when *they* began to prate of *their* pretended power from on high, he troubled not himself even to pretend regard; but starting up one morning from the council board, suddenly exclaimed that he felt himself compelled to do an act which made his very hair stand up an end. Then hastening to the house of commons, three hundred chosen soldiers following his steps, “and how long sit ye here?” he cried aloud; “Begone, for shame! give place to honest men: you are no longer a parliament—the Lord has done with you; I tell you, you are no longer a parliament.” Sir Harry Vane alone tried at a reply, but the general’s jeering voice drowned his in exclamations of “Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!” Then looking contemptuously at their mace, “Take me away that fool’s bauble,” said he, while Harrison, by his command, dragged the speaker from his chair. Such was the conduct and behaviour of the man who first buckled on armour because king Charles had violated the *privileges of parliament*, by endeavouring to seize five seditious members on their seats. And from the terrors of his eye, which silenced even those follies he had fostered, and controlled those abilities which other men had feared; our *Retrospection* hastily turns away, and seeks a softer scene.

CHAP. XII.

FRANCE, SPAIN, SWEDEN, ITALY, FROM 1650, TO 1700.

NOT only a new chapter of our book begins here, but if we believe Voltaire, a new age too, a new æra is commenced. *He* divides the world's duration like a man of genius, as he undoubtedly was, by the men of genius who have lived in it. The first worth his notice as a wit, was the age of Pericles Demosthenes, Phidias and Praxiteles; with an immense, &c. containing names never to be effaced by the brushing of time's wing, never to be overlaid and smothered by newer claimants on our attention. The second was the age of Horace, Virgil, Ovid, whose praises, cut in the rock of ever-during fame, are *pushed out*, not sunk in by lapse of days, but stand forward like *cameos* perpetuating the excellence they record,—“*Et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt,*” says Ænone.* The third period graced by Raphael, Titian, Tasso, Ariosto, may be called, *il secolo di Lorenzo di Medici*, on the same principle; and the fourth, beginning in 1650, will for ever remain acknowledged now as *le siècle de Louis quatorze*, who, when he received into his youthful hand the reins of government, was heard to remark he had no foes to fight with, and 'twas true: for at that moment newly born, and rocked in a cradle at an English gentleman's country seat, slept the most dangerous of his future opponents, John duke of Marlborough. *Present* enemies had he

* Tournefort and Savary both bear witness to this odd phænomenon, and tell us that the names of their predecessors in adventure, cut in the sides of that strange wall which lines the mazes of the Cretan labyrinth, have been by time pushed into alto relievo: nature's elaborate diligence operating like the hand of a workman enchasing silver plate. They found no names older than the thirteenth century, I think, and the oldest stood most prominent.

none, unless we may consider as such the half-warm embers of a half-extinguished aristocracy, which, during a female regency recovered spirits, but not strength. A fruitless attempt of the princes to drive from their sovereign's presence his favourite *Mazarin*, proved only that *his* hold upon the royal heart was a sure one. His niece, Olympia, kept it with true family care safe for her uncle, and when she found it slipping from her grasp, transferred it quickly to her sister's hands, who with less beauty possessed more attractions. Olympia then married the Comte de Soissons, and was by him parent of prince Eugene. While the sharp thorns doom'd on a distant day to pierce the sides of Lewis the fourteenth, thus were planting; his youthful unsuspecting soul saw not even those nearer snares laid for him by Italian subtlety. Maria Mancini had hope of seducing him to secret nuptials. To feel the mother's pulse towards such connections, the cunning cardinal required admittance to her majesty's bedside early one summer morning. "Oh
 " Madame! exclaimed he in well-imitated agony, *what shall I do?*
 " Louis quatorze will, I fear, marry Maria—*What shall I do?*" "I
 " know not," replied Anne of Austria, " what it is your eminence will
 " think proper to do; but if the king were capable of such a meanness,
 " I would set myself and my second son against *him* and against *you*,
 " and keep him in confinement for life." This story militates against the present notion of the *man in an iron mask*, between twin to the healthier sovereign. Anne of Austria would have brought *him* forward in such a case rather than Monsieur; and who knows that she did not mean it, leaving the word *second* unexplained?

'Tis easy to believe that Mazarin never forgave this openly-avowed determination registered in Motteville's memoirs: he loved his nieces, and settled them magnificently in the world, but preferred the constable, prince Colonna of Rome, for this last-mentioned lady, to our Charles II. who sought her hand after she had missed that of her own master, but was rejected with scorn by a minister, who humbly crouching before England's protector (Cromwell) dared not even to advance the daughter of Henri quatre any thing but a moderate pension,

and that so ill paid, that when Cardinal de Retz called one day to visit them, the princess Henrietta, afterwards duchesse d'Orleans, was lying a-bed, because, as her mother told him, she was not well, and they could not afford fire to warm her. Mazarin however lived not long, he was content to die, he said, when he had put into his master's arms a queen worthy France, the pretty Spanish Infanta, whose brother born sickly, and as the phrase is, *kept alive by art*, gave the house of Bourbon rational hopes of annexing Spain with all her ill-acquired wealth to their possessions ; but this hope the king formally renounced, (one sees not why) at his marriage ; and Voltaire says, that the Queen's fortune was so small, it cost more than 'twas worth to fetch it from the frontiers. Philip the fourth had indeed suffered sufficient mortifications ; the times were changed in that country since his immediate grand-father, in piety and pride built the Escorial, the work of twenty-four years, the expence eight millions sterling, with silver lamps three yards in circumference, and candlesticks of the same metal six feet high : all this in honour of St. Laurence, whose fine monastery he had at St. Quintin, been obliged to batter down, making a vow of compensation accompanied with oaths, that no time should ever see that saint so venerated as by him ; and 'tis therefore that the whole together, palace and convent, form with their courts the figure of a *gridiron*, emblem of the old martyr's virtue and instrument of his death : an emblem and instrument profaned and vilified by Cortez, thirteen centuries after, when Guatimozin, the emperor of Mexico, was stretched on it, in order by tortures to force from him those treasures he had cast into the lake for security : but punishment was coming on apace. Portugal and Holland, now independent powers, enjoyed the humiliation of a country once so proud and arrogant ; but of late constrained by articles in the treaty of Westphalia, to accept thankfully the friendship of those they deemed for many years unworthy pardon. France had not, however, ten ships that could carry fifty guns in 1653, and while Cromwell's victorious fleets covered the ocean, old Mazarin, wrapt up in that perpetual *nepotism* apparently inherent in ecclesiasticks
of

of the Roman state, fought only how to make the king forget all former fancies, while he enriched his nephews and his nieces, leaving them treasures which amazed mankind. Hortensia, married to the Comte de Meilleraye, and hating her husband, was made duchess of Mazarin in her own right, and lived for many years in England after the Restoration. The Duc de Crequi, her brother, had been employed to pay servile court to Oliver during the protectorate, but was despised and threatened, and there is yet, as I believe, a letter somewhere preserved from Cromwell beginning, "*Thou traitor Mazarin!*" and demanding the keys of Dunkirk, if I'm right. To this peculator of the publick money succeeded a greater minister, a wiser man, Colbert; than whom no statesman ever more contributed to aggrandize his country. He established manufactures and promoted commerce: his care of their marine is still visible in its effects. He served the nation, and so loved his prince, that when abused, and pamphleted, and libelled, one said "There is a bitter sonnet against you published this morning"—"Is the king's honour offended by their verses?" was his immediate question—"No, not at all." Then am not I offended," was the reply. This extraordinary man was an *élève* of Mazarin, who sent him not nineteen years old ambassador to Denmark, and in a few years more to Portugal. He had likewise *his* share in that famous treaty of Westphalia, by which a new electorate was in a manner created for the old house of Bavaria, and which secured the possession of Alsace to Louis quatorze. It restrained, indeed, the emperor Ferdinand III. so narrowly, that the French taking advantage of those violent shocks which great Gustavus gave before to Germany, held in a manner the reins of the *once* Roman and once *German* empire—so that while Sweden thought the Lutheran powers were strengthened by her conduct, France was the greatest gainer in all Europe, and the plains of Lutzen had been stained with the brightest Protestant blood, only to forward the intriguing arts of an Italian cardinal, and push the youthful monarch whom *he* served, to the vain height of universal power. 'Twas long before he saw his twentieth summer, that the gay prince had triumphed over his transient passion

for fair Mancini's charms. He triumphed too over his own subjects, who as it seems, in wretched imitation of the example set them by Great Britain, began questioning the authority of his majesty's edicts ; Louis hearing that such doubts were agitated, drove suddenly from Vincennes in his riding-dress, boots and whip, and entering their assembly room, " Gentlemen, (said he) nothing but ill can come of " these debates ; what brings me hither is to put an end to them : " remember, president, you meet no more."

So spoke the sovereign, and his grave rebuke, severe in youthful beauty, added grace invincible. Abashed they stood, and sought to drown their sense of shame and sorrow in loud acclamations of *Vive le Roi*. Such a prince merited good ministers, and had them ; but now grown older than when the Eminenza Mazarin pillaged the state, Colbert was not permitted under this reign to push *his* peculations on too far. Lewis ascertained the true bounds of his servants' power to fixed departments which they could not pass ; and if their mode of living ran beyond what he esteemed good for his own magnificence, not theirs, they found themselves restrained. Whilst then he seemed attentive only to song, and dance, and show, and those carousals by which he gained at length the long-resisting virtue of La Valiere, his heart was set on universal dominion ; in order to obtain which, he made sure to possess those of his admiring countrymen, who having enquired to whom they must apply in order to receive justice during the new reign—*à moi* was the truly regal answer of a monarch scarce then twenty-one years old. This step once taken, for he kept his word, Louis, certain of support at home, looked out for a quarrel abroad : this was soon found in a dispute between his ambassador and that of his father-in-law, Philip, who quarrelled for precedence in the streets of London, and produced a miserable humiliation of the haughty Spaniards, who were obliged to pacify their new relation by sending the Count de Fuentes to protest at Fontaine belles Eaux, then first known by the now common appellation *Fontainbleau* : how no future opposition should be made, but that whoever the French king sent to any court should go first upon every

every publick occasion. This was in 1662. It remained next to mortify the Pope, for Germany fought only quiet, not contention; and Sweden, once a formidable foe, like an aspiring pine-tree, native of northern climes, whose *leader* has been lost by accident, or broken by rough blasts of wind, stopt where he left it; throwing out side shoots of curiosity and elegance, but towering no more to heaven, a canopy no more to gasping earth. Fatherless and forsaken, that poor country had been consigned by great Gustavus' testament to his young daughter, five years old, Christina. Young as she was, he had her bred to arms, whilst like Camilla in Virgil's *Æneid*,

Jaculo palmas oneravit acuto

Spiculaque ex humero parvæ suspendit et arcum.

That she afterwards thought fit to change her quiver for a satchel was no fault of Oxenstiern; he with all honourable care preserved for his dear friend and master's only child, the *realm* he had in twenty years the mortification of seeing her renounce, for an imaginary district on Mount Parnassus *, *so* imaginary, that *Retrospection* cannot now find her name among the people of learning and genius noted in *Blair's Chronology*. Indifferent to religious opinions, however; averse to marriage, and oddly seized by artificial passions; the love of wit, and poetry, and painting: she, after mature deliberation, ripened by flattery from people she esteemed, resolved to quit the Protestant cause, so dear to her great father; and after journeying from court to court, finish her course at Rome!—thus rooting up Gustavus's grand project of clustering round his lovely daughter's character each contrariety of ex-

* What an affliction this must have been to Oxenstiern one may guess by the account which Sir William Temple gives of their conversation once at Nimeguen, when he delighted to amuse his brother envoys with description of the place in Sweden, *even then* called Odin's hall, where to obtain reception in gothick days, the gallant Scandinavians, as he called them, used, if they failed to die as they wished in battle, to dash themselves from steep and ragged rocks, fearing to lose, by an effeminate exit, their ticket of admission to the table of their great ancestor.

cellence, and each pretension to power. 'Twas nearly at the time when Cromwell fixed himself firm in the seat he had so long aspired to, that she deserted a post no way difficult to hold : 'twas nearly at the time when Lewis the fourteenth poised with a willing hand his golden sceptre, that she resolved to exchange the cares attendant upon state affairs, and the brave youth who wished to share them with her, for a perpetual enjoyment of the fine arts ; and forbearing all attempts to bring them into her own dominions, fled suddenly from what she deemed a semi-barbarous region, to taste in softer climes the pleasure she preferred to every other, that of being celebrated by criticks and connoisseurs till she herself became one. Thus did the literary education Christina had received, rob her unlucky country of those talents which she supposed herself to possess : and that she established her worthy cousin on the throne, was all the amends, I think, she ever made to her abandoned country. The letters preserved from her to her contemporary wits, however, are very good ones ; her *bon mots* are almost all very happy ; and she had not the mortification of dying at last neither queen nor wit : she was certainly a *belle esprit* of the second rank ; and her reply to an English traveller late in the seventeenth century, was prettily hit off, when he expressed his earnestness to see the renowned Christina—" Ay, Sir," said she, " I " have been long one of the *curiosities* of Rome, and I am now become " one of its *antiquities*." She lived through five papacies, and apparently despised the church which she had chosen. Our Bishop Burnet praises the paltry speech she made to him about them more than it deserves, I think ; but any praise was welcome to Christina, whether from Protestant or Papist ; and any censure was welcome to Burnet, if it contained a fling against old Rome. " The church here (said she " laughing) must necessarily be under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, " for none of the four popes who governed it since my time have had " common sense, that's certain." This was hastily as profanely said ; because though much of learning, wit, and virtue died with Urban VIII. ;

VIII., and though his successor disgraced the see by silly compliances with the will of Donna Olympia Maldachini, Alexander VII. led a decent life, and would have called that last-named lady to account, had she not escaped punishment by dying of the plague, and leaving her ill-got wealth to the Pamphili family. When Fabio Chigi, however, was called to the chair, and the cardinals congratulated him on his exaltation, Christina could not have made a happier quotation than *he* did.

Diem, quam semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, (sic vos voluistis) habebo,

said he, from Virgil; and 'tis well known he left no arts unpractised to make the world believe the Queen of Sweden's *conversion*, as he called it, was true cause of her abdication. In *that* was good common sense at least: likewise in his protection of those Jesuits who battled for his infallibility, contradicting the Jansenist tenets which militated against it. He *might* perhaps too, had not he been wholly governed by his nephew, whose mistress managed the state as completely, though not as openly, as Donna Olympia had done: he *might* have settled matters less disgracefully with Louis quatorze, after knowing the French nation so well, and living so long in it: he *might* have found out that though a rebel to the *court*, that young king was, in his heart, a bigot to the *church* of Rome; he saw him easily enough persuaded to crush the Jansenists, and massacre the Huguenots; saw that he abhorred a Protestant of any denomination, and felt the edict of Nantes as a fetter round his feet. Yet when the Duc de Crequi, his ambassador, fancied himself offended by the Pope's guards at Rome, the satisfaction he required from Alexander, as a sovereign, was, in every sense, humiliating and offensive; nor would his old acquaintance Chigi have complied, had he seen how to avoid such cruel mortification: but whilst he at least delayed to erect the pillar set up to commemorate their own confession of a dubious fault, Lewis the fourteenth seized upon Avignon, and laughed at the appeal to Christian potentates, while the empire,

roughly

roughly shaken by Gustavus, was in some danger from Mahometan incursions ; and Portugal, wisely employed in securing her own independence, courted the kindness of England, regardless of the rest. Rome indeed saw a new successor the sooner for this vexation to Alexander VII. ; and Clement the ninth, who took up the fading purple, deserved to have worn it when yet bright and glowing. His penetrating eye saw how all things were tending ; his virtuous soul strove to preserve itself unspotted from a world whence Christianity seemed bent on speedy flight ; his irritable temper, however, could not be subdued ; it marked each individual of the Rospigliosi family ; and when he heard that the Venetians had lost Candia to the triumphant arms of Mahomet IV., he broke his heart, in 1669, and died. Cardinal Bona attempting to succeed him, Pasquin said, *Papa Bona farebbe un solecismo* : on which Dangieres, the famous Jesuit, made this epigram :

Grammaticæ leges plerumque ecclesia spernit,

Fortè erit ut liceat dicere papa *Bona* :

Vana solæcismi ne te conturbat imago,

Effet papa bonus, si *Bona* papa foret.

Cardinal Bona was not, however, raised to the chair ; he retired to Mondovi, the place of his birth, and there devoted his time to literature, his heart to piety, his wealth to the endowment of a nunnery, the cloistered inhabitants of which about one hundred and twenty years after were cut in pieces by the French republicans retreating from their pillage of poor Italy. To Clement the ninth then succeeded Clement the tenth, of whom very little either good or bad is recorded. Of his incomparable successor, a Milanese from Lago di Como, we relate with pleasure how he made over his paternal estate to his brother's son immediately, saying, " Observe now, you are nephew to Odescalchi, not to the *Pope* : Innocent XI. shall never be accused of
" nepotism, though no man loves his family more tenderly ; all that
" was mine before my exaltation take and enjoy ; God bless you ; live
" on your estate, and see me no more." This Pope's suppression of
the

the privileges claimed till his day by the ambassadors who screened all criminals not only in their houses, but their streets, appear to have become a necessary step, as Rome was filled with riots and with murderers, who throwing themselves under protection of some envoy, were in this manner safe as in a sanctuary. “Honesty lives in danger while thieves are thus protected, said the sovereign. My subjects cannot live in peace for multitudes of robbers thus encouraged.” All other nations gave up the gothick prerogative at once, but Lewis the fourteenth would not yield a step. He sent Monsieur de Lavartin, with express orders to save from justice the first rascal who was seen running towards his precincts, and if complaint was made, to give the fellow active and even armed defence. An opportunity soon offered, Lavardin followed his master’s directions, and paraded before the windows of the Vatican, with four hundred men ranged for immediate battle. Innocent resented the affront, refusing the ambassador admittance to his presence, till pardon should be asked, and this vile immunity renounced. Lavardin wrote home for orders, and heard in return that his king had arrested Renucci, nuncio from the Holy See, seized upon Avignon again, and menaced Rome with war, *sans le menager*, says his flattering historian. In return, Innocent conscious that he was right, interdicted the church of St. Louis, where the French always hear divine service, and prepared for a lasting contest on the very day he died, after having commanded females to dress decently under pain of excommunication, and after having *tried* to publish a bull against lavishing away the papal revenue on private families, but not one cardinal would give his consent.

The Ottoboni successor lived too short a time to do much good or harm, and Innocent XII. succeeding to the virtues of his anti-predecessor with more health of body and hope of long life, drove on the bull against nepotism and got it signed, ’spite of his cardinals’ remonstrances. The books of mystick divinity recommending quietism and placing all merit in a mind abstracted from the world, and filled with

love of Jesus Christ alone, were by this Pope declared unsound and even erroneous. Their great promoter and protector Fenelon, submitted his opinions with filial reverence; nor would converse with heaven itself when unpermitted by the parent see. With these consolatory characters, dear to the impartial *retrospective* eye, we leave the ecclesiastick state shorn of its beams, bereft of power much to injure any one, but under the guidance of Innocent XII. desiring no increase of dignity, and only wishing that peace he could not keep. His valuable life was snatched away from further trial of his virtue in the year 1700.

Meanwhile victorious Louis, justly deserving that surname of Great, which was adjudged him afterwards with needless formality, augmented his power with solid advantages, never lost sight of midst all the dazzling splendours that surrounded him. The year 1664 saw him surpass his former carousals in the famous *fête de Versailles*; three queens were spectatresses of the show, besides our Charles the second's sister, become sister-in-law to the king of France, whose fancy she touched by her wit for a while, and was jealous when La Valiere, her maid's superior beauty called off his attention. *Her* gentler soul solicited a heart, but found in her royal lover only a desire of triumph. Resistance inflamed his passion and excited him to add each artifice of elegant gaiety, that might soften and seduce away her watchful virtue: he might have said with Prior's Solomon,

I court her various in each shape and dress,
That luxury can form, or speech express:

and 'tis supposed the Poet drew his character of Abra from La Valiere. Madame however, Henriette d'Orleans was useful to his purposes, if no longer pleasing to his humour. The fugitive prince her brother, to whom as to herself and hapless parent, France had refused shelter when most in need; was now restor'd: and by a laxity of disposition unexampled, was willing, in time of his elevation, to forget both injuries and favours received in his distress. Charles wanted money for

for those empty pleasures which seemed to compensate all his sorrows past; and Lewis wanted aggrandizement of his dominions. The king of England sold, at his sister's request, and the king of France purchased, by his quondam favourite's intervention, that Dunkirk which Oliver had bravely protected. The English minister Clarendon carried away into banishment the hatred due to such an unpopular step, and our merry monarch, who valued nothing but a woman and a joke, accepted a French lady of his sister's train, and joined in the general laugh against his only true friend, the chancellor. His new acquisition however, attracted the more serious care of Louis quatorze: who meditated an invasion of Holland, now grown saucy by the decay of trade to trembling Venice, shrinking from Turkish power; grown saucy too by the strange slothful temper crept over Great Britain, and by the industry of its own inhabitants. The riches they had accumulated in the east held out a glittering temptation to the gay ruler of Versailles, who dissembling his purpose and deferring it, used the intermediate moments in strengthening his frontiers, improving his armies, keeping strict discipline among the troops by land, and viewing with rational and sincere delight the prodigious movements made by Colbert, to give his master the dominion of long-refractory Ocean. He had established a maritime council, which the king attended in person once o'fortnight; a West India company was erected, another for the East; his majesty set this last up himself, and persuaded the queens, the courtiers, the ministers to subscribe; he called it *his* company, and to that step Pondicherry, &c. owe their existence, their importance to Europe at least. Colbert adorned France too while he enriched it, the paved roads, the gobelins' tapestry, the façade du Louvre are the works of Colbert, who put it in the royal mind to fetch Bernini from Rome, and set up Paris as a rival to Italian taste, Italian luxury. Yet while the King delighted to shine himself in a triumphal car, the sun represented shining around him, the motto, *nec pluribus impar*, having observed his minister's device, a squirrel climbing, and the words

a quo non ascendam? he was offended, and Colbert discover'd by experience what Voltaire so sensibly observes, that 'twas *his* master's intentions that every Frenchman should be gay, but no man great except himself. He was of the same mind with regard to other sovereigns. The Pope's nuncio and nephew, when he came to humble himself about the affair of Lavardin, was received with pompous politeness, and magnificent attentions, which showed how science civilized the world and wit assisted in the work. Louis XIV. forced his contemporaries to flatter him, and by his happy acceptance of their homage, taught them how flattery should be received. France was now forwarder in manners than any other country of Europe at his accession. A late writer tells us, that the *chevaliers des provinces* in France never left off beating their peasantry, till comedies, novels, &c. taught the *fine* people forsooth, that some amusement as well as advantage might be made out of the *coarse* ones. Moliere's plays graced these times, and upon this principle may be supposed to have done more for humanity than those of Corneille, who represents man always in a state of exaltation, sometimes above humanity itself. Their King meantime inspired all his court and all his country with talents of which his own celebration seemed the sole object, the increase of his dominions the sole intent: he left it to the poets to say clever things, content to give them daily new subjects on which to exercise their genius. Unlike Christina, he was well aware that a head possessed wholly by the fopperies of literature, resembles the summer-gilded islands in the east, all spice and no bread, for the Molucca inhabitants grow not corn; the pith of sago serves them at their meals, using it in the same manner as we use a loaf, but although neither a profess'd wit himself, nor a rough soldier; never was general so served in war, never was prince so celebrated in time of peace: that his troops might be ready when the quarrel was prepared, he sent them out to exercise against the Ottomans, who headed by their grand vizier, brave Mustapha, threatened the loss of Hungary to Europe. Their threats were vain: and

Raab

Raab was saved this time, for the emperor Leopold, whose young Italian leader Montecuculi, and French forces under la Feuillade, won him the famous battle St. Godart, while Dutch and English quarrelling for the dominion of the seas and honour of the flag, as it was called, weakened each other's strength, and helped accelerate the moment when Holland should be completely over-run; nor Holland only, all the Netherlands were shortly given an ill-resisting prey to this new conqueror, who seeing London shrunk up by pestilence and fire, Madrid mourning her imbecillity, Vienna in fear of visitation from the Turks, and Portugal employed in spinning a close web of defence for herself to sleep in, regardless of her fellows on the continent: conceived, perhaps, in 1670, the project of setting up at Paris the standard of universal monarchy, and the design of renewing the days of Charlemagne.

Philip the fourth's death, his lady's father, afforded him, not a *pretence*, but a good *opportunity* of seizing the Low Countries in right of his queen, the fair Infanta, who had renounced all claim to such possessions at her marriage; and as to Holland, so rapid was the king of France's progress there, that in the first campaign of 1672, a sudden panick pervaded the very streets of Amsterdam, where, with the true commercial terror on their spirits, trembled the whole body of her wealthy merchants, till William de Nassau, upon whose ancient honourable house they looked with jealous eye in time of peace, saved the existence of their expiring country; *worth saving* had it produced him alone. His early judgment, his intrepid valour, his foresight soon convinced the wondering world that it could hold another character of eminence, and that it was not made wholly for Louis quatorze. While this young warrior's pertinacious spirit strengthened by success, and purified from meanness, locked itself up in scorn of those who yielded, and in stern resolution to defend the Protestant cause, should all things terminate in a religious war; the marquis de Turenne, little suspecting that he was fighting 'gainst his truest friends, while he promoted French aggrandizement, took in no more than twenty-two days
(says

(says his biographer) no fewer than forty towns; chased the Imperialists across the Rhine, and drove the elector of Brandenburg home with disgrace to Berlin. A cannon ball, however, burst this formidable meteor at Sasbach, 27th July, 1675. The king buried him among the royal corpses at St. Denys, nothing doubtful of his *future* happiness when he had persuaded him, not without difficulty, to forsake the Lutherans and depend upon the Romish tenets for salvation. Turenne's virtues would have done credit to any communion of Christians; he was modest, gentle, pious and humane, and that he stained such an amiable character by *desertion*, a soldier's meanest vice, we will attribute to his royal seducer, who could not be pleased, or even served by a *Protestant*. While the prince de Condé, emulous of his cousin's favour, disconcerted the Dutch at Senef, and raised his fame so high, that only Bossuet's tongue could celebrate *his* excellence as it deserved; Sicily witnessed the triumphs of Louis fourteenth, through another eminent general, brother to his mistress, la Duchesse de Montespan, and known to history by name of le Duc de Vivonne. He exhibited much skill in tactics at Douai and Lille, was wounded in the war with Holland, but his success at Messina made him marshal de France; his wit and pleasantry created him admirers in all who were admitted to those circles, where his sister Gabrielle gave an example of learning and piety to her contemporaries: his other sister Athenais, less beautiful than l'Abbesse de Fontevault, but very handsome; and possessing those talents for conversation, which at the court of Louis the fourteenth, were called, in honour of their family, *l'Esprit de Mortemar*, kept her royal lover's passion warm and unabated for so many years, that she saw his youngest daughter by her legitimated, and married to the royal family before her removal from favour.

The king of France loved his children, and spared nothing for their education. It was said he was half jealous of the Dauphin, bred up by Bossuet, who was his only son by the Queen for many years—but it could not be true: he might rationally enough dislike the Dauphin's interference

interference with his own second and secret marriage, especially as the connection with Madame de Maintenon could not hurt *him*; and *more* especially as it was well known, that after the death of the Dauphiness, Louis, then father to the king of Spain, took Mademoiselle de Choin to his bed, a lawful, though unavowed wife, who would yield on no other conditions to his entreaties, and proved that her disinterested compliance had neither avarice nor ambition in it, as she lived after him many years a quiet life, upon a moderate income, and died surrounded by friends born her equal, having claimed no exemption from her native rank. Meanwhile le Grand Monarque made that campaign in person, which was so much admired by all his subjects, so celebrated by the best of them. Louvois, Vauban, La Feuillade attended; so did the princes of the blood. Condé, Bouchain, Cambray, Valenciennes, with many nameless towns opened their gates; some yielding to an impetuous assault, and some capitulating. Ghent held out only four days, as I remember, and Ypres only seven.

Una dies lothoros, Burgundos hebdomadas una

Una domos Batavos luna—quid Annus erit?

said the philosopher Mariotte, * which Bouhours translates into *four* French lines:—

Il prit en un jour la Lorraine,

La Bourgogne en une semaine,

La Hollande en un mois, malgré le Castillan,

Que ne prendra-t-il en un an?

Burgundy's conquest cost a week, a day suffic'd Lorrain,

A month gave Holland to our arms, what will the year contain?

But while his arms over-run all Europe, verses on his praise deluged his native land; conquered nations were represented round his statue, *viro immortalis* dedicated *one* building, premiums were offered to him who

* Mariotte was the man who first affirmed to have seen a white or colourless rainbow. Mentzelius mentions such a thing some years afterwards; I saw one once myself.

should surpass that compliment by another. Viviani set up this inscription on the house presented him by Louis quatorze: "*Edes à Deo datae*," alluding, perhaps, to the appellation *Dieu-donné* given at the king's birth, when Anne of Austria presented the gold baby of equal weight with *his* to Loretto, as an acknowledgment of prayers heard for so happy a pregnancy.

But the people were now not thankful, but giddy with admiration of a sovereign, the warmth of whose patronage drove up each art into a sudden perfection at home, and the brilliancy of whose acts abroad, being reflected back on his transported subjects, shone in the dazzled and offended eyes of all the sober part of thinking Europe. Burnet says expressly, "That the bustle made about his growing greatness by his own poets, &c. at home, frightened mankind into a future alliance against him more than any single act of ambition displayed among his neighbours abroad." There were however, silent flatterers, who pleased as much as the loud-speaking ones, and did less harm. The king, on some progress, visited le Duc d'Antin at his chateau, and after admiring the disposition of his grounds, a new mode of elegance and luxury in those days, censured the placing a long row of trees that concealed a happy view of the adjacent country: when he rose next morning they were all gone. Louis enquired what could have become of them?—The duke replied, "Nothing can live under your majesty's condemnation." Sir Thomas Gresham thus in one night, when he entertained Queen Elizabeth at Osterley, built up a wall across a court, the too great size of which *she* had criticised in the morning: for taste admits alteration, but desire of gaining their attention who have much to bestow, remains through all ages the same. Sovereigns had every day less and less to give away, and 'tis strange to observe, that the ambitious monarch whose reign is under our present *Retrospection*, voluntarily took from his own and his successor's prerogative what was known by name of *droit de seignorage*. Voltaire mentions it, he also mentions the rough reply of *un marchand clairvoyant* to the

the

the minister Colbert: "You found the carriage leaning on *one side*" (says the man) so to set matters right, you overturn it on *the other*." Moreri tells the same anecdote.—"Louis quatorze, *a mis moins de distance entre les hommes*:" Lewis the fourteenth has contributed to close the breach of distinction among men, says his best historian. His plan was to pinch the upper rank of nobility, and bring forward *le moyen peuple*; giving away the duty upon coinage, however, was a relief to all: Philip Augustus (*dieu donné* like himself) took one third, St. Louis a fifth, Charles the seventh in his distress raised it to three-fourths, and Lewis the fourth renounced it wholly in 1679. It was a solid purchase paid for frivolous and empty praise: his invention of the bayonet fixed to the musket's end, was a source of more rational commendation, because it shewed he understood, and had thought much upon the art of war, and that whilst his camp for luxury resembled that of Pompey, his desire of excellence led him to imitate Cæsar. The French still fight in the manner *this* king taught them. He was the first general too that ever instituted military uniforms; they were at beginning a sort of favour, or, as it were, a ticket of admittance to his pleasure-houses, Fontainebleau, Marly, &c. but he turned them to serious use, and all Europe adopted the measure. The schools for engineering and artillery set up under his regulations at Douay, taught new modes of destruction, while the fine hospital des Invalides at Paris, yet unsurpassed, gave courage and hope of paternal care to them who risked their lives in such a sovereign's cause. The arsenals at Brest, Toulon, Rochefort, yet live to evince his ardour of excelling in maritime affairs, and from the few vessels France possessed in 1650, threescore ships of the line and thirty or forty frigates, paraded the seas in 1681 under their white standards. Meantime Louisiana and Cayenne colonized, were a proof that Louis the fourteenth confined not his thoughts even to Europe, while the prodigious elevations at Versailles, the aqueducts at Maintenon, the gardens of Sceaux and fabricks of Chantilly, seemed as if in the mere embellishment of his own native land were concentrated all

his ideas. Bernini had five guineas o'day and a present of five thousand pounds sterling, not *livres*, for his trouble.

Même dans ses plaisirs il est toujours héros.

Gallant and gay he fill'd each fleeting hour,
A hero in his pleasures as his pow'r.

When one of his daughters, by Montespan, married a prince of the blood royal 'spite of that prince's mother, who long opposed the connection, in the year 1685, when new festivals, new shows were given at Versailles, effacing all which had before been deemed elegant or sumptuous, lotteries were recurr'd to as a mode of surpassing even imperial Rome's magnificence in her best days; and thousands of louis d'ors were given away without a possibility of being *thanked* for them. These gaieties compensated for those of more barbarous times, tilts and tournaments; they had been proscribed since Henry's accident, and duels à *outrance*, as they were called, meaning to the last gasp, had been seldom requested since François de la Chateignerie's fatal end: he had begg'd as a boon from Henri quatre, that Jarnac and he might fight to *death* in their sovereign's presence. After a few rounds the challenger was hurt, unhorsed, and hamstrung. "Beg your life, proud lord!" cried his antagonist. "Never," exclaimed le Seigneur de la Chateignerie." Jarnac threw himself on his knees at the King's feet: "This mistaken man, sire, has begg'd a boon, and it was granted; refuse not my request as well." The sovereign granted it. "Command me then to present my prince that valuable life I wish not to take." "*Vainqueur en tout! a conqueror in every thing!*" exclaimed Henri quatre; bring hither the appellant instantly." They did so, but he tore open all his wounds, and died upon the field. A frightful sort of *quadrille*; four kinsmen against four, called *le combat de la Frette*, exhibited before Louis XIV., and I believe Anne of Austria, in 1660 or thereabout, was the last of those horrible decisions of property by death: it ended in the extinction *de la famille entiere de la Frette*, and the

the King swore solemnly he would witness no more such brutalities. He instituted the order of St. Louis, however, and had the pleasure to see that little cross more sought after than places of profit: but this reign has hitherto shewn its *bright* side alone to the eyes of *Retrospection*. The black reverse exhibits the revocation of that famous edict of Nantz, by favour of which thousands of inoffensive Huguenots lived in peace, and contributed as artificers to the delights of Trianon and pleasures of St. Cloud. A letter suddenly sent, signed by the King of France, drove them to ruin head-long; they were driven to worse than ruin; they were driven to desperation. “Let them (said the dreadful sentence) “be pushed to the last extremity: let them, in a word, change their “religious opinions for mine, or dread my vengeance.” Voltaire tries to lay the fault of all on Louvois; but well he knew that Louvois stir’d no step without his master’s orders; all was distress and agony, and death; no Viscomte d’Orte* was seen steady to the cause of humanity, as when in Charles the ninth’s reign *his* virtue saved the Protestants at Bayonne from persecuting fury. Babies were now in time of peace and plenty, times too of vaunted delicacy and affected tenderness, torn from their shrieking parents, and while the active and unincumbered flew from the following sword, prisons and galleys served as miserable refuges for old, and sick, and dying martyrs to Calvinism, now founded in the hearts of many who had before been less exclusively addicted to that still growing sect. London received on this occasion shoals of workmen; Holland gained admirable officers and soldiers; the nephew of victorious Du Quesne, their admiral, embarked with a large colony to the Cape of Good Hope; and while other emigrants hastily fled to America, and France found her provinces dispeopled of

* Le Viscomte d’Orte’s famous letter, expressed this sentiment: “Your majesty “has many brave officers here, but not one *hangman*: we request orders which honour can obey; and promise your majesty to die willingly in defence of your “crown and dignity, which these infants, helpless old men, and females, are incapable “of injuring.”

more than half a million good and useful subjects, the old Chancellor le Tellier exclaimed, in a transport of joy, *Nunc dimittis, &c.* He was, I think, brother to the King's confessor, and upon terms of intimate and sober friendship with the **new** favourite Madame de Maintenon. These three real and steady adherents to a church they thought infallible, felt as if that **church** was disgraced by their sovereign's laxity of morals; to compensate which, their mad mistaken piety excited him to serve, as they believed, the cause of heaven, by acting in defiance of its laws, and set on foot a persecution more worthy Herod than Lewis the fourteenth. Infants of two years old were not more inoffensive than these Huguenots; and if they were, Lewis had blood of *innocents*, in the strictest and most scriptural sense, to answer for. Many and many were the children caught from their mothers' arms, and hurl'd on this occasion into damp and dungeons, whence their pure souls flew to the Almighty's throne, presented by their guardian angels. Safe in his care let us leave *them*, and look how Lewis prospered *after* this unprovoked exertion of his power. It was five months *before*, that humbled Genoa, bombarded by his admiral, brave Seignelai, sent their proud doge, continued in his office for the purpose, to request pardon at his feet for having supplied Algiers with powder and ball, hoping, through such perfidious conduct, to obtain from the Venetians those advantages which it seems to have been always the ruling passion of their petty state to procure. When, with a parade of politeness, the courtiers at Versailles asked Lescaro what he found there most admirable?—he, with Italian promptitude, and English dryness, is said to have replied, "*myself.*" The same 1685 celebrated the Siamese embassy, and blew up the glittering bubble royal pride to its fullest extent: from the foul murders of the southern provinces, and exile of his fellow Christians that same year, may *Retrospection date that bubble's shrinking.* The first blow fortune hit him was through the person of his *protégé*, James II., a prince no way resembling himself, except in his attachment to the Romish see, and hatred of his Protestant subjects: a mirror of those crimes which drew
vengeance

vengeance upon Europe's greatest character, was now presented before Lewis in its meanest; he could not recognize the vile similitude; he pitied the fugitive king, received him nobly, and sent him back to England under French colours to regain his throne: *there*, however, was William de Nassau too firmly seated for *his* power to shake, whom to oppose with more success was his most strong inducement to accept it. Some old naturalists mention a breed of horses called *charoffi*, *lion-ey'd*; not shrinking even from *his* glance which terrifies every other inhabitant of the forest: such was the warrior prince who by the famous battle of La Hogue, fought 1692, revenged the death of De Ruyter in 1676, and shewed the king of France that sea was *not his* element. Du Quesne, who had beaten the Dutch that day, had been rewarded with the ruin of his family; and the predestinarian Calvinists now cried, a judgment, when *he* was forced to fly the country he had served, against his own opinions. But Lewis growing into years and illnesses, and weaned by Maintenon from sports and shows, to which his natural inclinations led him, felt no refreshment but in acts of tyranny: a horrid resolution to ravage the Palatinate for no adequate offence committed against *him*, preceded but a moment the complete extinction of every comfort it contained. The fire kindled once by Turenne there, was a *spark* when compared to the conflagration lighted up by Louvois—*réduisons tout en cendres*, reduce it all to ashes, was the word; its execution was too dreadfully correct. All Europe, shocked at these extravagancies, looked with disgust and horror on a sovereign, who from his soft retreats and summer palaces, dictated death of millions unconcerned. Disgust awaked alarm, and common interest pointed the eyes of all mankind towards William: he, expert in political intrigue, felt his heart beat responsive to the call—the call of war, to which alone he waked; war against Lewis, whom alone he hated. The plains where Mannheim stood, now a mere desert, drove many by revenge, more by despair, into his growing

growing army. France, half fatigued, sent out her Duc de Luxembourg, under whom many battles won, others disputed, signalized the afternoon's warmth of her glorious day ; but the King staid at home, old Louvois died, Luxembourg's health was cruelly impaired, Villeroi, gallant and generous as he was, could not keep William and his forces from taking Namur: and from the year 1697, to the century's extinction, our *Retrospection*, now a mere gazette, sees Lewis trying to gain in the cabinet what he was hourly losing in the field.—“ There are no longer
“ any disputes existing,” said he gracefully, and signed the peace of Ryswick, nothing doubtful but that Spain must drop into his hands of course ; while Charles II., *there* sick and without sons, worn out with illness, grief, and *old age too*, although he numbered only forty-five years, would, probably in consideration of some towns given up, make his last will in favour of the Bourbons. The interval which this convention obtained to Europe was used in whetting up their martial instruments for the renewal of hostilities : France is so much the leading feature of the times, one scarce can see the other powers at all, during the grand days of Louis XIV ; so sharks that follow a vast man of war, still fight, and court, and quarrel unobserved, yet when *she's* wrecked, well pleased they gambol round, and gain some spoil. Leopold, son to Charles V., Duke of Lorraine, indeed, fought to gain nothing but the power he most valued, that of serving his own subjects, and benefiting so far as in him lay every Christian creature. Among contemporary sovereigns, small and great, this character appears the *Man of Rags*. He repaired houses of his old nobility, and married their daughters into suitable families, with money saved out of his own small stock : his gifts were made with such peculiar grace too, that they produced certain attachment by alienating all idea of humiliation. His manners, highly elegant and fashionable, strove to make morals once again respected in an age corrupt beyond expression : and as his virtuous father, Charles the fifth, was pardoned his fidelity to one wife,
dowager

dowager queen of Poland, at a time when the court of Versailles openly encouraged every vice, and that of London delighted to laugh virtue out of doors. Even Leopold I., emperor of German, in whose favour all nations now begun to unite, who never stirr'd a hand to help himself, who knew perfectly that it was no good will to *him*, but interested views 'gainst France alone which formed the league of Aufburgh, and curbed proud Lewis in his fierce career, did justice to the character of Charles and his son, saying always how *he* was the *best* of princes, let who would be the greatest. Leopold, indeed, was no common man himself, nor was his fate through life a common one. He was beloved by his people, although ill served by his ministers; had penetration to know it, and philosophy enough not much to care about it; said that all would end right in this world, and that those only were wise men who thought about the next: for that, and for every reason *he* must therefore justly love the Christian warrior who, with John Sobieski, his wife's brother, had in the year 1683, saved poor Vienna from the baleful crescent. The interval of peace afforded by that breathing-time agreed upon at Ryfswick, *he* employed in easing his subjects from their taxes, interesting all the petty princes in his favour, reminding them that he was son to Philip the fourth of Spain's eldest sister, and that when Charles should die, his will would be worth attending to. Lewis of France meantime, too little careful to heal the wound which such extensive wars had made in his finances, fell to exhausting his half-ruined country, by building the great bridge over the Seine, and vying with Imperial Rome in splendour and magnificence.

Vicit ut David, ædificat ut Solomon;

was the legenda read on a fine church he built, the motto was well chosen: like David he had been reprov'd from the pulpit in a sermon preached by le Pere Mascaron, upon the famous text, *Thou art the Man.*

Man. Like David, he received correction generously, and gave the preacher a bishoprick in six months. 'Tis true that his own scruples had already begun to operate as the charms of Maintenon's conversation and difficulty of arriving at a nearer intimacy with her, drew him from Fontanges, and alienated him from Montespan. Solomon's mistresses were undoubtedly more numerous, but were scarcely maintained in a higher style of luxury than those of Louis XIV., his children were all ennobled, the duc de Vermandois' beauty, and bravery, and death in battle are well known, so are his mother's words, when to the convent which concealed la Valiere's faded form, they brought the news of his loss. "Must I then mourn (said she) the death of *him* for whose birth not tears enough have by me yet been shed." Her passion for the king had been sincere, and when they parted, "Let me have your *name* alone (said she) no other present but provision for a life of penitence and prayer." She died not till 1710, and Val de Grace still shews the picture of Sœur *Louise* de la Miséricorde, painted as a Magdalen by Le Brun.

Her daughter married *le prince de Conti*. Her royal lover, fonder of his own glory than of ought else, forgot her soon, delighted with the new globe made at Paris, an inch to a degree, the size and expence of it enormous, the inscription a proud one:

Pace beat totum bello qui terruit orbem.

Volumes however, would not hold the contests of wit employed to vary and resound his praise who paid his poets and his architects so liberally; the rage for keeping mistresses ended in a second marriage with his last favourite, *la veuve Scarron*, who laid hold of her master's heart by his strong prejudices in favour of Romish tenets; he was her master not the less however: her family originally Calvinists, and favourites with Henri quatre, gained nothing from her nuptials with the king; she begg'd no favours for a Protestant of course, the faith from which she had herself apostatized: her letters shew the little bliss
she

she got by't. Condemned to amuse a man no longer willing, or perhaps able to receive amusement, she often wished for death, and told her friends she scarcely could *endure* her situation: they all depended upon her good offices—they were all disappointed: Madame de Maintenon injured no one, but none were better for her patronage. Louis XIV. was never, since he became a *man*, drawn from his purposes by *female* influence: he was easily enough persuaded to plague the people he set down for hereticks, and when once weary of his gaudy mistresses, lived more to his liking with an easy friend, who doubted not but he knew best in all; seldom suggested, and never contradicted: though present at his secret hours when ministers were admitted to the cabinet. The year 1700 then leaves the Great Monarch great and princely still; and still disposed to idolize their king, his harassed subjects, who over the fine façade which graces the Louvre set up these flattering lines:

Quid valeat bello Lodoix, centum oppida monstrant;
Monstrat quid valeat pace, vel una Domus.

To prove his pow'r in war we show,
A hundred cities ta'en by storm;
By this once princely dome you know,
What Louis can in *peace* perform.

Meanwhile the frantick Huguenots from the southern provinces of this extensive realm, driven to despair, and almost to *distraktion* by his unmerited, his unprovoked severities, plundered of their property, fired in their houses, robbed of their children; ran round Europe filling each country with prophetick curses against the tyrant author of such ruin. Two hundred thousand human beings migrated from the Cevennes alone, and the sweet country round about Grenoble, all at once. Many of these fell into transports of grief irritated to madness, and uttered raving predictions which they pathetically called a cry from the *desert*, such he had made their homes! Among the wonderful denunciations pronounced by these poor souls, many have now in our own day been

dreadfully fulfilled. A passage I once copied out but have mislaid, contains these striking words, too well contrasted to the unfeeling flatteries we have just revised. “*Oh Versailles! Versailles! which thou proud prince hast erected for thy glory! Oh Versailles! Versailles! soon shall all this magnificence be lost: I see, I see it fade, and die away! before a hundred years shall pass, no traces of thy splendour shall remain! rats, mice, and spiders shall possess those walls, raised to evince thy majesty and pow’r.*” Whilst now I write, time verifies the bold conjecture: the century is *not* yet past; the palace in its present state proves the prediction *true*.

C H A P. XIII.

EAST, WEST, AND NORTH, FROM 1650 TO 1700.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE MANNERS, &c.

RETROSPECTION can scarce begin this new chapter more auspiciously than with the sentiments of Lord Bolingbroke in his sixth letter to Clarendon. “The end,” says our noble author, “of the fifteenth century, is the true epocha for us who live in the eighteenth to care about: some indulgence,” adds he “may be given to a temporary curiosity in the *review* of what past before that time; because to be entirely ignorant of the ages preceding that æra would be shameful, but to be learned about them is merely a ridiculous affectation in a man who means to be useful in the present age.” This position, true or false, is at least consolatory, from such a writer. Those who read *my* book are in no danger of being *too learned* by revising a crowd of events, which having filled fifteen centuries almost, are compressed into one quarto volume; and we dilate as we get forward too, that more room may be afforded for those newer occurrences which though in themselves not greater, are of greater as of more immediate interest. It is indeed wonderful to observe how the new situation into which the world half unaccountably appeared to slide about that period, influenced every individual; and how that influence went on increasing, till in two centuries more, A. D. 1650, almost all things, all places, and all people appear to us under new forms, in so much that the analogy between Charles the seventh’s time, and that of Louis XIV. is to be *traced*, not seen. Since then those revolutions and dis-

coveries which produced such a change in civil and in ecclesiastical policy, all happened, as Bolingbroke observes, about the year 1500; he advises his young pupil to look slightly at *them*, but steadily at their *effects*. The Turkish empire perhaps felt them *least*, yet was there a kind of change creeping forward even under an oriental sky. The Fetva issuing a mufti's mandate to depose Ibrahim although unworthy, was for ought I have read unprecedented, and there were excesses committed during Mahomet the fourth's minority of which old Knollys gives us no example. That the inhabitants of Constantinople should *desire* peace was, to say no more of it, an odd thing: that they should tumultuously surround the seraglio and *demand* it, was singular indeed.

Violence however, which so often defeats its own purposes in every country, must almost necessarily defeat them in *that*, where for want of settled views among the leaders, all disunited and of contending interests, sedition though rampant sunk instantly to nothing, soon as the voice of Kiuperli was heard. This sage old bassa, called from his government at Damascus, when little less than fourscore years of age, well knowing that to excite sentiments of loyalty, the most likely method was giving subjects a sight of their hereditary sovereign, he drew young Mahomet out of his palace, and being instantly created Vizier, rode with him through the town and awed the rioters: who though insensible to the calls of justice or humanity, felt their imaginations struck by the contrasted appearance of youthful beauty and venerable age united to appease them—they bowed beneath the heir of all the Ottomans, and saw their Sultan confident that with their aid, Europe should bow down too. His Vizier took some Greek islands, old Tenedos and Lemnos I believe, and offered the Venetians peace for a sum of money they would not pay. Prevailing on his master to remove the court from turbulent Constantinople a while, he died, but a young Kiuperli suffered Turkish despotism to endure no curtailments, Turkish cruelty to be charged with no degeneration—of eighteen hundred prisoners
taken

taken on the confines of Hungary four hundred only were left *un-*massacred. The tired Mussulmen however, murmured at the work, and that must be allowed unusual. The Tartars now invaded Poland, drove off to slavery one hundred thousand souls after the old fashion; and the siege of Candia was undertaken by Mahomet, which after three years alternate assaults and blockade, at length capitulated; and the Sultan had a moment's breathing-time bestowed to curb his rebellious brothers, whom gentler custom had spared at his accession. Bears should be tamed however, as Raynal says, before you break their chains: to strangle prince Orkhan became indispensable, and that crime was now committed by prudence, which used to be attributed to necessity. Meanwhile Michaelowitz, Czar, as he was called, of Muscovy, tried (but in vain) to make all Europe care about the carrying off those Poles to death or exile: Europe, intent on polishing her more southern nations, thought little concerning these which were scarce civilized. The Turks and Tartars dispeopled Lithuania, made the Ukraine a desert of course, and near half a million of Christians destroyed or captived, called up the united valour of *John Sobieski*, and the pious ardour of his brother-in-law, Charles duc de Lorraine.

When neither Kiuperli's death, nor reports from home, could stop the lifted scymitar wielded by ambitious Mahomet, their shields defended poor Vienna in her utmost danger, as once Apollo saved the walls of Troy, not destined then to fall; and the preachers in their thanksgiving sermons took for text, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." To quell the tumults of his capital the Grand Signior returned; but returning, not victorious, the Janissaries, with whom he had never been a favourite, deposed and shut him up in his seraglio, whence short-lived Solyman III. was fetched, and seated on a momentary throne. Achmet II. lasted but little longer; and Mustapha II. desirous to die in battle rather than by poison or the bow-string, took in an evil hour for himself the field against prince Eugene, who, on the plains of Zentha, left twenty-two thousand Turks dead.

dead round their emperor, no longer able to renew the fight. The peace of Carlowitz and *his* disgrace were little distant from each other; and the year 1700 saw Achmet III. a less unfortunate and less unpopular sovereign, lead forth his armies 'gainst the *Yellow King*, for so they styled Peter the Great in Turkey. Had mankind annexed the same idea to this appellation as we do, who call our superannuated sea commanders by name of a *Yellow Admiral*, I know not why: Peter was the last man who deserved it. John Casimir king of Poland, was in that sense a truly *yellow king*, who, in the year 1668, deserted his country and government, after the example of Christina. He had been a jesuit, and Pope Innocent complimented him with a cardinal's hat, but he chose Paris for the place of his retreat, not Rome; Louis XIV. delighting to see the sovereigns of England and Poland under his protection, gave this son of Sigismund III. by Constantia of Austria, l'abbaye de Saint Germain, where the son of our Charles I. had, some years afterwards, a court appointed *him*. Casimir however, was nobler minded than James who could not, or than Christina, who would not rule their hereditary realms in peace: he never took the title of majesty or even eminence, but was called Monsieur l'Abbé till he died. The Swedes meantime, stimulated with the desire of rendering their names illustrious, longed to follow the tracks traced out by great Gustavus. Raynal says, that the houses of consequence throughout the whole nation were hung with trophies. Agriculture after Oxenstiern's death, was too much neglected certainly; and I fear the old gothick spirit of plunder and of roving, mingled itself with the new spirit of colonizing, and of trade. They connected themselves in North America however, nor seems that an unlikely country to attract their attention, but we hear of them in Persia too under the reign of their Charles XI. whose father quarrelling with gentle Frederick the third, his neighbour, on account of some possessions he knew not, I believe, the geography of; followed his ill-resisting foe almost to Copenhagen's walls. The far-famed Algernon Sydney, there stopt war's fires in this arctic volcano's eruption for a while,

while, and took the prey out of Gustavus's teeth, commonly called Charles X. : his sensibility increased the triumph of the *foi-disant saints*, who saw delighted an old Vandal chieftain struggling under the strong gripe of a young commonwealth. "And must I then be (said he) "prescribed to by parricides and pedlars?"—On a review of his own situation 'twas plain he must be so: his troops were all inclosed within an island, and our protector's fleets covered the sea. A sudden peace was the immediate consequence, and Sweden's monarch went him home to die. His son Charles XI. lost no importance among his contemporary princes, he was invited to share the advantages of a convention called the triple league in 1668, what time Lewis the fourteenth who had run over Franche Comté the year before, accepted that district with Cambray, Aix and St. Omer's in lieu (as he called it) of the Queen's rights, who had, in effect, *no rights*, because they were all forfeit at her marriage. Again, when the peace of Ryfwick was concluding, Charles XI. hastened its determinations; for observing there our exil'd abdicated James, caballing to get his second wife some stated provision, "Let her, exclaimed the king of Sweden, suddenly, have "her own jointure paid her now at present, her husband is dead to "his country." This sovereign was not famous for his courtesy to queens—"You were brought hither, dame, to bring us children, not "to obtrude advice," was his well-remembered admonition to his own consort, Ulrica Louisa; yet would he not suffer her brother, duke of Holstein Gottorp, to be ill-used or plundered by Christiern the fifth, although he succeeded to a throne rendered hereditary by the attachment of his subjects to his mild parent and predecessor Frederick III. Such a prince deserved such a son as gentle Ulrica brought him; Charles XII. to whom he left his crown in 1697 or 98, close on the new century:—he left him with that crown the royal lands, which Christina, during her short administration, had pawned for money to lavish upon favourites. The exchange of such a ruler for her cousin, was no loss to the nation she despised, where, though improvements had

had made way so rapidly, that Gustavus's memoirs make frequent mention of his *coach*: the state of wit and small-talk which *she* valued, certainly must run low. For if we reflect that even Thuanus's history is full of astrological and incompetent causes for great events; if Louis XIII. had been surnamed the *Just*, only because he was born under *Libra*; and if a man in 1650 had been burned for a wizard at le Chatelet, merely because, besides the usual business of the Manège, he had taught a horse to play tricks like those shewn at our Circus by Mr. Astley every day; creeping under the creature's belly, and jumping over his back as he galloped round an arena: we may guess to what a height superstition and senselessness could be carried in Sweden, whence, with the impatience of a wit she emigrated; but deeper research might possibly have shewn her, that a mind filled with entertaining literature only, is like the then newly discovered nations where gold alone, not iron, was the produce. There is a tradition among the Mandingo blacks, that 'twas for their preference of that metal they were punished with slavery: but the time was fast approaching, when eastern luxuries were to be exchanged for northern necessities, and the characters of different climates were to be blended into each other. Things were already much changed since our countryman Herbert, who travelled to Persia and India about 1628, tells of the Coho or Cahue, meaning coffee, with amazement, says Mahomet's notion of it, seems, as 'twere, a liquor brewed by the angel Gabriel for increase of strength to that Arabian impostor, who, when he drank it, was able to unhorse forty men: but for his part, (*Herbert's*) he thinks its colour shews of *the Stygian lake*. Sandys, who was aforehand with this traveller fifteen years, thinks it a beverage drawn from a footy berry; but says one may swallow it, and perhaps after all (adds he) it may be the Lacedemonian *black broth*, or of that nature. The letters Noëlianæ tell wonders of a clubbing drink used by the Turk between meals, and named of them Kauphe, not very *gustful* to the palate (says the old book) but excellent to *quicken eye-sight*. The vizier Kiuperli had a mind to get it prohibited at Constantinople

stantinople in Mahomet the fourth's time, when the houses people met to drink it in, were observed to be nurseries of sedition. His project took no effect: a Mussulman will part with his life rather than with the two great sweeteners of it, coffee and opium; the first is an appendage to Paradise: the tree of perfection planted in that garden, promised by their Prophet to their followers, supplies four ceaseless streams, milk, cahue, honey, and fresh water. 'Tis worth remark, that when these coffee-houses were, by a revolutionary disposition in men's minds, shut up for awhile, at least in the metropolis of Turkey, they were opened in that of Great Britain. A merchant, named Edwards, returning from the Levant, set up his Greek servant in one, calling it from him by the name of the Grecian coffee-house in 1652. One Jacob, a Jew, had opened a room at Oxford for a like purpose a year and half before; and I read somewhere that the Rainbow coffee-house, near Temple-bar, was represented as a nuisance to that neighbourhood in 1657. Monsieur le Mezieres says, the tree is originally from Ethiopia, but Mocha is the place whence the Venetians and other traders to the east import it. Colbert's plan of trading to Madagascar for gold and silver, though well imagined, did not turn to account. The gold was only copper, I believe; the silver retreated before the miners, and left them in the tract pointed by pale arsenick, which precedes in general the approach to that valuable metal. The stubbed four-foot high inhabitants begged of the French to exorcise the *ghosts*, by which they fancied themselves tormented, but finding them employed in speculations of a different nature, killed, or drove them away, and contented themselves, as before, by pulling up the reeds from their stagnant pools of half putrescent water, and throwing in seed of rice. 'Tis all the culture they have there a notion of: and it was left for modern Frenchmen's philosophy to discover that *priest-craft* was the cause of misery in an island where unassisted ignorance, and uncontrouled vice, looked in vain towards a sea covered with Christian vessels for justice, sentiment, or information. They were left as found in 1667. Of Europe's slack-

ness, however, we will not complain ; she produced Bochart, the learned and pious enquirer into all that can corroborate the testimonies late days give, to the truth of our earliest and only unerring book, the Holy Bible. His *Phaleg* and *Canaan*, his *Hieroicozon* did not, indeed, powerfully recommend him to Queen Christina's court, where a well-turned compliment or neatly pointed epigram, was more prized than useful knowledge, actuated by deep and strong erudition in a member of her father's faith : yet Bochart's tale of the *Torpedo* has been confirmed by our own sensations ; and Vaillant's *Giraffe* of 1790, is *his* *Camelopardalis*, who died 1668. The Sabbatical river, mentioned by Pliny and Josephus, has not yet re-appeared ; I know not whether Bruce had read of it, but whoever does read the writings of this period will be amazed to see how little has been added to general information since Lobo travelled and Ludolphus wrote. That the Abyssinians held firm the religion of Dioscorus, patriarch of Alexandria, who promulgated it among them in the year 517, against the Romanists who endeavoured to bring them *forcibly* into the pale about 1680, we all know ; they resisted the new doctrines as they called them, Purgatory, Transubstantiation, and Celibacy of their Clergy, with violence, and drove Alphonso Mendez from their court and country. Portuguese missionaries had better success eastward, and such of their forts and islands which have fallen to the Dutch, says Gordon, who was himself a Calvinist, have lost the good notions put into them by the first named Europeans concerning Christian obligation. Among the Japanese six hundred thousand souls once professed our faith ; I think in the year 1596, in the course of a century, not one dared call himself a Christian. Raynal says, the Philippine islands have been cruelly treated by Spain ; and the old books of travels do tell how the Hilanoones (meaning mountaineers) daily encrease in numbers from the oppressive treatment of the viceroy, who keeps his tyrannical court in Luconia. Of the Mogul's empire founded by Tamerlane, which attracts the *Retrospect* of a trading nation chiefly by its riches ; that of a learned one, chiefly on account

account of its natural, not its political history ; little can be told here, and in that little small interest can be taken, though the province of Agra alone is said to contain forty large towns, three hundred and forty small ones. The stables of the Emperor at Delhi, his horses fed with bread and butter and sugar, bowls of rice milk, &c. ; the stately throne under which he himself sat, under a canopy fringed with pearl, and shaded on the top by a peacock's tail, large as life, composed all of most precious stones, imitating in colorifick radiance the real plumage of a bird so beautiful, serves to allure the infant students in relative geography ; and though I always took the tale to be in Mandingo language, *tobaubo fonnio*, a white man's lie, yet it used to compensate me for the task of learning what delighted the fancy less, how Timur Beg, or Tamerlane, made a lasting impression upon the country in 1393, leaving his own descendants to succeed him : they, however, sleeping too soundly on the hereditary throne, Aurengzebe murdered and exiled all pretenders but himself, and seizing the dominion by force in 1665, desired to increase and extend it even beyond the sacred Ganges : that this rough conqueror should in a pathetick discourse transmitted as original to us by Bernier, and I think by Pere Catrou likewise, lament his want of education, and earnestly intreat his sons to study and obtain knowledge rather than power, is particularly striking, and a young reader fails not to wish such a prince a historian, such as Xenophon. Shah Allum however, who was the successor, was not of his father's mind : few men are ever of their father's mind, when that mind has been enforced with pomp of counsel, and oft-repeated admonitions, which disgust, not *allure* vulgar souls. Haffam Shah, Aurengzebe's youngest son, was no nearer delighting in pacific speculations than his brother ; their cruel contests for increase of territory disturbed the peaceful banks of that pure river where on its verdant slopes, in soft tranquillity, sit the Gentoo tribes, truly innocuous, well meriting an unmolested course of that longevity they never shorten in another creature, whilst from persuasion of metempsychosis nothing is killed by them, who

harmlessly permit each animal its own mode of enjoyment, resolute to destroy none : and happy in their ignorance of the new philosophy, which, by exalting vegetables to life, love, and sentiment, would take from these poor Brachmans even their present subsistence, and fright them from plucking off a lettuce leaf, lest the pale blood should, flowing from the wound, reproach their gentle souls with harshness, and stain their characters with cruelty. These Banians really live like Gideon's fleece, moistened by dew of heaven, as it appears, whilst all around is drought of every virtue : and it should seem that arms of swift destruction, even gun-powder, was known among this neighbourhood before we Europeans had the use on't. Something there surely must have been to defend the tributary kings of Ava and Pegu, whose seven idols, all of solid gold, whose large black stone, like that adored by Heliogabalus, with two enormous diamonds stuck for eyes, would not long keep from England's bank, I fancy, or that of Amsterdam, if the dull sovereign did really sit as it's supposed, like Dalay Lama in Thibet, regardless of what passes all around him. Certain it is, that the Mogul's empire owes much of its degradation to that folly of committing vast provinces to omrahs, rajahs, and nabobs, who fought, and traded ; and robbed their master, and enriched his foes, and daily undermined his territory, which we must quit when Thamas Kouli Khan, great representative of the Sophies, though taking the modest title of *Nadir* Shah, rose to the *zenith* of renown, just at the century's close, by a bold irruption into the very heart of Hindostan with sixty thousand troops : he was a Christian of St. Thomas, who planted our religion throughout Persia, and his very name imports it ; but the ill understood devotion of his country was mingled in his much-corrupted faith. The rebellion he headed against tyrant Seffre will be forgiven him, when we have read that 'twas that fiend's amusement to pluck the eyes out both of men and women with his own hands, when intoxicated with opium, swearing he preferred that sport to the best sherbet : and had Prince Thamas executed heaven's vengeance *mildly*,
all

all would have agreed that it was *justly* done : his conduct, which at first was greatly esteemed, changed however in so strange a manner, that it was said he was not the Sophy of Persia, but an impostor, Nadir Shah by name ; who killed the Christian, and assumed his nominal distinction : A new Smerdis, come again to prove that even in the year 1700 *after* our redemption, the self-same tricks were play'd, and in the self-same places too, that had amused mankind five hundred and twenty years *before* it. A stranger thing even than *this* is, our present notion of all riches returning to this continent, where it was first found, a notion started first in France, and which gains on the world exceedingly. Guthrie says, that Kouli Khan's booty of immense treasure (the peacock in coloured gems among the rest) never left India : Raynal believes it was buried under ground, but that commerce has carried much of the two hundred millions to Europe : he thinks, indeed, that the American gold and silver, after making many circuits, and dividing itself in many channels, settles at last under the rising sun ; certain it is, that the Spaniards are obliged to neglect their richest mines in South America of late, lest money should lose in value ; and the commercial philosophers who pursue this speculation now, say boldly, that if ever the wealth of Potosi were to be exhausted, we must look for it on the coast of Malabar. It was for Asia then that Mexico was plundered, and the wealth of Peru passing through Spain, Holland, England, &c. is destined to be buried under ground by Banians, who considering it, scarce unjustly, as poison to the peace and welfare of humanity, dig holes for all they can lay hold on. From them will we cross over, but not by the little narrow strait late times discovered ; and turn our *retrospective* tube to coarser life, leaving the Faquirs who pierce their flesh to purchase Heaven, and hurl themselves from high pagodas, where females struggle for the glorious privilege of dying with a man they never loved, to the hard savage of Canadian snows ; where the five Indian nations, sullen and taciturn, practise no cruelties upon *themselves*, untaught the artificial passions, which add weight to the burden life is born to bear.

Grieving

Grieving a tortured foe is the fell sport of Adirondacs and Cayugas; and as they tear up their own dead with shrieks, beseeching them to accept the sacrifice of six, or of sixteen captives taken in war between one of these thinly peopled districts and another; the women, with frantic gestures, howl around; throwing fresh fuel on a fire kindled to increase the prisoners' agony, till the voice of a Mohawk is heard from far, disturbing the horrid rite. Pre-eminent over all is the Mohawk tribe: the bear is his ensign in fight.

The speech of their Sachem to colonel Alexander Glen seems a grand specimen of Canadian eloquence. 'Twas in the year 1685, coeval with the occurrences of other countries under our present revival, that Monsieur de Herville, a French general, encouraged the Oneydoes to surprize our fort at Schenectady, where they murdered and massacred, and, what was much worse, carried away some English and allied Indians captive:—The consternation of our British soldiers was beyond belief, and a hasty retreat from such a neighbourhood was proposed at Albany, where we had another fort, full of women and children, justly terrified by such perfidious treatment from the French, who had seen the excesses of their copper-coloured friends committed on our people with a sneering and savage delight. The Mohawk Sachem's embassy amused, perhaps consoled, and gave them courage to renew a war more hideous than had been expected on our parts. "Take heart, brother," said the brave old chieftain, "We give this belt," presenting wampum, "to wipe away your tears. The enemy is deceitful, and in his
"deceit he shall perish:—The Mohawk will not be twice deceived; we
"present you eye-water to render you clear-sighted. Do not pack up
"and away Corlear; the sun has been cloudy, but will shine again: we
"will scalp the Frenchmen soon, and pour hot sand upon their bleeding
"skulls. Remember we are of the race of the Bear; and a bear never
"yields. Brethren, be courageous, and let this bind the chain of brotherhood," giving a belt of wampum.—"We must all be Bears; but
"let us fortify Schenectady like a beaver his house," giving a beaver's skin.

It

It seems to me as if these accounts, when new from the countries, and fresh upon men's minds, had a good deal impressed people here in England. We read in the Spectator of a Mohawk club. The merry men too who stroll along the streets of every metropolis to do unmeaning mischief in the night, knock down a feeble watchman, or terrify an old woman into anticipated death, *for a joke*; called themselves Mohocks in Queen Anne's time, while sober citizens used to be fortifying their houses like the beaver, to keep such crazy fellows from breaking their windows after twelve o'clock. Prior says,

Give the boy port and potent sack,
From milk-sop he starts up *Mohack*;

for writers now drew pictures from real life in France and England. 'Till those days imagination was exhausted to form, or history hunted over to find, scenes of amusement in their works of fancy; Sydney's Arcadia and Spencer's Fairy Queen: for Shakespear only had ventured to hold up a mirror to manners, not then elaborately dressed at all, or delighting in her own resemblance. But from 1650 to 1700, such improvements had been made in social intercourse, that people never had enough of it, till the press reflected back on their enchanted eyes the pleasures found in a refined society. Madame de Sevigne on this principle, called the world round to witness that maternal affection for a favourite daughter, felt no doubt by thousands, but expressed then with an elegance wholly new to mankind. Romances too had received their last polish from the flowing pen of Scuderi, pensioned by Louis quatorze, in whose reign first sprung up the idea of abridging these high heroick prolixities, which no longer much allured common readers; and scarce was the French Sappho, as they called her, cold in earth, when Marie Catherine des Jardins, who married Monsieur de Ville Dieu, introduced a change among these soothing fictions, and taught the art of novel writing. Out of the old runick quarry had doubtless been first hewn the uncouth figures filling the Spanish *Meravillas*; and
perhaps

perhaps some Moorish and Arabian dresses heaped on them added to their incongruity. These had Cervantes hooted from our shelves; and *his* book, while I'm writing, best preserves the memory of what he made ridiculous: they are preserved in amber, a production much like his own, uniting singular and contradictory qualities. The gum of a tree hardened by the sun, purified by the sea and wafted by the waves, is amber; when analysed the chemists find it to contain a vegetable oil, but a harsh mineral acid. 'Tis thus that reading Don Quixote we may find light humour, severe strokes of satirical wit, wise precepts from a madman's mouth, yet all in such fine harmony of character, that every mind plays truant with his tales, and *Retrospection's* self turns back to praise him. Spain did indeed in that one sole production exhaust all her powers; for like the queen ant among the termites bellicose—*that* name alone swelled and filled *their* dominions, while ours produced *Milton*, whose fame has gone forward, enlarging in size and rising in sublimity, like the fabled goddess sung by Virgil (not his superior), till in these times, distant almost two centuries from that he lived in, his noblest panegyrist, Samuel Johnson, soars into praise of him so lofty and so radiant, no other reputation could support, no minor merit vindicate, a claim to such superb eulogium. After these couriers for renown's green laurel, but far! how far beyond the distance post! Cowley and Waller come, as after Childers, Jason or Eclipse, a finished pair of high-dress'd gennets from the manège, graceful and smooth, expert, and elegant, gay-coloured and well bred:—Rough Butler too, whose wit and sparkling intelligence, uttered by a grotesque figure, such as the masks prefixed to Terence's comedies, fail not their first assault upon a reader's mind, who feels small appetite indeed to come again, where olives and caviare, mangoes and hot cashu nuts form the treat, long-kept Stilton cheese serves as the sole *dessert*. But Dryden ends our list of first-rate poets, who lived and died with the sixteenth century: Dryden, who gives to our mental digestion more ponderous food than this, and searches every science, every element, for imagery,

to

to entertain those faculties in his readers which he appears to fancy equal with his own: so exquisite is his prose, we wish he never had been led to lose his time in measuring quantities and seeking syllables: so admirable his poetry, we hate to think that prose should interfere, and rob us of his flights.

Like Shakespear's Florizel to Perdita, th' enamoured looker o'er such works breaks forth—

——— What you do, sweet!
 Still better what is done; for when you speak
 I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms:
 Pray so, and for the ordering your affairs
 To sing *them* too. When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but *that*; move still, still so,
 And own no other function.

But not those only who could gladden life were at this period the boast of Britain, Harvey and Sydenham knew how to prolong it, turning America's rich produce to account, whence bark, the great restorative, was brought; and smooth as even Waller's verses flowed, the salutary *oleum palma Christi*. The pine-apple, afterwards sold in wheel-barrows about the streets of London, was brought thither from Holland within the period under revival. Sir Matthew Decker was the man who added *that* luxury to our tables: the old travel books of 1628, mention it under the name ananas; *sweet to savour, but of a rough rind, and skalee*. Vanilla seems to have never familiarized itself among us; we use it only to perfume fine chocolate: 'tis truly an *ivy*, and clings yet to its old habitation, despising a new-built wall. Xalapa, originally the Moorish name of a town in Old Spain, carried over to South America, now gives appellation to the Mexican convolvulus, beautiful in its colour, and of a clasping genius, known to the apothecaries in England as a useful purgative, and called jalap; but cochineal the insect, and cochineal the shrub, to which we owe the brilliant

red that dyes our stuffs, and heightens the painter's powers, lives chiefly near the gulph of Honduras ! unfathomable waters. *Fondos* or *Hondos*, whence Honduras. By names of places we indeed best trace how far the French, and where the Spaniards and English, have penetrated: Boca de la Maddalena, Isle Santanilla, &c. Cape François, Vingt-une, Watling Island, and Rum Key. Labat was missionary in the days we speak of; what he then told and afterwards wrote, has never been contradicted. Pontanus, who edited and corrected Claverius, died 1650, I believe, but not till he had added much to the general stock of ancient and northern geography. I suspect him to be author of some Latin lines which I have read, but cannot find this moment; of which the following is a translation equally unknown to me, and quoted but by memory :

Mark how the fruitful Danube flows,
 Realms and religions parting,
 A friend to all true Christian foes,
 To Peter, Jack, and Martin.
 Now Protestant, and Papist now,
 And sometimes both or either,
 At length an infidel does grow,
 And ends his journey neither:
 So have I seen some youth set out,
 Half Protestant half Papist;
 And wand'ring long the world about,
 Some new religion to find out,
 Turn Infidel or Atheist.

Pontanus had better have held close to learning, and let attempts at wit quite alone: having thought it a clever thing to send a verse-enigma to Schreverius enquiring of his friend what that could be which would grow greater in proportion as you took something from it every day? Schreverius wrote him word, *Pontano demas carmina, major erit*, that it was *Pontanus*; from whom if you took all his poetry, he would be greater than he was before. To a writer who collected the lives of ladies illustrious for their virtue and literary acquirements, we ought to wish gentler treatment. Meantime *France* no more looked

looked out for anagram and enigma; the time was past when Racan and Malherbe diverted themselves a whole evening in making out Greek names by which to celebrate their favorite females, both of which happen'd to be called plain Catherine, from whence Malherbe drew Arthenice; 'tis said, Racan took Eracthine, having first enquired of his master whether *it would do* or no. Mademoiselle de Gournai had led the way, and Tannequi le Fevre having lost his son, a prodigy of learning at eleven years old; delighted to sink his own name in that of a daughter, whose erudition was admired by the *cercle des sçavants* who frequented her father's house. Christina heard of her eminence, and wrote her a letter expressing the earnest desire she felt of conversing with so extraordinary a lady, and of hearing that she had quitted the Protestants, for whose society she was too excellent, &c. Louis XIV. who loved not literary accomplishments in women, gave her however to understand through his emissaries, that some favour might be gained by changing her religious opinions, and Mademoiselle le Fevre would have listened more readily to these overtures, 'twas said, had not young Dacier, who was just then refused by the famous De Launai, afterwards Madame Staal, because he was a Lutheran, applied to Tannequi for instruction, and found his way to fair Anna's heart. They married, but the lady made use of all her influence in turning her husband from the way of truth and of their fathers: they retired to study the *evidences* as she said, the *allurements* rather of Romanism, and they came out to abjure their old opinions as heretical, and to consider those who professed them as *accursed*. That task performed, Dacier was liberally pensioned for his history of medals, was made the King's librarian, &c. while his wife contributed the *Florus in usum Delphini*.

With such smooth looks and many a tuneful word,
The first fair she beguil'd her easy lord:
Too blind with wit and beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare, &c.

They had no children however, except their *works*, and when requested to write in favour of Popery, wife Madame Dacier steadily refused; but whilst Maintenon and herself quitted the unfashionable side of the question, and hastened to enlist in the contrary party, Pere Hardouin appears to have had an honest terror seize upon his soul lest Christianity *itself* were in danger: much of what he then said has certainly since come clearly to pass; and I am partly of his mind, that he did not rise every morning for fifteen years together at four o'clock to find out nothing that his neighbours did not know; he seems to have known that there was an extensive plot laid even then for purpose of shaking our holy religion to its foundations, and so there certainly was, and he perhaps might have impeded its progress, had he not asserted propositions wholly untenable concerning the classical books so long revered, condemning them all as impostures. To this error it does not appear indeed that he was led by any vain-glorious humour of his own, or desire of novelty, but a firm persuasion of the church's infallibility and incapacity of mistake, for from his notion that whoever was canonized must be of necessity a saint, seemed to proceed all the rest of the consequences. He was however treated as a visionary *plein de chimères, qui ne voit que d'athées par tout*: and Vertet, a Protestant minister at Geneva, made his epitaph to the delight of Jesuits and Jansenists and all—'tis too long to translate as well as transcribe.

In expectatione judicii
 Hic jacet
 Hominum Paradoxaotatos
 Natione Gallus, Religione Romanus,
 Orbis Litterati portentum,
 Venerandæ Antiquitatis cultor et destructor,
 Docte febricitans
 Somnia et Inaudita commenta vigilans edidit
 Scepticum pie egit,
 Credulitate puer, audaciâ Juvenis, deliriis senex.

France

France did at this her season of renown teem with wit, worth, and genius; we left old Lewis surrounded by his flatterers, who celebrated, recorded, or collected the works of those that did record and celebrate his golden day: Bruyere, Bouhours, Boileau, Bossuet, Corneille, Racine, Menage, and least forgotten La Fontaine perhaps, but every one would be a *bel esprit*; Dumay, the famous conseiller de Paris, who had been brought up to a pastoral life in a distant province, and who had realized a great estate by study of the law, made himself so famous for his verses, bon mots, &c. that Menage wrote these lines upon his tomb.

De l'illustre Dumay dont tu vois le tombeau,
 Passant! revere ici la cendre;
 Dijon quoique Thoulouse eut le droit d'y pretendre
 En fut le glorieux berceau:
 L'Ouse sur sa rive tranquille
 En a longtems ouï les vers charmants et doux,
 La Garonne en conçut un envieux courroux,
 Et du tems même de Virgile,
 Le Tibre en eut été jaloux.

His native river now no more
 Shall listen as it flows,
 Dumay lies buried on our shore,
 Far from his fav'rite Ouse;
 The Garonne jealous of such lays,
 Her envious head withdrew;
 And Tyber, even in Virgil's days,
 Might have been jealous too.

While then Pouffin's fame, never extinct, called after him, but at an awful distance, Sebastian Bourdon, Le Brun, Mignard and Jouvenet; and while Claude Gelée, driven from a pastry-cook's shop at Nancy for imbecillity, died at Rome, leaving his own country immortalized by his appellation, Claude de *Lorraine*; flourished at fair Ancona, Carlo Maratti, last of Italian painters worth the naming. That sweetly-glowing tint, that outline lost in rotundity, the fine contorno and well managed groupe

groupe so long the boast of Rome, were fled to Flanders, whence Vandyck and Rubens brought them to Great Britain, and with them Sir Christopher Wren co-operating, tried to establish the fine arts in England, where Sir Josiah Child tells us, with truth no doubt, that in the year 1688 more men walked the Exchange who possessed 10,000l. than there were men who possessed 1000l. thirty years before; a rapidity in the proud stream of general opulence not to be credited but from such authority. If it be equally true what Hume says, that a young gentlewoman thought herself well clothed and happy in a good serge gown about A. D. 1650; and that in 1688 her daughter's chambermaid would not have worn one like it, we may see the distant provinces kept pace in due proportion with the capital: it was in 1670, I believe, that a board of trade first became necessary in our nation, and the earliest American convention bears nearly the same date, when Spain and England struck the limits of their respective colonies; but the first Christian treaty the Chinese made was with Russia. With this progress of riches, luxuries, and social intercourse, some individuals were even yet ill-pleased. Whilst every other pen was praising the joyful days of Louis XIV. Monsieur de Valois said, "The people are turned fools, and Paris is no longer what it was; one cannot walk the streets for carriages. *In my time*, there were but three coaches in all the town; one belonged to Queen Catherine de Medicis, one to Diana d'Angoulesme, princess of France, and the other to Christopher de Thou, president of the parliament, who was grown gouty, and could no longer sit upon his mule: but now each paltry fellow sets up his equipage, and covers his mean birth by splendour, forgetting the *bon vieux temps*." Valesius who edited in 1634, *Examples of Vice and Virtue*, written by the Greek Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, a sort of selectæ, seems like Pere Hardouin to have had some notion that all these later improvements tended but little to promote religion or morality, although well planted science put forth fresh ramifications daily in every country; and mechanic arts

arts arrived almost at perfection in ours, patronized by Boyle, who might have been himself a professor, yet filled as it should seem with the same salutary dread of atheistic insolence, he left a legacy to keep its poison down by antidote; and while the sublime genius of immortal Newton hovered with angels' wings over the high-grown tree, pointing its loftiest aspirations up to heaven, and consecrating knowledge to the praise of its Creator; *Dear* Fenelon devoted *his* branch of it to the free benefit of his fellow creatures; a friend to whom, he strove to educate in the young heir of France, son to the then dead Dauphin, for whose use immortal *Telemaque* was written, and composed with language equal to the sentiments, pure although free, and wise although poetical: for him how willingly would *Retrospection* wait, could we find praise, as he found merit easy; but *Cambray* for his panegyrist should have *Addison*.

Tum primum radiis gelidi caluere triones;

and the frozen north felt the desire of softening her severity by learning's gentle influence. The Muscovites, after they had for many years been governed by a division in their monarchy of two brothers and a sister, dropt at the century's close into the hands of one sole Emperor or *Cæsar—Ctzar*. He joined with Leopold against the Turks, and possessing himself of Azoph, fastened his forces upon the banks of their Black Sea, reminding them of the red apple, which they now began once more to recollect, calling Peter the Orange Tawney, or Yellow King; this brought to mind in many thinking men, a fancy that the Ottomans, once so formidable, had passed the acme of their power, and our contemporary, Eton, says, "it ended when the Vizier Kiuperli breathed his last." Dr. Lloyd wrote a book upon the subject *then*, filled with many well-studied calculations, and Peter the Ctzar who had no learning at all, and scarce could calculate a sum in simple addition, was looked up to as the future destroyer of Mahometanism in Europe. Burnet we will own expresses some contempt towards him. "He
" is

“is come hither,” says the bishop, “to practise and to see what his *genius shall be capable to rise up to.*” These are the words, but Burnet was accustomed chiefly to court manners, and could not see the sovereign through the savage. That a hard-handed fellow, uncouth in appearance, and working in our docks as a ship carpenter, should desire to polish and refine his people, and that he should take that method of accomplishing his purpose, was doubtless difficult enough to conceive, almost impossible to execute; but God, whose providence the elegant author deprecates when he observes so large a portion of mankind committed to the care of rugged Peter, put away the pleasing Prince John Sobiesky, who outlived his renown for wisdom, virtue, and valour, and died despised by all in 1697. Whilst in two years more the Swedish hero, Charles, set his own crown upon his own head, soon as his gallant father was expired, and begun treating the world with little ceremony, as he determined soon to teach it a perfect and obsequious submission.

The birth of a new kingdom likewise was at hand, and the old house of Hohenzollen felt the wish to change its rank among German leaders; assuming the title of King over Prussia; its nascent importance has been happily transmitted to us by the great descendant of this great elector Frederick de Brandenburg, who having caught the universal panick concerning the universal monarchy aimed at by Louis XIV., enter'd with willingness into the league against him. Of that rich sheaf our William was the bandage and tie; he too had been lately exalted from Stadtholder in one country to Kingship in another; “but ’twas the moment,” says the royal author just mentioned, “for princes to bud out and disclose themselves;” he might have added that they budded out at a wrong time of year, like apple blossoms gracing sometimes with barren beauty, October or November. Prussia being itself little beyond a desert watered by blood of heroes in the contest between Gustavus Adolphus and the Imperial generals Tilly and Pappenheim; Europe saw it claimed with less aversion;
Leopold

Leopold was not unwilling to acknowledge any prince who would lend him one thousand men to fight against France, Augustus of Saxony, eager to secure Poland, made no objection: and William cared not much what price was paid, when a new enemy to old Louis was to be the purchase. Charles of Sweden meant to possess the whole: a wolf counts not the sheep nor listens to their *names*; he laughed to see a new throne erected only for his amusement to pull down: but though possessed of one vast project, his head contained no subordinate plans which might bring it to bear. Impulse and energy were the sole auxiliaries sought by that hot-headed champion, that prize-fighter in the vast arena of the world, which had not been traversed with more rapid, more restless vehemence since *Retrospection* first presented it to view. His exploits must lend fire to our future chapters though; for the year 1700 left him brandishing his weapons around, as a stag in a forest sharpens his horns, for the purpose of running at, *he cares not who*.

CHAP. XIV.

SPAIN, PORTUGAL, GERMANY, HOLLAND, AND GREAT
BRITAIN, FROM 1650 TO 1700.

THE twelfth chapter of this swiftly-flown *Retrospect* quitted Louis XIV. when, like a moss-grown tree, he spread his arms abroad, but sprouted out no more ; while lichens covered the root with leathery obstructions, and every parasitical plant sucked up his moisture, preventing further progress of his powers, and twisting round his trunk their hindering obsequiousness ; yet he expected to revive again, if once unhappy Charles of Spain would die, and leave him room for new expansion :— That wretched prince, twice married, and still miserable in having no son to succeed him, had chosen to adopt the son of the elector of Bavaria, and his death put all Europe in confusion, till on the testament of this poor Spanish monarch, the world seemed well-resolved to wait no longer ; so that by an act of unexampled insolence they divided his possessions even *before* his death, by the memorable Partition Treaty. Indignation at seeing himself so treated, hastened the end of a life remarkable in no sense, but that it was the object of all contemporary sovereigns, who considered his dismissal as their signal for seizing his property. Enraged at this idea he bestowed, by a solemn act that filled the parting moments, all he possessed in this world upon Philip duke of Anjou, second son to the dead Dauphin of France, by Mary Anne of Bavaria ; nor could he have made a wiser or a more equitable disposition : this was in the year 1700. John de Braganza, surnamed the Fortunate, his neighbour in Portugal, had been happier :—He left sons, though they were not like himself. Alphonso the eldest, who succeeded him, married

married a posthumous daughter of Charles Amadeus, duke of Savoy ; but falling immediately into an incurable madness, the nuptials were defer'd, and Don Pedro, his next brother, having in the interim made himself agreeable to the princess, whose terror alienated her mind still more from poor Alphonso : they were consummated by dispensation with the last-named offspring of great Braganza instead of him, to whom the lady was betrothed. Voltaire makes a bustle about this transaction as if overflowing with moral turpitude, but it is *thus* the Portuguese relate the tale ; and say moreover, that the king was taken care of in Isola Terçera, one of the Azore isles, nor did his brother assume any title but that of regent until *his* demise, which happened not till 1683. Don Pedro was quietly established on his throne when Madrid was shaking with convulsive terrors, and the eventful year 1700 saw Lisbon a commercial town, flowing with riches less wickedly obtained than those of Spain or Holland, and prospering accordingly. Ferdinand the second, opponent (if he might be so called) to great Gustavus Adolphus, left *his* empire meanwhile quietly secured to Ferdinand Ernest his son, whose successor Leopold, by dint of philosophical composure and plain sense, dragged through a long reign of forty-seven years without much applause indeed, or much blame : but frequently assaulted, he lost little territory, and perpetually tormented, he never lost his temper. His grand object was to stop the progress of France towards power, of England towards wealth. To effect the latter scheme, he harassed that wretched elector Palatine, married to a sister of Charles the first : but seeing how little her personal afflictions affected the purse of Great Britain, he got our money to assist him in the war against Louis quatorze, over which the Stadtholder of Holland presided ; and thus turned one of the states he hated against the other. The year 1700 found *him* a true mourner for William the third's ill state of health, as he could not *hope* to be supported by his successor in the same manner. We must however, go back and see what our own country actually did do and suffer from 1650 to 1700, the most important moments of her

life. We left her protected against foreign powers by Oliver Cromwell, whose triumphs on the ocean rendered him formidable to the fiercest of them:—His conquest of Jamaica was useful to commercial splendour, and his leaving it to be named after king James by those who took it, instead of naming it after himself; shewed unaffected greatness of mind; but what, perhaps, gratifies an English reader of his reign more than any acquisition that was made during its continuance, is the total scorn shewn by him of the Portuguese ambassador's nobility and consequence when put in balance against one Briton's life; and to say true, all Europe looked with admiration on an act as new to mankind as it was just and reasonable; when Don Passerano de Saa, brother to the envoy of our best ally, was publicly beheaded upon Tower Hill for murder of some man whose name has been long forgotten. But the protectorate was of short duration. Though stern in council as ferocious in fight, Cromwell's ruggedness like that of the cocoa-nut was confined to his exterior: the milk of tenderness within hastened its premature decay. A dutiful son, his mother's perpetual terror lest he should be assassinated, tormented her own days and shortened his. To please her he was ever changing his apartment, and used to shew her sometimes that he wore armour under his clothes. Of the children on which he doated with uncommon fondness, Mrs. Claypole was the acknowledged darling, and since he had bred them up to have no prejudices, they had none in *his favour*. That lady lived and died a royalist, nor spared to embitter with political reproaches the parting scene between herself and an indulgent father, of whose renown many a higher lady than Mrs. Claypole might have been justly proud. Mrs. Fleetwood was a determined democrat, a leveller, who considered his power as a criminal usurpation over the people's rights; while Richard, *for* whom he accepted, and *to* whom he resigned that power, which however procured he had used only for England's good; was of a quiet unambitious temper, and Henry his other son had, as Hume says, a project ever in his head, of restoring Charles the second to his throne.

That

That young prince had, like Charles the first, trusted the Scots at beginning, but tired with the tedious and ill-graced succours they bestowed, had made one gallant effort in 1651, and met his rival face to face near Worcester. It was against the *sons* of Pompey, as we all remember, that Julius Cæsar said he fought for life, the other battles had been risked for fame alone. Oliver said something like it of that day which delivered up the rightful heir of these kingdoms to beggary and distress, after a gallant resistance, but a vain one.

Superior genius for military matters is almost always sure to conquer headlong bravery; our young wanderer had, however, other qualities not easily vanquished: he had a spirit of lively confidence that the incredible hardships he suffered never seemed to crush. One day sheltered in an oak tree from his pursuers, one week cutting faggots in the forest under protection of four faithful peasants—then riding as a servant before a gentlewoman to Bristol, and when there, disappointed of his passage to France; whither he could never get a ship to carry him till he had walked and rode by turns across the whole island to Brighthelmston in Suffex, where, at a small house in West-street, his head served as a sign in the year 1780, to record his singular adventures and escape. Mazarin's unkindness when he at length arrived at his place of destination, would likewise have been painful to a thinking mind; but Charles endured severities easily enough: He and his brother, when danger began to remit, lived from place to place in the land of their widowed mother, how they could:—The eldest taking up the *manners* of the nation they resided in, the youngest adhering zealously to its *religion*. Early impressions are not to be worn away, and the school of misfortune, though admirable for mankind in general, is not, I believe, good for princes. He who feels more pain than he can possibly suppose his due in the beginning of life, will be apt to sweeten the middle part of it with vicious pleasures: he who lives by chance gets no habits of œconomy, and he who has been dipt deeply in distress, is dipt as in the Stygian waters; his sensibility is scared, and its pores closed; when
he

he hears of sorrow he says to himself, “ *Graviora tuli*—I have suffer’d worse than this;” and then turns his head away in hopes of better entertainment. When Cromwell died in 1658,

And Heaven his great soul did claim,
In forms as loud as his immortal fame—

when the court of France meanly put on mourning for its greatest foe, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier alone had spirit to resist the torrent of fashion, and to protest that she would not wear black for a regicide of plebeian birth, Charles heard that the officers had invested Richard, the protector’s son, with sovereign power, for so they did the last day of December; and on the second day of April next succeeding, he signed his own demission in due form, and leaving political matters as he found them, went over to drink the waters at Aix la Chapelle. Le Prince de Conti there met him in a coffee-house by mere chance; unknowing who he was, and chatting openly upon the common topics of the times—“As for that Oliver,” exclaimed the Prince, “he was a great man, ’tis sure, and though we must confess “him an usurper, his character will ever be esteemed a grand one, fit “to fill up a page in history; but for that paltry creature called his “son, my tongue disdains to name him.” “And yet, Sir,” coolly replied his new acquaintance, “that *great man* never, to my knowledge, had for the last twelve years of his life even twelve hours he “could call his own, while his son Richard enjoys peace and competence as you see, with a clear conscience, and the honour of conversing with your highness here at Aix la Chapelle.”

Something there is about this young man that reminds a reader of Charles le bien servi, Dauphin of France; had he, like that Prince, been surrounded with incitements, or lived like him before love was degenerated into gross appetite, and chivalry become a standing jest: but since no Agnes de Sorel stimulated the dormant ambition of young Cromwell, plain sense and gentle indolence of temper led him to extinguish

tinguish it. They kept him alive ninety-seven years I am informed ; and an old man told *me*, that his old father had heard him join in a chorus of God save great George our King, but it must certainly have been a mistake. Thus rose, however, and thus fell without hurt or danger to themselves, a family once so feared by a whole continent : with them, indeed, did never fall again many less noble products of that vast democrattick inundation which, like the Egyptian river, left behind numerous, unfinished, and half-formed things, noxious to touch, and hateful to remembrance : fern-feed fiends, walking invisible,

That yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats :
While Rosicrucian virtuosos
See with their ears, and hear with noses.

Abbé Barruel, whose torch of truth has made all these demons, like their *grand master* in Milton, start up in their proper shapes ; says, “ That there first appeared in England about this time mystick professors of strange faiths ;” and to say true, Grey’s notes on Hudibras confirm the assertion, mentioning *illuminati*, and quoting Jo. Gherardi for further information. The times were strange indeed, teeming with wonders—among them the vision of Rice Evans seems most wonderful ; nor would I quote it, but that Warburton and Jortin appear to think it worthy *their* attention. He was a Welshman, and imagined that in the palm of his hand, soon after King Charles’s decapitation, he saw exhibited a passing show—a plain succession of seven human faces : Cromwell and Fairfax he knew, the other five he had never seen before, and *they* wore crowns upon their heads, and vanishing away ; “ the blood,” says he, “ turned to its veins again, and there appeared no more.” There were, however, realities enough, without this strange prediction of the five succeeding reigns, and end of the Stuart family ; to make men much amazed. In 1660 our three kingdoms, apparently fatigued by their own efforts, fell into a general convulsion, and consequently
stupor,

stupor, which General Monk taking advantage of, brought home their long-lost sovereign. He returned upon the 29th of May, just thirty years old, full of gay spirits, good humour, and apparent unconcern of all he had himself suffered, and all his ruined friends had suffered for him. General Monk indeed, the four faithful peasants, Pendrells by name, and a rough hostess of a coarse inn, who to conceal the King from his pursuers set him, before all their faces, to turn her spit, and beat him with the ladle for neglect of duty—he set himself immediately to reward, and amply; accompanying his gifts with that enchanting sweetness of manners that distinguished all he did, and took all hearts his prisoners. For the rest, his acts of indemnity and amnesty offered on his accession to the throne, were afterwards called indemnity to his enemies, and oblivion to his friends. The truth is, Charles was in too much haste to be happy; and his subjects in too great a hurry to think that it was impossible they could ever be otherwise when their *King should enjoy his own again*. Such was the burden of ballads and loyal songs, while royal oak decorated every door; and although Englishmen are deemed phlegmatick and philosophical by foreigners, tradition tells of men who *died* for joy at seeing monarchy again restored, in the person of a prince too who was so peculiarly pleasing. This general disposition to be gay was checked by no severities on his part: none but the immediate murderers of his father were executed. Calamy, the puritan, was made court chaplain, and sectaries were not excluded the privy council. Clarendon's adherence to the royal family was, indeed, rewarded with the great seal; but a larger acquisition of felicity was bestowed by fortune upon that accomplished statesman, when his daughter, Anne Hyde, persuaded the Duke of York to acknowledge his marriage with her while in France. His Majesty's *own* choice, a princess of Portugal, brought no children; his mother, Henrietta Maria, who came home when he did, and who seems to have been a poor creature by her ill-written letters published not very long ago, was supposed to have wedded Lord Jer-

myn,

myn *, whom she always was observed to treat less with condescending affection than with obsequious fear. Her daughter was duchesse D'Orleans; and the insidious visit she made her native land linked the sovereign of it for ever in chains to the French court, who had sent him over a seducer in his sister's train; Louise de Querouailles, soon created duchess of Portsmouth, though the King always called her *Fubbs*, and named the yacht they went o'pleasuring in after that soubriquet. Her influence might notwithstanding have been checked, perhaps; had the King's *penchant* for his pretty cousin, fair Frances Stuart, whom he could not seduce, been encouraged by his courtiers; she was a simple, but a modest maiden; and Charles was of her in true earnest honourably enamoured, though she possessed no striking acquirements. A magnet, however, will attract *in vacuo*, and the barren Queen would have been soon sent home to make way for her, had not the Chancellor, desirous to retain the crown of England for his daughter's children, set the young duke of Richmond to court that lady, who hopeless *to do better*, as the phrase is, *kindly* complied, and then the King *as kindly*—hating Lord Clarendon from that day forward—complied with his subjects' wishes to remove him. Remembrance of her symmetrick form is even yet preserved among us, by the figure of Britannia on a half-penny, taken from medals then first struck, and bearing her effigies for ever, evincing her sovereign's partiality. Meanwhile Dunkirk was sold to France, and the triple alliance was signed, engaging to assist Lewis in ruining Holland, contrary to the common interest of all Europe. The best thing done was colonizing New York, which was named after the duke our admiral, inventor of sea signals, who was a useful friend to Great Britain, though there was never much reciprocal affection between them. Charles made a generous grant of Maryland to my Lord Baltimore; and the far-famed quaker, William Penn,

* Lord Jermyn was made Earl of St. Alban's; two streets contiguous to each other are yet called by his name. The last seems a title for royal connections: Nell Gwynne and her children possessed it as a dukedom.

shewed both hemispheres at once the beauty and worldly interest of benevolence, when in the North American *forests*, destined to bear *his* nominal distinction, *Pennsylvania*; he cultivated a friendship with the scar'd inhabitants, and binding all in one fraternal chain of tolerating gentleness, called his new settlement Brotherly Love, implied in the word *Philadelphia*. Meanwhile many unheard-of fancies possessed men's minds at home: one Venner, during this reign, for three days together, paraded, without molestation, the streets of London, proclaiming King Jesus, and declaring the last day arrived. From phrenzy however, when his followers proceeded to *plunder*, they were restrained and punished; or rather, I believe, opposed and conquered, the terrors of selfishness extinguishing the tumult of distraction. The blasphemies of James Naylor, who fancied himself *Messiah*, and rode through Bristol, the people crying Hosannah as he went along, likewise disgraced these days, which the plague visited, and London's conflagration could not mend; for while these odd possessions held the middling ranks of life, a daring and shameless profligacy, scarce less frantic, seized on the empty heads of noble youths, impelling them to acts of savage indecorum. Dalrymple tells how thirteen men of fashion—the future chancellor, Judge Jefferies, 'mid the groupe—stript to their shirts, and drank the King's health, perched up like pigeons, on a monstrous sign post fixt at a tavern door. Another set celebrated the 29th of May by dancing wholly uncovered, excepting by some oak leaves, in a balcony of the Strand, I think, till the mob, much less unreasonable in *their* excesses, threw stones and wounded them, and drove them in by force. Rochester confessed afterwards that he had passed three whole years in ebriety unbroken; while the royal brothers appeared to slight or be diverted by these horrid frolicks, passing their own time in gay voluptuousness, desiring only that no traces of puritanism might be left. With all this arts and sciences were not neglected. The royal travellers tried to set up some imitation of a French opera at Rutland-house, where Mademoiselle Subligny danced pantomimical ballets, I believe, and contemporaneous

poraneous with Lulli in France lived our English Purcell: the air to which he set the words, *My lodging is on the cold ground*, particularly, so pleased King Charles, he took the girl from off the stage who sung it; and as she was a native of North Wales, he called his daughter by her, Mary Tudor: *she* married the Earl of Derwentwater, and became mother to the rebel nobleman who was executed (almost in our own time) for his adherence to the Stuart family. Playhouses were patronized by the court, and though the representations were *indecent* to a shameless degree, it was not their indecency which so much distinguished them from what had been endured by other ages, as a strain of profane jesting which now first began to be encouraged, and which Mr. Congreve had the honour of carrying to perfection.

New manufactories added splendour to every show; and happen what would, commerce appeared to gain by it. The fine mode of dying woollen-cloth was brought from the continent by Edward Brewer; persecution of the Huguenots abroad sent over workmen hither, where money grew plenty, and the encrease of coinage between Charles the second's reign and his brother's, was ten millions two hundred and sixty thousand pounds. Yet was their council-chamber, while the eldest of them occupied the throne, become gloomy and employed in unravelling plots true or false during the latter days, so that foul tales of midnight murder, quick succeeding to senseless pranks of wild nocturnal merriment, forced into concurrence even the contradictory vices, sensuality and suspicion. "These," said the Prince of Orange, "are your *talking* kings;" and kept his own lips firmly closed upon those projects which his heart was big with: the same spirit of taciturnity which prompted him while yet a boy to conceal, instead of punishing, the treachery of a page that nightly read his letters, grew up with his riper years; and as on that occasion he provided the page proper papers on which to exercise his genius for examination; so he afterwards continued the like cautious conduct through life; uniting in a manner peculiar to himself, the vigour of youth in every battle

with the wariness of age in every negotiation.* He saw with silent pleasure Charles and James making, by their perverse behaviour, way for his lovely wife to wear the English crown. He had married the duke of York's eldest daughter, by Ann Hyde, who had always held firm to her religious opinions 'spite of her husband's seducements, and had in zealous care brought up her favourite Mary to inherit them. The father of this princess could not be more attached to Popery than she to Protestantism, but her morality kept pace with the pious ardour she expressed for our reformed church—the duke disgraced his choice of Romanism by an ardour for pleasure, which no devout sentiments seemed to restrain. He built the house in Long Acre, with a variegated front for his baths; but as it soon became a place dedicated to intrigue more than health; *bagnios* were from that time considered as bearing a bad character, one only excepted, which took an Indian appellation, by which its known to this day I believe—*Hummums* in some oriental language meaning a sudatory. After long expectation of the royal feat, our gay king gave his brother a near chance for it by sudden illness, from which however, he recovered so as to enquire laughingly what would be said of him after his decease: the courtier's impromptu reply is well-known how his epitaph should run:

Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

The monarch's answer is not so familiar to us, although a very happy

* To confess the truth, it was time to grow wary: princes were no longer literally or figuratively chastised by *proxy*. Mr. Murray, mentioned by Burnet, was the last whipping-boy, and *his* poor master Charles I. had found no substitute to bear the punishment upon his age, though that gentleman when very young used to be corrected for the royal children's faults, as was customary among courts; the page was accounted happy whom they selected for this purpose, and was sure to grow up a favourite.

one. "Your character is really pretty near the truth," said he, "because
" what I have *said* was *my own* of course, and what I have *done* has
" commonly been of yours, or of no wiser man's suggestion." The
graver people however, were attentive to observe in what communion
this prince would at length expire; and the Papists exulted in the idea
that he at last received the sacrament from a Romish priest, supported
in his bed by the duchess of Portsmouth, who was of the same persuasion.
James was no sooner fixed upon the throne than he *openly* professed
himself a friend to France, an enemy to Holland, and almost a subject,
but certainly a dutiful son to the Pope, whom he distressed with
attentions, of which Innocent XI. clearly foresaw the consequences,
and said among his intimates: "We must excommunicate this man
" for rooting up that little which was left us of adherence in England."
In effect, his fondness for Rome appeared a passion more than a regular
attachment; and that it took up all his thoughts was deeply
injurious to him and to his people; who had they been of his mind, or
he of theirs in theological matters, would have had a good sovereign
in James II. though not a great one. He was earnest to make roads
about the kingdom, and had a strong desire to encrease the internal
commerce of our island; the first turnpike at *Stilton* was set up by his
management, and the care of regulating posts, stages, &c. committed
to Ogilby the translator of Homer, under his own inspection. Care
for keeping ships sweet and clean from infection, was one of the benefits
we owe to this prince, whose activity during both the plague and
fire of London, during his brother's reign, did him great credit, but
the predilection he had always shown to France, and his recent marriage
with a lady of the house of Modena, connected with the French
court, and called the adopted daughter of Louis XIV., helped to
alienate his subjects' hearts from him, and turn them toward the prince
of Orange, from whose character a strong contrast was drawn, but
little to the uncle's favour. Dazzled however, as it appears, by the
prismatic rays that shone round the head of Lewis the fourteenth, our
brother

brother kings meanly preferred, one hastily, the other deliberately, to live pensioners upon his royal bounty, rather than rule over a free people, by submitting to use that influence now grown indispensable to whoever meant to reign at all.

The time was past when men were subjects from affection; England now only desired a king, because having experienced a commonwealth, they liked a king better: yet Charles, had he *loved* his native island, might have been a happy sovereign over it, and the good humour which even his brother was welcomed with upon accession, was more than *they* deserved who thought with pleasure only on continental delights; a warm fun and unrestrained enjoyment of those gaieties gilt by its beams under a brighter sky.

Those tricks however, which were tolerated in the eldest of these half Scotch, half French monarchs, were despised in the younger; a bill of exclusion had been proposed during his brother's reign, and the bishops' loyal spirit threw it out. No grateful sense of such loyalty lived in the selfish bosom of the duke of York, who, soon as the crown was dropt upon his head, manifested his antipathy to our church by every possible mode, and the command issued out to those very bishops, insisting on their concurrence in its ruin, seemed like the signal for revolt. His subjects had seen him violate the charters granted them by his predecessor, had heard his intention in express terms to keep alive that power and sovereign sway, which they well knew he possessed not without their permission. They had observed the Whigs obliged to buy their lives from his corrupt and cruel chancellor, with sums that reduced them to beggary, making Mr. Pridcaux in particular, pay fifteen thousand pounds to get out of prison, though he never arrived at knowing why he was thrown in: yet rather than renew scenes of horror too lately exhibited, all might have been endured, had he not sent these bishops to the Tower, and publicly received a nuncio from the court of Rome. The Queen was delivered of a boy, but no rejoicing except among the Papists followed. The circumstances of his birth were dubious, a
rumour

rumour was spread among some Protestant dressers, or inferior women in the palace, that the bed-chamber was chosen as a place commodious for the purpose of deception. There was a pair of back stairs just at the Queen's head, and report said how a baby had been conveyed thither in a warming pan. Princess Mary of Orange made strict enquiries of course; and princess Anne, married to the heir of Denmark, (but living at London) made strict examination. The electress of Hanover, daughter to the unfortunate queen of Bohemia, wrote to Chamberlaine, the famous accoucheur, about the matter. His answer is given by Dalrymple, and though he was a Calvinist, and a man personally offended by king James, though being so applied to besides, he would naturally have wished to please his illustrious correspondent, one may plainly see that he thought it a *gossip's tale*.

Popular impostures commonly gain credit at the instant, but lose it afterwards; of *royal* impostures the contrary may be observed. Perkin Warbeck, who pretended to be duke of York in Henry the seventh's time, was then considered as a mere deceiver; 'tis now while I write, the fashion to believe he really was the person he professed to be. The name he assumed of *Peter Tell-truth*, we must own to have been at least well contrived.

The son of James II. lived not six months among us. Clamours and groans and hisses (without threats) procured the bishops' release. The king was reviewing his army and the whole camp shouted for joy: our infatuated sovereign could not yet perceive the precipice under his feet. He went on driving his Protestant subjects from every employment and putting in those of his own persuasion, till even the Spanish ambassador expressed his surprize at such conduct, and bigot as he was himself, conjured his majesty not to give his confessor and other priests such power and encouragement. The nation was inflamed with rage in the fourth year of this reign: A sudden panick seized the houses of parliament, and to excite some shew of passion in the populace, those French Huguenots (prophets they were called) ran loose about the
country

country towns and villages, falling into trances, and predicting the downfall of Popery and evil end of Louis quatorze. The learned, and pious, and amiable Innocent eleventh, desired that he might see, examine and converse with some of them; and 'tis said that when he saw one of these fellows playing over the very same tricks which he had himself known practised by Romanists through Italy, to make the peasants, shop-keepers, &c. believe them under demoniacal possession: he turned his head away, and wept the lamentable wickedness of human nature. Our populace here in England, however, stood quiet spectators of a revolution formed and carried into effect by a large body of Protestant nobility, a church oppressed and struggling for existence; a country party rising in opulence and dignity every day: assisted by merchants and traders rich beyond even the calculation, or hope, or wishes of their fathers, and who of course desired stability to their enormous gains. To all these, learning, wit, and satire lent their combined forces, exalting the happiness of freedom, and free enquiry into every thing sacred and political, civil, natural and moral. Decent respect was lost in terror and revenge; numberless members of the king's own household ran as for refuge to the prince of Orange, with him to plan a Dutch invasion, in which alone seemed to center every hope of safety. The sceptre was confirmed, they said, in popish hands for ever, by birth of a prince of Wales; and expectation of sanguinary Mary's reign being revived, the nobles almost all turned desperate. James learned their intentions from the hand-writing of Lewis the fourteenth himself; a private express came to Whitehall whilst Sir Godfrey Kneller was painting his picture. The king bowed smilingly to *him*, and opened the packet, which as he perused it, actually and literally dropt from his half-dead hand. The queen and her son were sent away next morning, nor did any counsellor or friend suggest that the child might be detained without injury to religion or government. Glad to be quit of *them* and their attendant priests, jesuits, &c. now hated more and more: William or James seemed to be all the question, and to the latter

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ter few or none adhered—the courtiers he called round him added reproach to desertion. Sir Charles Sedley, whose favourite child he had seduced, told some one loudly, he would now compensate that obligation. “My daughter was made countess by this king,” said he, “without *my* consent: I will make his daughter a queen now without asking *his*.” The more one reads of anecdote, the more one sees that on this singular occasion no one behaved quite well except the Stadtholder himself. He shewed no haste or greediness of power: he came not till repeatedly called to save us—as those who called him said, from popery and slavery: and at this distance it does seem as if no other way for safety had been thought on; although the danger was so great, that princess Anne, in private letters lately published says, “That she will live on *alms*, or die well pleased, rather than not hold fast her Protestant faith.” Young Churchill too, a page at court, said prettily in some secret paper of those times, “That he was his master’s servant, but that his soul belonged to God alone—and though,” added he, “I live not, Heav’n knows, the life of a saint, yet will I die the death of a martyr, rather than comply against conscience.” When the prince landed at Torbay, however, he found the west of England free from commotions: the peasantry and artizans can scarcely be excited to wish for violent changes, nor had *they* been injured or offended by their sovereign. The sight of foreign troops displeased *them* more than had done the distant reports of what James did among the universities. When coming forward he made shew of resistance, the common herd where’er he passed rejoiced. When suddenly repenting even that shew, he retreated, his soldiers wept aloud, his subjects mourned—in vain! Frighted where no fear was, he fled *to* and as quickly *from* his capital, where letters from the distant queen seemed to decide his undetermined spirit. Pressed by her call, and soothed by her accounts of Louis the fourteenth’s generous treatment; disgusted with his courtiers’ conduct, deserted by his daughters, threatened by their husbands, terrified by the real fears of his surrounding priests and popish counsel-

lors; urged on beside by the vile artifices of Lord Sunderland, who seems to have acted the part of Joseph Leman in Clarissa Harlowe—he e'en flung down the great seal into the Thames, and fled for ever from a land he never loved, where he had yet an army of forty thousand men ready to abet his pretensions to the crown, although they had shouted when the bishops were released. A navy too, consisting of no fewer than a hundred and seventy-three ships, Lord Dartmouth at their head, whose letter preserved breathes the truest loyalty, and whose life was certainly devoted to his service. That being once brought back again to London, he again ran away, shows now like phrenzy or fatuity: yet was James neither a man foolish or absurd in conversation. He was observed always to excuse his female successors, who, in their turn, spoke of him not unhandsomely: but his attempts to gain in Ireland what he had never needed to lose at St. James's, made him but more conspicuously to Europe a creature and *protégé* of Louis XIV., whose compliment to him at parting was genteel and natural, when embarking him on board a noble fleet for purpose of conquering our sister kingdom, he said, "Now, Sir, the best that I *can* wish for *you* is, that *I* may never have the happiness of seeing you again." The *bons mots* and replies of, and to princes, are not always genuine as this was. Waller's answer when Charles II. jokingly observed, that he had praised Cromwell with more energy than marked the verses made on *his* (the king's) return, is well known. "Oh, Sir," cried he, "your majesty must recollect that we poets always delight more in fiction than in truth." This was well said, but the thought was borrowed. Luigi Allemanni, an Italian, that lived at Paris in the days of Francis the first, who patronized all men of letters, wrote a satire against Charles quint, and in it were these words:

L'Aquila grifagna
Che per più divorar due rostri porta—

meaning that the spread eagle of the Austrians devoured a double portion, because of her two heads. When peace was proclaimed, however,

ever, between the contending powers, Allemanni happened to be named *chargé d'affaires* for Vienna, and there, in a conference with Charles the fifth, the ambassador broke out into a rapturous praise of Germany, and that imperial magnificence he so delighted to contemplate. "Ay, ay," says the Emperor, laughing, "Viva l'Aquila grifagna!" "Magnanimo Principe!" replied the prompt Italian: "I was then in my poetical character, which as you well know, delights in fiction; my present situation requires plain truth, plain prose, your majesty may be assured of my sincerity just from that very circumstance." But *Retrospection* says 'tis time to tell how James II. was driven back to his dear refuge France, while William's grander destiny seemed fixed by the immortal battle of the Boyne, till the more useful sea fight off La Hogue, when the French navy received *such* a blow. Then that, as Shakespear says, "was stronger made, which was before bound up with ribs of iron." The prince of Orange then had time to try how much reciprocal affection would grow up between a people who made him *their tool* to check the regal power in future sovereigns; and a brave leader from a foreign land, who had made them *his tool* to check the progress of ambitious France, and meant to put their guineas in his balance, which was to weigh against that conquering monarch. But although both succeeded in their *aims*, neither appeared as if delighted with the *instrument*. Faction disturbed their parliaments perpetually, and private pique divided all his councils. "Pleasure is always in *the next box*," said my Lord Lyttleton, walking round Ranelagh. Those who perambulate the globe can say nothing more true, and nothing more expressive. After a very few years we mourned in England here our lovely queen, and William lost a wife, who, as it appears from history, had really as such, no equal. Beautiful, virtuous, tender, trusting and useful: ever submitting all things to his will, whose company made all her pleasure and enjoyment. The grief her husband felt was past expression, and conversation upon pious or political subjects was all he ever joined in afterwards. Her letters to him are a proof not of her excellence alone, but in some measure of his too, who, in a character so

near perfection, inspired a flame so ardent, pure and lasting. No progeny however blessed their bed. Nature refuses her best consolations to those who act against her obvious laws; nor could *they* be more grossly violated than by a daughter sitting unchastised by her own conscience upon a living parent's throne. Around our realms meanwhile, though vice received no countenance from the court, and piety's promotion seemed Queen Mary's favourite care; a spirit of atheism and irreligion spread their poisons in a surprizing manner during their joint and separate reign. Jamaica lately colonized, was no fewer than three times desolated by hurricanes, a new and frightful phœnomenon: an earthquake, being attended with strange commotions of the air and sea in 1692, almost swallowed up Port Royal its metropolis; when the Swan frigate was flung by a furious, yet providential violence of wind and water, over the house tops, and forcibly driven into the earth, so as to serve for no bad asylum to the few terrified creatures who outlived the loss of property, friends and habitation. Charity was requested for them in the mother country; sermons were preached, and subscriptions set on foot in favour of the sufferers. Royal benefactions led the way, and the King and Queen (for the first time I read of) set down their names among those of their subjects in a joint sum so raised. Such conduct, and such sentiments, are among the best fruits of that new mode in which mankind seemed disposed to arrange themselves, and the continent of Europe where the wisest (unless Chinese are to be so esteemed) have fixed their residence. There were other consequences not quite as pleasing. Theological disputes among the doctors of our own Anglican church tormented its internal peace, while wit and South entered the lists against Waterland, Sherlock and learning. Calvinism split into a variety of sects, and complained as we ourselves did of heterodox opinions. Pere Sirmond, upon the terra firma, frightened the friends to Christianity by his notions, and Pere Hardouin, by running too hastily into our enemy's camp, seems to have had those eyes put out which watched the world so narrowly. Meanwhile politicks grew into a common

common topick of conversation, and appeared likely to become every body's care; religion was, after Queen Mary's death, gradually more and more slighted, while science herself began a little to neglect, or at least relax in her studies, and sit like Venus to be attired by the Graces: no more bobbed lips and toozed ears, such as old Tuffer and poor Lady Jane Gray lamented in times past. Mr. Locke brought up new methods more congenial to the liberal spirit of the now Whiggish nation, and far more flattering to that high aspiring genius, that independent humour, warm in all youthful hearts, while parental tenderness, which delighted in hearing how children were to be *played* into knowledge; smiled to observe the accumulated intellect of one whole generation dedicated to the purpose of saving care and trouble to the next. Old whipping Busby was the last schoolmaster, I believe, who tried at forcing boys by dint of mere severity into literature, and he died in 1698. Sir Richard Steele gave weekly instructions to climb the hill Difficulty by some short cut, or easy path to Fame. Freedom became the universal theme, and freedom in opinion pervading church and state, laughed at old rules, and pointing out absurdities in parents, guardians, kings and governors, lessened authority in every hand that was accustomed to hold it. Perhaps it must be confessed that some reform was not unnecessary, when so late as the marquis of Newcastle's time, that noble author felt himself constrained to exhort riding-masters not to carry *heavy* stones in their pockets, for purpose of throwing them at their pupils when they committed faults in the manège, fate ungracefully on horseback, or the like. Mrs. Catharine Clark too, wife of the learned Samuel, seems to have been kept close to *l'ancien regime*, when he extols her for having never risen from table without making him a courtesy, and for never drinking his health without a reverential bow; but this mode of being ridiculous, went out apace. Comedies exhibited fathers in the character of old miserly wretches, devoting their daughters to a long course of sorrow in the arms of some shocking partner, deformed or otherwise disgusting, for the sake of money; till
every

every audience joined in loud applauses bestowed on the spirited girl who broke such chains, and the young lover who was represented as infinitely deserving. Plays, however, had some *good* influence, and the fair Queen who suffered her husband and her people to place her on an exiled parent's throne, shewed evident signs of agitation at some passages of Dryden's Spanish Friar, which she herself had rescued from the oblivion her father's prohibition flung it into: witness a letter of Lord Nottingham's, long preserved by Mr. Oldys, and now deposited in the British Museum among Dr. Birch's papers.* That nobleman always said among his friends, that if King William were to die before his consort, she would, he was confident, call her father home: her intents, if such they were, however, expired when she did; nor were the English likely to feel much attachment to her husband, or he to them. Sullen and taciturn, they viewed his manner with respectful distance, but no affection; yet jealousy subsists sometimes where no love is: they could not bear he should like Holland better, and insisted on his turning off the Dutch guards who had witnessed all his glories, and partaken all his perils. On this *sole* occasion, a natural and sincere exclamation burst from his swollen heart: "Oh, but if I had a son, (said he) by "Heaven these honest fellows should not quit me."

William was not a strict republican even in his own country; he had maintained in his youth against the De Wits that portion of authority which was consigned to him as Stadtholder, without diminution; and to see himself, when king, less able to do any act of royalty than he was while Prince of Orange, necessarily must have been very grating to him. He wanted to shine in the eyes of all Europe as the defender of its liberties against Louis quatorze, to whose court his antipathy was increased, no doubt, on hearing that when a random shot

* Those papers shew she had not read the play; but commanded it to be acted, in hopes 'twould ridicule the church of Rome, till some passages pointed against female and filial usurpation, gave her such pain she scarce could keep from fainting.

in some Irish engagement grazed his shoulder, all Paris was illuminated, the spies they had about us having brought them word that the king's life was in danger. Such meanness offended all the world, and principally our ever faithful friends the Portuguese: "What a man is this *Grand Monarque*, as they call him," cried Don Pedro: "if William dies, my mourning shall be deepest; for if he is a heretick, he is a hero too: and 'tis sufficient he should be damned in the next world, methinks, without insulting his memory in this." 'Tis of the same sovereign that we have heard it related, how when the last grand treaty of the seventeenth century was brought for him to sign, he kicked it impatiently with his foot as it fell from the table, and it tore. The ministers replacing the pieces with looks of affliction and surprise, "Give yourselves no concern, good gentlemen," cries Peter II., "you know the *Grand Monarque* breaks all *his* treaties, and will break *this* in three weeks *after he has set his name to't*, far worse than I have done." The year 1700, however, when Tournefort set forward for the Archipelago on a botanical tour, the first upon record; when Cassini drew his meridian line across Bologna, and the monks were afraid it would disturb Santa Petronilla; the year 1700, in which the famous poet, Dryden, breathed his last *tuneful* note, took from us an infant prince, the hopes of England, son to Queen Mary's sister, bred here, and here instructed; a model of excellence, so far as his years admitted of perfection: but as his pious mother had, without repining, followed no fewer than sixteen of her offspring to the grave, so did she with unexampled and godly-minded resignation, see every hope extinguished by *his* death, which now appeared a signal for the Jacobites to bring forward their real or pretended Prince of Wales. The Protestant females having no issue, and the Duke of Zell being in every sense at a distance, King William had, in a manner, adopted this child, the Duke of Glo'ster, whose progress in every science was astonishing; and only equall'd, not I believe surpass'd, by Edward VI., no less unhappily snatched away. The Princess of Denmark bore our

united

united loss better than did her brother-in-law, who, as the phrase is, never more looked up. Lord Sommers had been in a manner forced from his councils just before; not as the Earl of Strafford from those of Charles the first, by a severely scrutinizing parliament, the censoring power, which made compliance the purchase of supplies; but by a set of factious nobles, whose whole employment seems to have been teasing and disturbing the reigning Prince, in order to prepare the way for *his* admission, to whom they would scarce have afforded larger means of doing what he liked, and would not have approved when once 'twas done. A notion was imbibed, that kings might be called in and driven out again as pleased men best; but the notion made no one happy; 'twas impossible that government could maintain stability while such ideas prevailed; our rival sovereigns both were very ill; but first, and with the century expired the half-abdicating, half-exil'd, half-tam'd, and half-tyrannick, James the second; whose haughtiness and cruelty, as he had adopted chiefly from fancying they were necessary qualities for a king, he wholly laid aside when all hopes of being a king were over. He died with exemplary marks of love for *that* religious persuasion to which he had sacrificed all earthly interest; and though the remote occasion of his death was doubtless a heart broken by the behaviour of his daughters, the immediate cause of his last convulsion was supposed to be a sudden influx of joy upon the kind visit of his friend and patron, Louis XIV., who promised to acknowledge his infant son as successor to Britain's throne, in spite of treaties or declarations to the contrary. That promise, explicitly pronounced at his bed's side, brought the last sounds of distant consolation to the dull ear of a dying prince, whom no ingratitude from the children of his first marriage could cure of fondness for those born in his latter days; and whose tender embracements at parting finally with the favourite boy, served afterwards as a full refutation of the stories once raised and long believed, and of late raised again, concerning his spurious birth.

CHAP. XV.

SWEDEN, DENMARK, POLAND, RUSSIA, AND TURKEY,
FROM 1700 TO AD. 1725.

THE fatigue of looking a long way back for striking events, and occurrences of consequence sufficient to detain the reader's willing *Retrospection*, now changes to the fear of suffering such facts to escape as have engaged those very readers, or their immediate parents, in pursuits of consequence to present happiness or misery. Discourse of long past ages seems to die away as does the distant roar of dashing waters, and the reversed perspective long stretched out to catch remote tornados, alters now ; and shews men struggling with new entanglements, the shifting sail of sudden silly passion, and the under current of concealed interest. When the sea threatens to run high, however ; the little petrels long fluttering round some large majestick vessel, drop for security into her ample *wake*, where for a while an artificial calm gives them conveyance over the wild ocean, and opportunity to look around. So feels the author of this Syllabus, while following Muscovy's immortal Czar to empire and to fame. We have not time indeed to take *his* road, but seize at best a momentary advantage from that vast freight of glory which he gained, by means that would most strangely have retarded the course of any other prince but only him. By studying to obey he learned to command ; and as soon as the death of his brother Ivan had left him no partner in the seat of supreme power, he put the crown as 'twere into commission, and voluntarily entered himself, while young, of the coarse college held by sharp adversity in partnership with labour. A drummer now in his own regiment, Peter studied a soldier's duties, and led a soldier's life ; by merit rising soon

to be a serjeant, he knew how to punish breach of discipline, and quickly saw 'twas that alone which rendered armies formidable in fight, or gave renown to those that led them on. Brave, but considering bravery alone as a mere single attribute among many far less indispensable to generals or kings, this extraordinary personage appeared to feel that his own subjects were as yet only his fellow barbarians, yet he felt too that they might one day be all which humanity can boast on earth—scholars, soldiers, christians; they were yet far from all. The Greek church was indeed professedly the church establishment of Muscovy, but so ill were the Scriptures understood, their Patriarch forbid all smoking of tobacco, as a crime against Heaven, while drinking to excess was pardoned and encouraged, “because, (said he) “the brandy goes down a man’s throat, the smoke comes out at his “mouth, and what comes forth from the mouth ’tis that defiles a “man.” So much for their religion and morality. With regard to science, no one in Russia then pretended to it: the comet which appearing in 1680, remained visible till March 1681, and engaged the attention of England, France, and Italy, while Newton and Halley, Cassini and De La Hire, studied its course, and counted its steps by trigonometry, finding its distance one semi-diameter only of the *earth*, not the earth’s *orbit*, when at its closest degree of proximity, the poor Muscovians burned in their capital an ambassador’s secretary who calculated an eclipse of the sun. Even simple arithmetick was unknown, and Voltaire seems to think the accounts of their sovereign’s treasury were kept with no greater accuracy than a Mexican quipos: he is, however, delighted to find out how they carry their ideas of existence as a nation seven thousand two hundred and seven years back, as if the chronology of such enquirers could be worth recording, who to turn away this terror of the sky, this unaccounted-for appearance which affrighted them, had recourse to forcery and magick arts, scarcely reproved by the patriarch himself, around whose horse they clung for safety, and prostrated themselves beneath its feet. Peter resolved wisely
on

on *his* dismissal, with whom, more than with brother John, he had shared authority, but Russia was not ripe for such a measure.

An embassy was sent to Amsterdam, and in the train of his ambassador went Peter's self—arrived in Holland, he resolved to catch the spirit of the country, and he caught it: entering their docks as a working carpenter, Michaelhoff by name, he learned how to construct and man a trading vessel; but fancying more might yet be gleaned from *us*, concerning ships of war, he crossed to England, and remained *incog.* a labourer at Chatham and at Plymouth: a school for mathematical and nautical knowledge at a small town in Kent, boasts him an inmate for the purposes of study, and one would think the man had known he was to have lived and reigned for fifty years, when he passed nine of them thus in absolute improvement, and close, though coarse education. Delicacy however, will not be learned in a dock-yard, nor was refinement likely to result from practice of a foot-soldier's life in camp or town. When Peter married he disliked his consort, and after she had brought her son Alexis, the emperor shut her in a convent, where she remained till death. The Strelitzers revolted, and he broke them; “There shall (says he) be no more Strelitzers to rebel.” With these he surely took the shortest way, however with himself he had chosen the longest; but when got home he had no more time to lose. Patkul had fled from Charles eleventh's severity, and found a kind reception from Augustus, elector of Saxony, an active character, to whom this brave deserter represented the ease of conquering Livonia from his successor: (a youth whose crown was scarcely warm upon his head) if they could gain assistance from the Czar. Peter deferred his projects of improving in hopes of aggrandizing his enormous territory; but those who write his life place it to wiser motives. Having watched and admired the greatness of his mind, 'tis natural *they* should discover no dark corners in it, but *Retrospection* is not history. We have seen all princes in all ages yield to the temptation of making war without the remote meaning of teaching their rough troops the martial art, and

Peter was not proof against sudden temptations of any kind. To this warm one he willingly yielded, made a firm league with Frederick IV. of Denmark, and Augustus, known by name of Le Saxe Galant, and marched sixty thousand men against Ingria. They marched like Cerberus to meet young Hercules—" *Tres contudit ictu,*" cried Charles of Sweden, and hastened to defend that which had fallen to him by fair inheritance. At fourteen years of age this sturdy prince being at a review looked grave and discomposed, but would not speak. "What occupies your majesty's thoughts so?" said Count Piper, "Does not the sight of such brave men amuse you?"—"I think," replied the boy, "they *are* brave men, and so I think am I, or shall be soon: I think too, we are all under command of a *woman*—'tis therefore I look grave, and so may *you*."

The regent heard and hastened to divest herself of that authority she could not keep: for Charles the eleventh, who despised his wife, revered his mother Hedwiges so highly, he had left all in *her* hands till his son should attain eighteen years, whereas in Sweden kings came of age at fifteen by old usages. It is not good, and hardly ever wise, to take away the bloom from early life: Charles *was* of age at fifteen years 'tis plain. Before the term his father had prescribed him, this young hero had turned his arms on his soft mother's family, on Denmark; where Christiern the fifth's long and happy reign peacefully succeeded their Frederick the third's quiet one; disturbed chiefly by that tremendous fire at Copenhagen, which destroyed two hundred habitations of nobility, having begun upon the spot round which they were chiefly built, the Opera house. 'Twas at that occasion an accident befel, which, ornamented by the Tatler, has beguiled me and all my readers of many a tender tear. See No. 94.

But 'twas in anno Domini 1700, that Frederick IV. brother to ill-used Ulrica, sat on a throne shaken by his sister's child, scarcely fifteen years old, and ran for refuge to Augustus of Dresden and Peter of Russia, whose triple alliance was but viewed with scorn by Charles, who, read-
ing

ing Quintus Curtius, sighed for power, that he might conquer all the world, he said—"For I have as good health as Alexander had (continued he) and more leisure for the work." In fact, six weeks war completely wearied the first of his competitors, the uncle: his fleet useless, his troops beaten, his capital threatened with immediate bombardment. "One of our barking curs is silenced now," quoth the nephew, and contented himself with accepting homage, forbearing the destruction of a parent's house. Poland's new king, the elector of Saxony, was drinking merrily the while with his ally the Czar; but their antagonist who rarely eat flesh meat, and never quenched his thirst except with water, having finished his Danish expedition, threw unexpected succours into Riga, and ran to meet their overloaded army before the town of Narva, in November. A sharp and minute snow drove in the faces of the Russian soldiers, who had besides quarrelled with those of Augustus, that now on day of battle thwarted and reproached them, whilst the foul air covering the Swedes' small numbers, and assisting their efforts, gave them the victory, though not exceeding nine thousand effective men. Proud of their prince, rejoicing in his glory, the conquerors cared too little for their foes: Count Piper said, the prisoners were so numerous, 'twere better let the savage fellows go, after reproaching them their awkwardness and small acquaintance with the arts of war. "We are incumbered by them," cried the king, "let them repass the river if they will." Of these troops, many thousands (*then* well disciplined) contributed to gain the battle of Pultowa, under their wise and pertinacious Czar, who observed after his defeat at Narva, "That it was true the Swedes had been victorious, but by such beating, Russia would learn to conquer." To put her in a posture of defence, instead of crying to their tutelary saint by the blasphemous appellation of, Omnipotent and infinitely great Saint Nicholas, Peter soon set them to melt cannon, and begged three thousand men from Denmark, but Frederick durst not comply. From Charles's threatening aspect and discourse, half Europe shrunk affrighted. 'Twas his intent, he said,

said, to seize it all; a project no one doubted, but of which, all the applause depends on the success. Joseph I., son and successor to steady Leopold, late emperor of Germany, gave every thing he asked without disputing; and when the Pope's nuncio at Vienna, censured his yielding up a hundred churches for use of the Lutheran religion in Austria—"Let us thank God and think ourselves too happy, Monsignore," cried the good humoured sovereign, with a smile; "that this fierce conqueror did not insist on you and I both turning Protestants—we should scarcely have been able to resist, I fear."

'Twas one of those jokes which border on the truth. He had so terrified the Poles, by telling the cardinal primate they should have no peace till they had chosen another sovereign, and driven away from them their newly-elected Augustus, that *he* seeing force alone could defend him, went out and fought for his crown boldly at the head of twenty-four thousand men, losing the battle to twelve thousand Swedes, and with the battle all well-founded hopes. Cracow indeed, held out against the victor, refusing to open her gates at his command; but Charles seeing a man preparing to fire a cannon on him, from a low parapet, leaped on the fellow with a sudden spring, and snatched the lighted mischief from his hand. To the strange promptitude and valour of this action, all submitted: Mankind applauded the theatrick stroke, and Poland's throne was declared vacant the same day. That a Sobieski should sit on it seemed equitably judged by Alexander's modern imitator. That it should be refused by a young prince still more heroick than Abdolonimus, brought back to every body's mind the long-past ages of half-fabulous history, and the plains of Narva were compared with the battle of Arbela. Czar Peter only forbore shrinking from such fights or such recollection. "My brother of Sweden acts admirably the part of Alexander," said he, "but in me shall he find no Darius." With that true observation between his lips, this emperor's care was to gather up all the flocks from wasted Poland, and still worse threatened Saxony, fetch in workmen, set up manufactures, dig
canals,

canals, and lay the first stone of his new metropolis, meant to be called by his own name, and placed in a convenient part of his dominions, whence to protect them against intrusive violence. Such conduct was by no means unnecessary: Charles sent a little fleet to try their fortunes on a new element. The project failed, and whilst his rival set up Stanislaus Leckzinsky on Augustus of Saxony's throne at Warsaw, Peter took the town of Narva, ran up and down the streets sword in hand, to hinder those excesses which always are committed by conquering troops in a long-resisting city after submission; and shewing the inhabitants his stained armour, cried out, "'Tis *Russian* blood with which I am thus covered, saving *your* wives and children from my mad fellows." When he went home after this expedition, it was to launch an eighty-gun man of war, the first that ever touched the port Archangel.

Opposition to such a sovereign appeared unlikely to produce that fame which Charles, more young and more hot-headed, sighed for immediate enjoyment of: add to this, that man will try to be happy *some* way, and whilst Peter made his felicity out of matters more easily attained, the Swedish hero rigidly temperate and strictly moral, denied himself the lawful comforts and conveniencies of life: for compensation he accepted the distresses of Saxony and its elector's house, now driven to misery, almost to want, merely by the showy qualities of Augustus that in an evil hour won the hearts of all the Polanders to crown him king.

Their new sovereign, however, did not disgrace the choice of Charles the twelfth. Wise, amiable, beneficent, and brave was Stanislaus Leckzinsky, of an open countenance and serene aspect that pleased without insinuating sweetness, and imposed respect without the look of severity. Chosen by a hero, he had the hero's philosophick disregard of all external ornament, lived moderately, spoke gravely, and resembled the Ulysses of antiquity, while his patron took for model the Achilles. "This man shall be always my *friend*," said Charles; "he lies on straw, though he has been ambassador in Turkey." He was elected,

elected, and Augustus was pursued: the king of Sweden broke his thigh by a fall from his horse in following him, and that accident gave time for his escape: a prince however, highly accomplished, who had disguised and deserted the religious opinions in which he was bred, deserved some of these mortifications; his Saxon subjects, loyal as they were, reproached their fugitive sovereign a little, for having abandoned the Protestant cause, and he made in return some kind concessions, and drew the line impervious for any Popish successor at Dresden to injure or insult the Lutherans. Augustus was a martial character, gay, beautiful, good-humoured; speaking all languages with volubility; loved by the women, admired by the wits, and followed by his soldiers with alacrity. When seeking to drive care away by convivial gaiety on his return from Poland, he called round him all those who could contribute to enliven the pleasures of the table by conversation; but the circulating glass was still found to destroy *their* powers of entertaining *him*, while his remained not only unimpaired, but heightened by each bottle. Professor Grævius at length undertook to drink his electoral highness *quite down*: they sate from four o'clock one afternoon till five next morning, and the tired pages counted to twelve bottles and a half. King Augustus then complained a little of his head, and Grævius said, "I take my leave, sir, and will now go home
 "for half an hour, just to change my dress, then read a public lecture
 "in the schools:" he did so, and the wond'ring audience bore testimony to his superior powers of reasoning. With such men did our century begin. Seven years of it only had elapsed, when confiding in his own arts, or, to speak more truly, his only natural manners, by so many people found irresistible, the baffled elector sought a conference with Sweden's victorious king. They met at Guttendorff, and dined together at the apartments of Count Piper; but although Charles treated him kindly, and seemed not wholly unimpressed by his agreeable fluency and pleasing carriage, no point was gained, Patkul the deserter was rigorously claimed, and roughly punished, though to gain
 time

time he had pretended to discover the art of making gold. Cupidity had however, no charms for him, who steadily resisted every temptation to voluptuous delights; even the beautiful countess of Konigsmarc had been insidiously directed to spread *her* snares in vain to catch the gothick heart of this semi-barbarous chieftain, who defended it by a thick buff belt, over his tight blue coat and copper buttons, impervious to attack from female wiles.

Meanwhile the Czar of Muscovy complained aloud to all the princes of Europe, and tried to raise up enemies for his rival, but all the princes of Europe were engaged. Their sole care was to *turn*, if possible, what it appeared no living force could stop; and Churchill duke of Marlborough, intrusted with an important embassy from England, made *his* appearance in the camp at Altranstadt, where in Count Piper's tent the king of Sweden received homage from one potentate, and congratulations from another; whilst all felt apprehensions disgraceful to confess. Peter now offered terms of accommodation. "We'll treat "with him in *his own capital*," was the reply given by this haughty monarch, who possessed in very deed and truth,

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacifick sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump—he rushes to the field.
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain,
Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain:
On Moscow's wall till Gothick standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.

With such a champion our highly-polished Churchill held an interview well worth Titian's pencil, had he lived to mark the contrast visible between a general sought through all the south of Europe, a

warrior before whom, all the north of it seemed to have cause to tremble, between great Marlborough who shone a guardian angel to the empire, bright as the sun at noon, with cheering warmth and health-dispensing radiance; adored by foreign realms as he pass'd round them, but to invigorate and to protect, while

Charles of Sweden like a comet stood,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge,
I' th' arctic sky; and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

At the first sight of the ambassador's fine form and studied graces, a wild smile expressing ineffable contempt, sprung to the king's lips as he strode to the other side the room, which resounded to his great jack boots; our wary envoy understood his play; he had never at that moment fate down before a town which did not yield, or opened a negociation which proved unsuccessful. He saw that negociation here would prove superfluous; observing a large book of maps that lay in the tent, he open'd it, and spoke of Muscovy to the Count Piper. The silver-sounding voice for which *le bel Anglois** was so admired, lost not its power on Charles: he started, listening as the poets describe brutes to musick, when Churchill, once secure of his attention, drew the king's eye that way; and seeing how it struck fire at the name of Czar, took care to point him out a glorious conquest, and left th' unfinished conference well assured, that France and Austria might dispute their claims all unmolested by this mad erratick, which would but cross the exterior orb perhaps, not be permitted to disturb the system. Accordingly the storm began to roll away and in no very dangerous direction, although one whole year spent on the confines of Saxony, had nothing softened or changed his ever-martial manners or his purpose. He rose at four o'clock, lived on his horse almost, sat to his dinner but just twenty minutes, drank no wine, conversed with no man of effeminate carriage, nor ever saw

* *The handsome Englishman* was the name by which foreigners long called our duke of Marlborough.

a woman but by chance. When he considered his troops as completed and exercised sufficiently, the march began, and his intention was supposed by all to be no less than pulling Peter from his hereditary seat, as he had thrown Augustus from his elective one. Finding himself upon the road near Dresden, he could not however, withstand an odd temptation, to go *incog.* and visit king Augustus, before the recent wound was healed, which had been given to his heart and honour. No Swedish officers had ever dared to mention the word *safety* in the presence of their master: he took but three with him, and found the elector sitting in a *robe de chambre*, somewhat indisposed. So strange a visitant, and so unexpected, roused him however, and they walked and talked, and Charles made the elector shew him the fortifications. A deserter from Stockholm there threw himself on his knees, and begged his highness to request *his* pardon from the gothick warrior. "I think indeed," says Augustus to Count Hoorn, "his majesty will not deny me."—"Oh sir, for God's sake, ask him not," cries Hoorn, "he might have granted such a favour at *his* house, but I am convinced that he will not at *yours*." The Saxon's compassionate heart braved a disgraceful refusal, *and received* one. "Well!" said he, gaily, "I might have reflected that we lost Poland to this extraordinary man by getting a victory, not a defeat." The fact was true, and perhaps does stand single upon historick annals; for when in the year 1704, Augustus had sent to desire terms of accommodation, he was, while they were on the tapis, tempted to win one battle over Mayersfeld, the Swedish general, at Calish. He *did* win it, and dug, by this means, a little deeper the abyss of misery in which he was plunged before. Charles was but made the more inflexible to each proposal under consideration, and while the elector caused a *Te Deum* to be sung in his depopulated capital, came orders which he dared not disobey, instantly to abdicate the throne they fought for. If this occurrence is unmatched in story, so is the visit made by Charles in 1707, and his return safe to the camp again, where all his captains looked with wild

alarm,

alarm, lest he should be detained ; but their bold sovereign drove on towards the Ukraine, not suffering one tear of joy when he came back.

Peter meanwhile, active, prudent, and pertinacious, ceased not to build his new city, or bring arts and sciences into his old one. Moscow felt the influence of her prince's presence ; and *he* felt unfeigned delight in those improvements, which justly might be called the work of his own hands. From the first moment that he planned another metropolis, he resolved not to abandon that where his earliest fondness was fixed ; but when the Dutch discovered a desire of trading to Petersburg, every encouragement was afforded, and every temptation to such a commerce was displayed. Russia grew wiser, and richer, and happier every year, notwithstanding the threats of her tremendous neighbour, who making advances yet unchecked, was burning huts that he called villages upon his march, and failing not to beat severely every general sent by the Czar to oppose him. The troops that clustered round Grodno were happily, by a grand manœuvre, saved from his fury ; but the Muscovites fell before him by hundreds and by thousands. An invading army, however, penetrating through a country under latitude 68, during the months of December and January, seems as if it would need no valour to destroy, no stratagems of war to extirpate it ; every step trodden was in terra incognita, each mountain was guarded by bogs unforeseen, and each marshy ground was fortified by rocks scarce discernible through snows nearly eternal. Like terriers who fight the half-starved, half-tired fox in his earth, the Swedes, animated by their master's call, forced the poor peasants from their wretched habitations, and shared their unsufficing morsel under ground. Charles caught, and disciplined two thousand Zaporavians, and turned their arms against their emperor ; still pressing on for Moscow, he resolved to take Pultowa on his way to that place, and at Pultowa, Peter, like Cæsar's ghost, resolved to meet him : it was in fact, to these contending princes, Philippi or Pharsalia. Voltaire indeed says, with his accustomed penetration, and with that brilliancy which no translators can do

do justice to, that the stake and hazard were by no means equal. Charles the twelfth's title of Invincible might be lost in a moment; but Peter's claim to that of Great, as victory had not conferred it, defeat could not take it away. It was his enemy that suffered a defeat. Wounded severely in the foot and ankle only three days before, the king of Sweden was carried to action on a brancard, which was soon shot from under him, and his bearers killed. The soldiers lifted him upon their pikes, and driving the Russian cavalry before them, cried out *victoria!* but Colonel Creutz, who should have been ready with 5000 men to meet and crush those who ran, lost his way in the snow, and never arrived upon the field. Peter, whose hat was pierced with a musquet ball that burnt his hair, now turned on his pursuers, while prince Menzikoff got between the invading army and the town. The tide of battle changed, and Poniatowsky, uncle I think, to the present king of Poland, threw Charles, breathless with rage and agony, across *his* horse, which dropt down dead before they had gone a mile. Gieta then lent him *his*; no words profaned the solemnity of such distress; they fled, till having reached their camp and baggage, Count Piper's coach afforded Charles a refuge. "Where is the Count?" were his first words.—"Taken Sir."—"And general Renschild, and the duc de Wirtemberg?"—"All prisoners," was the reply. "Away for Turkey, then!" exclaimed the king, against whose decision none dared attempt to object. Meanwhile, prince Menzikoff hung on his rear, led by the bleeding track of dying Swedes, and Gieta, among the rest, who faintly smiling as they passed along, cried, "*The king's safe by now!* do your worst, Muscovites," and expired. It was scarce truly, though nobly said: Charles, when he reached Oczakow was so ill, he hardly could retain his faculties, yet as the Bassa, by delay, had caused the loss of five hundred Swedes, who fell into the foe's hands while he was debating how to receive, and where he should bestow them; Charles reprimanded his slowness, till the man, struck by such majesty in such a situation, begged excuse upon his knees, and introducing;

ducing the Seraskier of Bender, who offered him accommodation in the sultan's name, requested his interference with Achmet III. to continue him in his government.

During this interval, Peter the Great had leisure to exert the qualities which made him justly called so. "Where is my brother? where's the king of Sweden?" was his oft repeated question, as captives of the highest rank were brought him to Pultowa. Deprived of the pleasure he had proposed to himself of treating Charles with every mark of friendship, he had his subject generals at last brought before him while he sat down to dinner. Calling for wine, "Here's a health to my instructors in the art of war," said he. "Ah sir," cries Renschild, "if your Imperial majesty condescendingly means *us* by that obliging speech, how severely have you this day treated your tutors."—"Let the severity end here," exclaimed the Czar. "Take your swords, gentlemen, and be the companions of my table, as you have been the objects of my constant esteem." Count Piper never saw his master more, *he* died with grief at Petersburg long after. Augustus of Saxony now took his time, resolved to reascend the throne of Poland, which Stanislaus meant only to keep the peace of Europe by accepting; he resigned it without a blow, retiring to Pomerania, a province which still held firm to his patron Charles; and Peter worked at the preparations for his own triumphal entry into Moscow with his own hands: but he must be a still more insinuating writer than Voltaire himself, who can persuade readers or *retrospectors* to think such employment worthy a *great man*: it was the mean remains of his early habits as a carpenter which prompted the idea.

Achmet III. calls our eye now to Turkey, where government had of late felt a sort of enfeebling principle creep on their sultans, less active, and less implicitly obeyed than in the days of Mahomet II. Perhaps what Dr. Johnson says of parents may be true of sovereigns, despotick ones I mean: "Those who deserve most reverence, will *have* most." Mustapha the second could keep *none*: he had lost a decisive battle to
prince

prince Eugene, and had signed with the peace of Carlowitz the demission of his throne. Life and dominion, however, which were wont to go together at Constantinople, were separated on this occasion. Achmet, brother to the Grand Signor, suffered to live when *he* was called to reign, now contented himself with deposing, and did not kill, but confine unhappy Mustapha. He put to death, indeed, those who had any part in the revolution, which set the crown on his own head, "left by and by," he said, "they might set it on that of another;" but he appears to have been a gentle emperor, and easily persuaded both by his mufti and his mother to treat the king of Sweden with respect. Somewhat in Charles's character and aspect attracted notice and veneration from the Turks; he drank no wine, nor acknowledged the pope's supremacy, two things that pleased the Musfulmen extremely; and Sultane's Valadi called him her Lion, and begged Achmet to help him break his toils. Poniatowsky, who negociated for him with the court, made Chourloudi the vizier promise him great assistance; and Charles, who wanted amusement in the palace they allotted him at Bender, begun to examine what pleasures reading could afford him. Some French books belonging to his generals lay about. Norberg tells how the Cid de Corneille was dirtied, and as we say, thumb'd by frequent turning over; but Boileau's satire against Alexander the Great, where he calls him a madman, was torn out of the volume. Meanwhile, by intrigues frequent among the Ottomans, Chourloudi lost his head, and a new vizier came into power, who offered the fugitive warrior ships to transport him home, but wished not to involve his master in a war. This faithful servant was at length removed, and the bassa of Syria called to council, was willing to engage against the Muscovites. War was proclaimed, and Peter rushing forward, fought the decisive battle in Moldavia, where Pruth revenged the slaughters of Pultowa. The Turks, however, little disposed to press their victory, listened willingly to the Czar's request for accommodation; and when king Charles came galloping from Bender, he

he arrived just time enough to hear *peace* proclaimed with many advantages in favour of the Porte. Enraged, he loaded the Grand Vizier with reproaches. "As if," replied the old Turk calmly, "I had no right to gain good terms for my own sovereign."—"Good terms!" cried the Swedish hero, "Why, you have gained some towns and provinces, perhaps, but you might have carried the Russian emperor chained to Constantinople."—"And what would his subjects have done the while?" says Baltagi coldly; "all Christian Princes must not run from home so." The friendship between him and Charles was now dissolved, though neither could avoid esteeming the other. Baltagi Mahomet resolved to drive him, by fair means if possible, from the Turkish territories. The Gothick Chieftain resolved to wait till he could force his way to Moscow, and obtain troops from the Grand Signor to take him there. The sultan Achmet had no such intentions; swore he knew nothing of this valiant king except his temperance, courage, and misfortunes, on which he meant to shed the dew, the healing due of favour. Such expressions implied superiority, a style Charles would not admit of: he insisted upon an army to convey him thence, and when refused, declared his resolution to remain near Bender, whether the sovereign of the country would or no. Awhile they debated, and awhile they laughed; but Charles had fortified his rural palace, and in a fit of enthusiastick phrenzy, defied the sultan's self and all his troops, who he declared unable to dislodge him. In fact, he threw entrenchments round the house, and with three hundred followers alone, prepared for its defence. The noblemen, the cooks, the king himself laboured day and night upon the works, as if it had been a rational employment, and formed them with such care, as shewed the Turks that it would cost much pains, and many lives indeed to force them. Old Mahomet's first assault consisted of *intreaties* that his majesty would not oblige the Ottomans to commit an act of inhospitality, by hurting him or his faithful slaves. Such talk but irritated our hot-brained champion, who threatened to cut all their
beards

beards off if they came again. The Janissaries then, their ardour long repressed by admiration, cried out, "Well! if this Ironsides *will* leave his life among us, we must fall on him, for the Mufti has consented, and calls it an act of necessity." They drove down his fortifications therefore, by dint of numbers, entered the house, which by an accident took fire, and Charles, in whom the spirits of his ancestors, Frotho the Fierce, and Harold the Hardy, seemed uniting to brave even impossibilities, maintained the siege in his dining-parlour; where, with his own hand, he laid no fewer than twenty Mussulmen dead, the others leaping the window for safety. One fellow falling on his knees, begged mercy. "On these conditions," said the king, "go tell your master what a resistance he has found from Swedes." The slaughter, meantime, did not abate; many of his own household were killed and wounded, notwithstanding the vizier's strict orders not to hurt them; and of the Turks incredible was the carnage. After these acts of personal prowess, deeds deemed impossible even while they were doing, this true descendant of the Jomsberghers, celebrated in our first volume, felt himself suddenly and respectfully seized. His spurs caught in the long oriental robes, threw him into the arms of the astonished Ottomans, who carried him, as a sick or dead body is carried, to Baltagi's tent. "Blessed be God! blessed be God! for thy safety, valiant prince," cried the good vizier, who, instead of a straight waistcoat, met him with a million of compliments, to which Charles only replied, "I thought we might have held out longer."—"Alas! alas! what ill-employed courage!" cried the old Turk, and set some centinels to watch him as he slept booted and spurred upon the minister's sofa for more than thirteen hours. On the first day of October 1714, loaded with presents, he took his departure for Europe. The sultan gave him a rich military equipage, with eight Arabian horses, and their *pedigrees*, (which seems to have been a new thing among Christians) that year, and on that occasion: if it were earlier known, it was not common. His friend Stanislaus was still more distressed than Charles

his patron; but as le duc d'Orleans told him, "France was a refuge
 "for all kings distressed."—Sweden's brave monarch, through a thousand hardships, came however home at last to Stralsund, where, though unhappy, he was idolized; and where he found all his subjects willing to second his views, although the realm was much exhausted by his freaks. Those views never contracting, hope pushed him on fresh hazards:* at Rugen he was once more dreadfully wounded; yet on recovery seemed to have lost no spark of heroism, and to have gained no glimmering of prudence.

But did not Fate, at length, her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand:
 He left the name, at which the world turn'd pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Frederickshall was, however, no unimportant place, it was the key to Norway, which he was then in pursuit of, meaning to detach it from the kingdom of Denmark for ever; and at the beginning of the sharp winter 1718, Charles begun to besiege it, and quarrelled with Megret, a French engineer, who conducted the works, because they were not managed to his liking. They examined them one afternoon together; Siquier, his sister the princess of Hesse's officer, attending: a cannon-ball was fired: the king clapped his hand upon his sword, groaned, fell, died, all in less than a minute. Siquier lifting the lifeless arm up,

* Ergo omni curâ vires exercet, et inter
 Dura jacet pernox instrato Saxa cubili;
 Frondibus hirsutis et carice pastus acutâ:
 Et tentat sese, atque irasci in cornua discit
 Arboris obnixus trunco; ventosque laceffit
 Ictibus; et sparsa ad pugnam proludit arenâ.

“Dead!”

“*Dead!*” he exclaimed, “what, *dead!*” “Ay, *dead*, Sir,” says Megret—“The farce is finished, and we under actors may go home to supper.” So too may we—his dazzled *Retrospectors*, after remarking in Megret’s odd speech, that promptitude of words and apathy of thought which meet only in the character of a Frenchman.

The country which boasted Charles’s birth thirty-six years before, breathed freely now, under the gentle guidance of his sister who succeeded him. Ladies in Sweden are very unlike ladies in Lesbos, as Lord Charlemont describes them. The love of sway lodged no nearer the heart of Ulrica than of Christina: but she deserted not her half-elective, half-hereditary seat; contented to share it with her husband Frederick, to whom, like Mary II. of England, she resigned all the care and all the state, desirous to be wife rather than queen. Their happy union long continued to witness the deaths and distresses of many contemporary sovereigns: we leave them in the year 1725 to follow the fortunes of Peter, who appears to have felt a real fondness for the memory of his once-dangerous rival, dying as he did in peace with *him* after eighteen years of contention. When the Turks had him in their power at Pruth, “I am now, said he, paying the successes of Pultowa.” Voltaire finds out, because the Czar was in truth a great prince, that all he said and did partook of greatness; and celebrates him for suffering Catherine to persuade him not to fight, when, to have fought, would have lost him twenty-two thousand men. It was a prudent measure without doubt, nor can we deem it dictated by cowardice, when proposed by his companion in the field of glory. The esteem her husband had of her high qualities was justly founded, as it still appears; and if indeed she never used her influence to injure any one about the court, her merit was uncommon. Yet ’tis strange, that with the active spirit of improvement which possessed Peter to call from every country mathematicians, mechanicks, algebraists to his capital, the empress never learned to read or write; and ’tis vain to seek dignity in such manifest deprivation. Wise, brave and faithful, ’tis enough, methinks, if she could justify her

sovereign's choice ; made in no fit of passion, but firm trust, that the whole world, had he possessed it, could not have afforded him a consort calculated for his advantage and his people's, such as he ever found in Catherina. She too, under a weight of disadvantages, low birth and mean connections, seems to have felt that Heav'n had made her for the highest station ; that she was naturally great, and that her soul deserved a throne : resembling her king's magnificent metropolis built in a bog, she wondered little at her elevation, while *her associate* sitting on that throne, saw that he was a savage set on high, and spending his whole life between hard labour and hard study ; strove to deserve what he was born to enjoy. More candid than his own biographers, Peter willingly, though tacitly, appears to have confessed a ferocity of nature, from which *they* are sedulously bent to exculpate him. If, however, his harshness towards his first queen and her son shortened their lives, as 'tis supposed by all, hapless Eudoxia dying by slow degrees of heart-corroding sorrow, and young Alexis bursting with sudden agony of rage, at hearing himself condemned to suffer death for giving way to inclinations never till *then* imagined worthy such a punishment ; we must avow the old Czar's exclamation equally proper as singular and well-timed, when at sight of a statue * representing Henri quatre, he cried out aloud, " Oh first of mortals ! couldst thou but revive, and teach me how to rule " with generous tenderness like thine, only one *half* of my immense dominions ; the other half should soon be thine with thanks." Between the days of Solomon who wished for wisdom, and Peter who thus warmly desired increase of virtue, we read I think of no such princes. That prayers for blessings of so pure a kind should have been heard by Heaven, is encouraging. Divine Hippocrates, as Plato called him two thousand years ago, relates how in a dream some form celestial, once stood fronting *him*, and bid him name his wish. " Nor riches then nor power, oh ye Gods !—nor pleasures self-debasing is my wish : (said he) but a long

* I have read it related of Richelieu's statue.

life, a *very* long one, free from disease or pain : and after death, a second life long as 'tis possible, in the applauses of my fellow creatures:" " Oh grant me," cried this great philosopher : " Oh grant me lasting *fame*." He lived accordingly one hundred and four years in ease and comfort. His second term is not completed yet, or ever will be, while language or while science shall endure. Meanwhile the Muscovitish emperor's reputation *whitens* with age; his contemporaries were certainly, by his second marriage, led to believe that compliance with Catherine's hurry for the succession, had prompted his strange condemnation of Alexis, who having married Charles the sixth's wife's sister, expected protection from the house of Austria against his incensed father, but obtained it not. The Czarowitz used his princess too unkindly, and hopes of interference from *her* friends were vain : yet his step-mother was never charged, like Roxolana, with irritating her uxorious husband against his son. When that son, and his hopes in him were dead indeed ; and Peter had crowned his empress with a pomp resembling an associate in his regal dignity, not a mere consort of his bed and throne, the world expected that she would be successor. Anne, her eldest daughter, married the duke of Holstein ; their second, Elizabeth, remained at home, to write and sign state papers for her mother. It is not actually unworthy *Retrospect* to observe, that though his Czarish majesty carried the wife of his affections with him to Holland, when he wished to see again those docks where he had worked as a ship's carpenter ; she staid at home when *Paris* was the place he chose to visit in his princely character. Women never rise, or exceeding rarely, with their fortunes as the *men* do from native vulgarity. Catherine, an old camp-carrier, eat with her fingers as she did at Marienbourg ; and with such conduct no talents or dignity would have protected her from *persecution* in France : her husband had refined his own *ideas*, and concealed the coarseness of *manners* which still clung to him, under an affectation of pure and primitive simplicity. The Parisians stared at his starched appearance with admiration, as we should at a Quaker in a ball-room.

His

His reception of Skavronski the Czarina's brother, in the Livonian peasant's dress they wore at home however, was great and manly. "Come here, young man, (said he) kiss first this lady's hand as sovereign, then take your sister round the neck and love her as you used to do at Marienbourg." The marriage of Louis quatorze with Madame de Maintenon had nothing in common with *this*. The king of France had only secured to himself an humble friend, to whose strict duty thus become deep interest, he could confide those griefs which gnawed his heart: while the memoirs of Madame la belle Soeur convince each reader with what sincerity la veuve Scarron was hated at a court, where with all favour she possessed no power, save that of shielding from the stings of conscience, a mind ill-pleased with its own conduct.

Catherine, meantime, listened to and criticised her husband's military code, which he corrected to *her* inclination; she dictated the treaty with the Persians, and when the troubles of that empire injured in some sort its arrangement, she suggested a negociation, and set on foot something like an embassy to China. Yontchin concluded, in 1718, that memorable treaty with the Muscovitish state, which was partly carried on by a countryman of ours; but the part a British surgeon took in the business is omitted, because his name was forgotten. There is an idea obtaining through Africa and Asia, that much healing knowledge lives among the Christians, particularly those of our own island; and no man is completely fitted for travelling the yet unexplored regions of those great continents, without skill in the arts of physick and of surgery. Peter borrowed talents almost from every kingdom, and drew many of his domestick regulations from Sweden, which had proceeded some steps further than Russia in refinement; although 'tis said of Hugo Grotius himself, (who having acted in quality of ambassador, must necessarily have undergone severe polishing,) that he never rung a bell, or called a servant decently by his name, but cried out *Hop* as loud as possible when he wanted any thing. Such knots
in

in the finest wood will be found.* The same year which saw the Czar sign his convention with China, witnessed his old enemy Achmet the third's disgraceful peace at Passarowitz. Flushed with success at Pruth, that warlike prince tried to renew the glorious days of Turkey, but failed, I think, in every attempt. Thamas Kouli Khan's fatal contest with him at length ended in great confusion to the sultan; but 1725 leaves Achmet still upon the throne of Constantinople. The year preceding *that* it was, when Peter the Great walked bareheaded before his wife, and placed th' imperial crown upon her head: he made no will, however, in her favour, and lived but few months after Catherine was supposed certain of the succession. The boy born to Alexis by a sister-in-law of Charles VI. *died not*, though he fell ill *opportunistically* on the same day with his grandfather, and saved much trouble to the party who proposed him: yet people were not wanting who believed, or *said* they did, that the Czarina was not intended by her husband to succeed: a slight domestick quarrel was the cause of this suggestion. Catherine's most favoured female in the court took bribes, and the Czar ordered her the knout immediately: her mistress offered to protect and save her, but Russia's emperor, not so repulsed, in rage struck a fine Venice mirror with his sword hilt, and shivering it into a hundred pieces, cried out, "*Take care, madam, you see that I*

* This is no good place for anecdotes of Grotius, yet I cannot suppress that when he died upon the road at Rostock, the landlord of his last lodging, a mean German inn, sent for the curate to confess him; but the casuist, wearied with hearing what he knew before, said to the man, "*Sum Grotius.*" "*Tu magnus ille Grotius!*" cried the amazed clergyman. This would have done well for his epitaph.

Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon; Salamin, Pylos Argos, Athenæ

Sidereï certant vatis de patria Homeri,

Grotiadæ certant de religione Socinus,

Arminius, Calvinus Arius, Roma Lutherus.

I repeated this epigram once to Dr. Johnson, the Doctor's answer was, "He picked his principles; he did not take them by the bunch." Mr. de Petau, a steady Romanist, le Pere Petau—*Petavius* said mass for him after his death.

"can

“ *can destroy* what I myself have *set up*, dear to me as it was, and singularly beautiful.” “ I see,” replied the Queen with an unaltered voice, “ that you have destroyed what was the ornament of your palace ; do you like your palace better now ’tis gone ?” After this conference Peter lived but a few weeks, and expired in his consort’s arms. Prince Menzikoff took care of his new sovereign’s interest; her eldest daughter the Duchess of Holstein’s secretary was present, and Catherine was proclaimed with acclamations the evening of her lord and husband’s death. The beginning of 1725 found *her* upon the Imperial seat to which her merits originally raised her—the exiled favourite restored of course.

C H A P. XVI.

FRANCE, ENGLAND, SPAIN, HOLLAND, ITALY, AND
AUSTRIA.

FROM 1700 TO 1725.

I N course of such a work as this epitome, 'tangled 'tis true, yet not without a plan, we have been obliged to mark our mazy way by objects casually met with on the road ; sometimes a blasted oak, signal of sad distress, hung out as 'twere by Nature in a storm. A heap of stones sometimes, proof of man's art and industry, directed us ; 'till coming nearer home, the set-up mile-stones refresh our hearts with hope, and serve as promise of a now, not very far-distant conclusion. Boys will indeed, for sport, deface those guides, and when we miss our way, in consequence of their maliciousness, will follow and hoot after us for fools. No matter ! the princess in the old Arabian Tales could not get up the hill, I well remember, without stopping her ears, and resolving to push forward, fearless of the wry faces made by the idlers on the mountain's side, who wished to stop her progress. We are arrived at the beginning of that century, properly called *our own*, and have seen many attempts made by individual princes, proceeding from that hard baronial phalanx which broke down the Roman empire, (last of appointed monarchies) to synthesize the ruptured parts anew, and reign over those realms, which of right belonged to their fellows. To this end, we have observed each taking the same method of attainment, calling in help from the lower ranks to shake their highly-set competitors, yet never seeming to think they should themselves be

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shaken. I except Charles XII. indeed, an anomalous character, of whom nothing can be related unless what he *did*, the others are most worthy remark in what they *thought*. Had all kings been like *him*,

Vainly the sage, with *retrospective* eye,
Would from th' apparent *what* conclude the *why*;
Infer the motive from the deed, and show,
That what men did was what they meant to do.

The intentions of Charlemagne, of Margaret de Waldemar, of Gregory the seventh, Charles the fifth, and Louis quatorze, were nothing equivocal; but every day rendered the project less practicable, and the impossibility of success more apparent to all but prejudiced and interested eyes. Nor is there any thing much stranger on revival, than that sovereigns who saw and felt authority melt from their grasp like a snow-ball, even in their own territories, should yet be fighting to expand those territories, as if leaf-gold were easier to hold fast in one's hand than a wedge. Lewis the fourteenth however, when his grandson Philip d'Anjou was declared heir to Spain, seemed to think only of the rich plains and moorish palaces spread forth before his view. "*The Pyrenæans are no more,*" cried he exultingly, while ready hope hastened to rekindle the half-extinguished fires of ambition. Pope Innocent the twelfth confirmed a succession which seems to have had nothing unjust in its disposal, both claimants being of equal affinity to the testator; and our great Nassau's active soul beside, which long had been detained by temperate habits, *yet o'er inform'd its tenement of clay*, seemed as if not unlikely to take wing now, and leave the Bourbon master of mankind.

On William's last excursion from that home he loved much less than Holland whence he came, some Dutch informers had made him acquainted how his queen, during her lifetime, used to send money for her mean father's private expences, by means of a trusty servant; and how the princess Anne of Denmark had, since her sister's death, done
the

the same thing. This news, with that well known to all the world, how Louis le Grand had recognized the boy as lawful successor and sovereign of Great Britain, gave him a just alarm; and recollecting that somewhat wrong might have perhaps arisen from his own hitherto tacit permission of my Lord Granville, whom Pope calls the polite, and Lord Godolphin's odd attachment to the fair Modenese, King James's wife; he called those noblemen, and told them plainly he should henceforward take amiss their sending to that lady little presents, such as till then he had allowed them in, as testimonials of an empty passion they had amused themselves with keeping warm, by writing verses in her praise, &c. calling her *Mistress* in a mingled style, something between affection and respect, which it appears by this, wore out but lately. The two lords ended with less reluctance their romance, as they were themselves seized with terror at the idea of universal monarchy; that prevailing panick which robbed the young Pretender of numberless adherents, and drove into the interests of the electress Sophia, not only all the Whigs, but many Tories cruelly treated by James and his chancellor Jeffries, who, in addition to their private wrongs, felt the publick spirit of opposition impel them against the encroachments of all-usurping France. That nation's nearest enemy found therefore that fear a cement between him and his English subjects; who, to the amazement of more dispassionate times, actually urged their expiring sovereign into the very war he wished, but could not live to set on foot. Lord Albemarle brought him accounts too from the continent, which, had they found any strength left in his harassed frame, would have lent it fresh vigour; but the poor king only replied, *Et parmi tous ces bonnes nouvelles ci, je tire vers ma fin.* He did in effect draw near to end a life spent in preserving liberty to Europe; regardless of flattery, though desirous of dominion; and careless to please, though studious to influence those minds with which he was connected. He appears never to have seen that unconditional obedience *was no more* in Great Britain, but deemed himself ill-treated

only because he was mere king *de facto*; although he became such for no other reason, than the resolution of Englishmen to endure no longer the oppressions of his predecessor, who was king *de jure* and *de facto* both; and whose wilful blindness to the same plain proposition, drove him down the precipice which had broken his father's neck. When Sunderland had once said openly, "Why, there's Tom Pem-broke is as pretty a block of wood to cut kings from as can be; we will have him if this man won't go on:" there needed small penetration to have seen how matters stood methinks; and Swift, a reputed Tory, tells us in his apothegms, how "A king is a tool, a thing of straw; but he serves to frighten our enemies. A scare-crow is (he adds) a thing of straw, but it protects the corn." Self-love must have been marvellously strong sure, in a heart which ever disdained self-preservation, if William could have so mistaken our factious nobles, as to suppose they hated him, because he were not James or a Stuart? This was true only of *le menu peuple*, a class too far removed from his inspection, though rising hourly to respectability; and eager to express love for the late family, when good queen Anne, as she was emphatically styled, by a populace that half-adored her: sat on the throne of her ancestors. Nor did this princess scorn to court their favour: in her first speech to parliament she spoke of her own heart as of a truly English one; a word that did not much delight the Whigs, but enchanted the great aggregate without doors—a body which whiggism was unconsciously instructing in principles of disobedience to any government not of its own chusing. Meantime the new sovereign's politics swerved not, as then appeared, from those of her predecessor. His funding system was adopted; his care for protestantism could not be greater than her's; and her own timidity had the effect of his courageous spirit, forcing us forward into war with France, that so the balance of power might be preserved, and Lewis checked from future conquests over Europe. So little indeed did Europe fear her frowns, and of such vast importance did they deem the death of dreaded Nassau, that although

though

though this valiant leader never won but one out of the many battles he engaged in, the French found him grow every day more formidable since first he braved them on his native shore, and with unmatched intrepidity threatened, rather than see his country *theirs*, to drown it; and leave his little body, then scarcely fifteen years old, in the last dike. At his long-hoped-for death, Paris once more broke out into rapturous and indecent joy, illuminating their town as after victory, writing sonnets in praise of the horse that threw him: whilst our mean Jacobites (so the adherents to King James were called) drank to the health of *the pretty gentleman in velvet*, alluding to a mole which, rising suddenly under old Sorell's foot upon the road from Hampton-court to Kensington, occasioned that fall, whence never rose again to health or vigour the immortal and first hereditary stadtholder of grateful and afflicted Holland; ablest of statesmen, most warlike of commanders; although not the best general in the world perhaps, nor yet the greatest king.

Illustris sonipes certè dignissimus cælo
 Cui Leo, cui Taurus, cui daret urfa locum:
 Quæ te felicem felicia prata tulere
 Ubera que felix prebuit alma parens?
 Hibernis patriam venisti ulturus ab oris;
 Aut Glenco aut Stirps te *Fœniciana* dedit!

Sis felix quicumque precor, memorande nec unquam
 Jam fellæ dorsum fræna nec ora premant.
 Humani generis vindex, moriente tyranno
 Hanc libertatem quam dabis, ipse tene.

Beyond or bull's or lion's breed,
 Worthy of heaven, illustrious steed!
 The sun's bright path in preparation
 Expects thee there—a constellation.

Whether

Whether thy generous parent's race
 Pick'd round poor Glencoe scanty grafs,
 Or own'd Hibernia's hardy coast,
 Thy merit never must be loft.

Live happy long! the bridle scorn,
 For freedom surely *he* was born;
 Who, mindless of his tyrant charge,
 Bestow'd it on the world at large.

This paltry performance, made a little worse by bad translation, owed all its celebrity to its malice. Whatever valiant William was, he was no tyrant. Sir John *Fenwick* (to whom the horse once belonged) seems to have deserved his death: and with regard to the massacre of *Glencoe*, it does not appear that the sovereign, a foreigner to our island, knew the extent of the mischief to his death's day. Still less the censure he exposed himself to, by granting the lordship of Denbigh, &c. to his favourite Bentinck: the king would scarce have attempted to seize for *him* else, what Elizabeth was unable to bestow on the earl of Leicester a century back. It is observable beside*, that as one of my father's immediate ancestors withstood the queen, and though he sunk in the contest, saved the disputed lands for his country; so on this second trial of the crown's strength, my mother's grandfather related *that* tale in the House of Commons, and Lord Godolphin acknowledged the reason as *very weighty*. Had this encroachment been submitted to, the story told of Serjeant Maynard had been little worth; and it was a standing pleasantry at our court to tell how, when the Prince of Orange first came hither, this worthy veteran, being among the foremost to make his bow, "Sir (said the prince) you must have
 "out-lived most of your original companions, by the account that is
 "told me of your age." "I have indeed, Sir," replied the ready serjeant, "out-lived (as I think) all the *lawyers*; and, by my faith, I had

* See Pennant.

“like to have out-lived the laws too, if your highness had not made
“haste to come over and protect them.”*

Whilst the destiny of states however occupied all the hands, and almost all the tongues of Europe; arts, sciences; civilization's sons, and daughters of daily teeming commerce, filled mens *hearts*; and as a lower order of mortals stepped forward into notice, *their* characters adorned the literature of the day. In every novel, comedy, and letter, the pert, vivacious, faithful footman shines: the Tom, Trim, Jeremy, of our English theatre; and in the French one, certain of his place, joining the fidelity of old times with the flippancy of modern ones so humorously, we scarcely refuse to laugh at the joke, even now 'tis over; and familiarity with servants is no longer *natural*, as we say, though nature has less to do than *manners* in such pieces, written to hold up the mirror of a moment. *Both* may indeed be studied with advantage in La Bruyere, whose *Mœurs du Siècle* contains every excellence; and if an observation on the human heart *has* 'scaped its keen dissector Rochefoucault, in this last-named performance 'twill be found. The Academy of Paris, fertile in genius, had produced the telegraph, such as we use it now, before the century had scarce commenced; but those princes of the blood to whom it was exhibited, told Louis quatorze that it should be considered as a mere *jeu d'esprit chimérique*. Bernouilli, another Archimedes, carried geometry to great perfection; and dying, ordered them to place (in imitation of the Greek philosopher) a mathematick emblem on his tomb; but, in allusion to our Christian hope, *he* fixed on *the logistick curve*, with these words, *Eadem mutata resurgo*.

With all these improvements, some care of the female mind came into the heads of the men about this time; and although the king of France gave no encouragement, *les dames spirituelles* began to attract his and the world's notice almost against his will. Huswifery here in England, plain sense and modest merit, was the utmost they had attempted

* Tindal's continuation.

since old Puttenham had told them, that versifying wives were by most husbands deemed *fantastical*. Parents were careful after that time to keep girls, as was said, from sharpening their wit with languages not their own. Delicacy however seems to have died away with this extinguished thirst of general knowledge; and that so completely, we find Steele obliged to tell ladies of fashion, that 'tis ill-breeding to kiss their husbands in a large mixed company, or to complain aloud at crowded tables of something nasty sticking in their teeth. Swift tries to *shock* them into cleanliness, and Moore cries out,

Why, Celia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why does the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your swelling bosom's rising pride?
Whence such gross negligence of dress?
Pray, Madam, are you married? *Yes.*

Too close attention to cooking their husband's dinner, and too ignorant a strain of conversation, seem to have been then the heavy charges on our sex, enforced with cruelty and spite enough by their instructors, whose skill in factious talk was grown so *critical*, that when the women (not to be left out) joined *their* opinions to the rest; some hapless damsel, ill acquainted with subjects she had not studied, was apt, we're told,

To prove herself a Tory plain,
By principles the Whigs maintain;
And to defend the whiggish cause,
Her topicks from the Tories draws.

While others, disposed to keep in the sphere long assigned them,

Shew'd all their secrets of housekeeping,
For candles how they truck'd their dripping;
Were forc'd to send three miles for yeast
To brew their ale and raise their paste, &c.

with

with a long list of equal faults and follies, scarce criminal enough to have inspired such bitterness or such asperity. The civilest satire on the mistaking politician ladies that I remember, of the many droll ones, was that epigram,

Pretty Tory ! where's the jest
Of wearing orange on your breast?
Which to all eyes does yet disclose
The whiteness of the rebel rose.

To teach with tenderness indeed, and to reprove with politeness the foibles springing from a confined education, was the work of those incomparable papers known by the name of Spectators, Tatlers, Guardians, which with assiduous and happy care softened our solitary hours, and turned our idle ones to profit ; leaving to posterity beside the valuable portrait of those manners which marked the commencement of England's eighteenth century. Nature meantime enjoyed the growing taste for *liberty* : some mothers ventured to unswathe their infants, long bound in bands for the first quarter of their lives ; Le Nostre brought from France the spirit of emancipating trees or garden ornaments ; no longer after 1725, or but rarely, cut into peacocks, swans, &c. in the pleasure-grounds of noblemen. Pope praised the growing arts, himself an artist : his satire checked young and unfledged follies ere they flew. Paris teemed with poets, England swarmed with epigrammatists.

Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina* poetas
Bubb, Stubb, Crabb, Trapp ; Young, Carey, Tickell, Evans.

Out of all their fight however, mounted from Germany a towering author, who scorned to think that

One

* We read of *Rhedycina* for *Oxford*, not only in these lines but in many local poems. Quere, Was the word borrowed from *Rhedychan* in Welsh? The scholars know, I suppose. The *Ford* of *Oxen* is *Rhedychan* in our old Cambrian tongue, that's certain ; and I have heard that *Bos-phoros*, *Bosphorus*, had the same meaning in Greek.

One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

Leibnitz, on the contrary, seemed desirous to drive ten sciences in hand, like Nero's horses at the Olympian game. If some were refractory, who need wonder? Those that have stumbled worst, Voltaire who laughs at him could not have guided: yet did this giant shrink a little certainly, when touched by the shafts of ridicule in the comical romance of *Candide*: but a Briareus in literature ought to have Geryon's body at least; he will be sure enough of Cerberus's three mouths to bark at him.

Leibnitz, although a Lutheran, felt no unjust alarm from the remote danger he apprehended was lurking in that new spirit of independence, sprung up not only in states but individuals too, driving the old words obedience and protection, dependence and attachment, out of all modern vocabularies: *his* plan was to see the Emperor head of all Christian potentates, the Pope bishop of all Christian churches, yet not meddling with temporal affairs. The strangest thing was, his imagining such a plan possible to execute; and in such a moment! when eyes far less piercing than those of Leibnitz thought they discerned decay in every *part* of what had been *the Roman* empire, papal or imperial. Besides these regular and orthodox opponents to his scheme, the infidel light-horsemen galled his flank, and tried to cut off his retreat; nor were they the less willing to act in such a service, because a general from their own *central* force, had said, in spite of the new whiggish doctrines, that man was but a many-headed monster, and must be kept tame by restriction. It was indeed curious to observe two minds springing up at an immeasurable distance from each other, meet on this controverted spot, like as in Ilam gardens the two streams, which rise on different sides the county of Derby; and sinking under ground at places far remote from one another, burst up again together in Mr. Port's ground. But when Hobbes died of actual old age, Leibnitz could scarce have turned thirty-two years.

The

The excellent pontiff Innocent XI. lived *then* ; and the French wits said, that before peace could be made in Europe, James king of England must turn Huguenot, and the Pope *Roman* Catholick. Odescalchi was however Catholick enough, though he did long to abolish *gli altari privilegiati*, and though he did try to hinder vagabonds from claiming sanctuary upon church steps, rendering the Lord's holy house a den of thieves, in opposition to Louis quatorze, who sent Lavardin to insult him for't. But this prelate saw further than he, or than Leibnitz did. "What can *I* do?" said he to the Duke of Perth, impatiently, when hard prest to support the Stuart cause. "If God will
 "interpose with his almighty hand, I shall admire the work, but can't
 "promote it. Saw you not once Oliver, see you not now Nassau, arbiter of our whole continent? and come you in these days to *Rome* for
 "assistance?" Alexander VIII. who succeeded him, though a narrower character, had the same firm persuasion; having promoted a near relation, and of course having incurred the charge of nepotism. "Oh! oh!
 " (exclaimed he) why 'tis twenty-two o'clock *now*,* both with my own
 "age and that of the chair I sit in: let's at least serve an honest house
 "while we *can*; what else is there left in our power?" Amiable Pignatelli † was himself a reformer, lamenting at least, and not unobserved, those wickednesses which he could not cure, and those absurdities he was obliged to suffer. To him the Albani sovereign succeeded in 1701, after repeated and unfeigned refusals of the dignity, now a mere burthen to whoever bore it; and scarcely, as he himself confessed, possible for a scrupulous man to support after any decent fashion, without doing acts his conscience disapproved. "Besides (added he) I may love my brother and his children now, nor will any one censure me for doing the best I can for an old and respectable family, which I am precluded continuing in my own person: but from the hour I mount the throne of state, nepotism becomes all the cry, and I *must* live surrounded

* The Italians count the hours to 24, or did till the French invasion.

† Innocent the 12th.

with enemies, or even my best friends will find fault." The same delicacy and fear of offending followed that elegant minded pontiff in his politicks: Austria and Bourbon struggling for the crown of Spain grieved his pacifick uncontending spirit. He would have grieved more, could he have thought that any *French* historian would have blamed his virtuous predecessor's conduct upon the same occasion. Innocent XIIth, between two claimants, equal in affinity of blood, gave, as Voltaire spitefully observes, the preference to France, *only* because he feared for the liberties of his native Naples, if Leopold's fifth son, the Archduke Charles should reign; nor can I find corruption in such a motive ever praised when actuating the conduct of *Protestant* princes; but candour lives not in unbelieving bosoms, and therefore (says *le siecle de Louis quatorze*), we see a Pope of Rome treating all as matter of state, a king of Spain making a mere state question matter of conscience. Clement the XIth perhaps pleased that great writer better: he steadily refused to acknowledge either competitor, and forbore granting the investiture of the Sicilies, alike to Philip d'Anjou or to Charles.

Tormented by the encrease of Jansenism at home, and frightened by reports made of the Jesuits' conduct abroad, while their accusers told of strange concessions made to the Chinese, in hope of gaining profelytes, till it should seem as if rank Spinozism was taught by missionaries sent to instruct men in Christianity; the primate hastened to withstand this offence, and prohibited all toleration of such dreadful error; but those he tried to check lived at a distance: and being desirous to obtain footing in the east, the Jesuits triumphed over him awhile, and began ('tis said) to deserve in India those evils which awaited them in Europe. This extraordinary corps of dangerous auxiliaries had been accepted willingly by Paul III. to whom, and to whose successors they swore perpetual and implicit obedience. Making themselves all things to all men, however, they soon forgot why 'twas at first they did so. Assailed by the various and complicated temptations of that world,

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which 'twas their duty and intent to bustle in : such of them as engaged in commerce naturally began fighting for emolument ; such as had care of royal consciences swelled with ambition, and those who entangled themselves in argument got tainted with the new philosophy. Clement was weary of the order, because disgusted by the faults of a few ; yet finding it scarce possible to clear himself from the entanglements of sophistry, the importunity of avarice, and the perils of political cabal, made himself what blameless entertainment he could out of the growing literature of the times ; heard with admiration the discoveries made by Newton, listened with rapture to the musick of Scarlatti, and studying our English language, read the visions of Mirza with delight. “ May I (said he expiring) but repent of all my sins and
“ follies, with that truth with which I have ever regretted my accept-
“ ance of that great dignity in which I die, the Lord will sure have
“ mercy.” Conti, the sick but irreproachable Innocent XIII. succeeded, and was prevailed on to invest Austria with the disputed kingdom in his gift ; but refused Parma and Piacenza, as fiefs of the church. His reference of the bull *Unigenitus* to another tribunal, and their consequent condemnation of it in 1722, shews the dissolution of all power in the See completely ; and but for *Retrospection* from that time, we should know little about popish authority, or even popish influence. The 243d bishop of Rome cared not for either. He lived on sixpence English money o’day, drank no wine, eat no meat ; begged to dismiss his guards as unbecoming the servant of his Saviour’s poor ; for such he was, feeding and teaching them, and humorously calling the paupers, who surrounded him perpetually, *his nephews*. Thus Benedict XIIIth would not hear of state affairs at all ; but tried, in vain, to restrain the voluptuous manners of his clergy ; forbidding that flowing peruke which seems to have obtained very surprizingly in courts, camps, and churches : wearing his own grey hair, and insisting on all who approached him, wearing their’s. Under this good Orsino’s sovereignty however, the town was left wholly to the care of the duc
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de Coscia, whose excesses were little suspected by a pontiff whose mind was employed chiefly in endeavours to save his own soul; and to that best of all occupations, we must leave him in 1725, and turn back to Great Britain, which, governed by a native sovereign, ought to have suffered daily less and less from their contending factions, and did so; for, although Whig and Tory still were forms of harsh and virulent reproach, both parties forwarded the spirit of improvement, and both were contented to undertake a vigorous and expensive war abroad, for the sake of supporting the house of Austria in its claims, curbing the ambitious boldness of Louis quatorze, and maintaining inviolate the balance of power in Europe. The queen was by no means a martial or a literary character; yet will her reign be ever eminent in British annals, as a sun-bright period both of victory and science: serious herself, and *serene* as the emperor called her; for he refused the title Majesty, even at the moment of deepest obligation to the sovereign of Great Britain: young Churchill's wife, the well known Sarah Jennings, obtained complete ascendancy at court, by *amusing* that grave disposition by buffoonery: her majesty's heart was in that respect truly English. No people so delight in deriding each other as do our pensive islanders, and Queen Anne seems to have always liked a joke upon her mother's low-born family: whether Lord Rochester was to be brow-beaten in council, or Lady Clarendon counterfeited in the bed-chamber. Meanwhile the favourite's husband, Earl of Marlborough, was master of each art in war or peace, and knew not only how to gain towns, but to win hearts with ease. He secured that of the Dutch by making them believe it was their *interest* to trust him; praise won Prince Eugene's to unfading friendship; and Frederick of Prussia yielded his up to that polite exterior which of all things *he* valued. Common consent then placed our countryman at the head of the allied army, while France, with eight hundred thousand men in the field, could find no general fit to oppose against him. Marechal Turenne, who had long predicted the glories

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of *le bel Anglois*, was dead ; Boufflers sent out to meet him, soon returned, more an admiring spectator of his talents than a competitor : and Villeroy, loved by his master as son to his oldest friend, lost a decisive battle, witnessing the wonderful alike and lasting impression made by the equally heroick, scientifick, and successful conqueror, upon the shaken continent of Europe. The French king did indeed once, ' spite of his courtiers, give the command to Villars, whom they hated ; and who, on kissing hands to be gone, said—" I go to fight the enemies of your majesty, whom I leave surrounded by my own." They accordingly failed not soon to report how that commander had disoblighd the elector of Bavaria by *forcing* him upon the field of glory. Louis called Villars back, and sending him to the Cevennes, told him *his* generals should show their *hauteur* only to enemies or hereticks. 'Twas Marechal Tallard who lost to us the famous battle of Blenheim ; where of sixty thousand subjects of France, remained alive only fourteen thousand, and those *prisoners*. Among them one young fellow was observed fighting in the action with uncommon spirit : Marlbro' seized him ; and, " *You are my captive*, gallant youth (said he) had your soveraign sent out only a thousand such this day, we scarce had won it." " Pardon me, Sir, (replied the prompt Parisian) our Grand Monarque " has in his service thousands such as I am : we wanted one like *you*."

In consequence of these rapid and unparalleled successes, the emperor no more debated about quitting Vienna, but felt at leisure to plan future conquests : he made our general prince of Mindelheim ; nor could less have been either offered or accepted. Parliament thanked him for that national splendour, that radiance which his exploits had thrown around the kingdom of Great Britain ; and at *their* instigation the Queen willingly commemorated his high prowess, by an obelisk and palace far more magnificent than any she herself possessed. All heroism however, consists not in fighting. Philip duc d'Anjou, son to the Dauphin, who so nobly said, " The king my " father, and the king my son, shall henceforth be *my* glory, regardless " of

“ of self,” deserves our best esteem. Crowned king of Spain, in right of his grandmother, married to Louis quatorze, or rather perhaps in right of his great uncle’s will, confirming that succession; finding, upon his publick entry 1701, that his new subjects seemed but little pleased: and seeing too that much the larger part of Europe had made a combination for the house of Austria, took up that sudden and truly honourable resolution of leaving our continent entirely, saying, “ he would not go even to paradise without consent of the saints.” Upon this principle he crossed the Atlantick with several of the old nobility, adherents to his cause and person, and carried many blessings to the colonies of Spanish America, where he reformed abuses, and made friends; while Lewis the fourteenth endured the shock of England’s, Holland’s, and the Empire’s fury for twelve long years together.

At length the gallant duc de Vendôme’s victory gained at Villa Viciosa, and much more than that solitary battle shining through many defeats, our glorious Marlborough’s disgrace, and the consequent peace of Utrecht in 1713, called him home, and put him in peaceable possession of his well disputed kingdom. Two years more saw him seize Naples and the Island of Sardinia, but they were given up again by treaty; and with them his favourite, the intriguing Cardinal Alberoni, who had a thousand schemes, best disappointed by that deserved dismissal. Philip however, sick of many griefs, this last the greatest; now formally abdicated his Spanish throne in favour of his son Don Lewis, hoping that *he* would rule in peace those realms for the dominion of which, all Europe had contended till quite faint. The sun’s eclipse, so fatal and so terrifying, that the birds went to roost at ten o’clock in the morning, and some few stars were seen on the horizon, struck to his heart; reminding him of that *soleil royal* which blazed so brightly round the ear of his yet living ancestor, when the old Bourbon motto* had been changed, and one offensive to the race of mankind

* Orbi bonus *for* Nec pluribus impar.

substituted in its place. The convent walls were in a fortnight more to have closed round him, when the young king's death, by the small-pox, fetched him, by deputation of his subjects, forth again, requesting him to mount the seat of sovereignty, into which fate herself seems to have thrust him forcibly after all: since neither his grandfather's original renunciation of his rights at marriage with the Infanta; nor the successful arms of Marlborough and Eugene: no, nor his own graceful resignation, could keep him out. A. D. 1725 found him according to his merits, peacefully settled at well-pleased Madrid, after having obtained Naples and Sicily for a son by his second bed, Don Carlos; who was also made Duke of Parma and Piacenza, and after his father's death and that of his brother Ferdinand, became king of Spain.

Joseph the fifteenth meanwhile wedded to a Lutheran princess, of the Brunswick house, succeeded *his* father Leopold, and clung to the allies from private fondness, no less perhaps than from political necessity. But though 'twas said, he would not have been sorry had Charles of Sweden, as he once expressed it, insisted on his turning Lutheran too, Joseph forbore not to oppress his Protestant subjects in poor Hungary, whom he squeezed hard for money, while the combined troops were *professedly* fighting for that opinion, which they long had followed. The small-pox however, fatal in beginning of the century to princes; carried the emperor to the grave betimes, and drew his brother Charles the sixth from Catalonia, where Philip's partizans had made his residence somewhat uneasy, and very insecure. Charles was proclaimed at Vienna 1711, and notwithstanding the affairs of Spain were by no means decided at this time, he had the spirit to declare war against the Turks, who were defeated by brave Eugene at Peterwardine, losing Belgrade and Temeswar to his victorious arms. The peace of Passarowitz in 1718 completed his glory and the Ottoman disgrace. To this intrepid, but ever benign warrior, the commissioned destroyer Marlborough was used to leave all care of wounded, dead, or dying soldiers; whom *he* assisted with his purse, soothed with his

sweetness, and wept over them when more could not be done. These open, generous virtues, seen in his countenance, induced Villars, when once they met at Radstadt after the battle of Denain, 1712, to seize his hand and say, “Ah, Monseigneur, we are no enemies—your foes are at Vienna, I suppose—and mine are at *Versailles*.” That battle of Denain served somewhat to accelerate the peace of Utrecht, and turn Prince Eugene’s sword upon the Turks. After the black designs of Alberoni had so far proved abortive, that detection went but a little step before disgrace—Austria breathed from fatigue; Spain entered not unkindly into the quadruple alliance, 1720, and in *five* years more was signed the treaty of Vienna.

We must however turn back to Louis quatorze, who, in the news of his enormous loss at Blenheim, learned for the first time that he was not invincible. More than one hundred leagues of *terra firma* forsaken, were among the earliest consequences of this defeat, which carried such a consternation with it, that many officers of high rank flung themselves half deliberately into Danube, rather than survive a day of shame, they said. Soldiers followed the example from contagious fear, and Marlborough marched forward to Alsatia. The king of France now recalled Villars from the southern provinces; but in the meantime twenty thousand more of his unhappy subjects covered the plains of Ramillies, where our resistless general’s name and person struck terror to all Frenchmen’s ears and eyes; which turning to the ocean, once obedient but now rebellious to their Grand Monarque, saw the danger of Toulon added to the loss of Gibraltar; and on the day when England’s fleet threatened destruction to their boasted sea-port, a sudden darkness, only surpassed by that which happened afterwards in 1715, brought to our sailors’ recollection an odd sermon preached on the first year of the century, in which one Mr. Fleming had predicted the perfect extinction of French monarchy to take place A. D. 1794, adding expressions, as if their emblem, the sun, should soon be shorn of his beams. The failure of invasion in favour of James
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the second's acknowledged offspring too, hurt his kind patron worse even than his own misfortunes, till *their* dreadful aggravation, by the hot-headed duke of Burgundy's perverseness, and his near peril of being taken prisoner, threw Paris into an agony. Ill health and death spread through the royal family; ill humour through the nation; famine followed fast on the heels of war; the olive trees were frozen in Provence; the vines of Burgundy were blighted. *Inhuman* terms were now proposed by the allies; and so proposed, as if on purpose to be rejected, by old Lewis; who first a faucy, then a suffering hero, resolved to retreat, and leaving his once adulatory capital, defend his shattered provinces inch by inch; rather than meanly pay the expences of a war to drive his own progeny from the Spanish throne. But whilst the red-stained glass of *Retrospection* sees in five years two hundred thousand Frenchmen lost in those numerous engagements, which succeeded in sanguinary rapidity to each other, less than two hundred thousand more 'twas thought could scarce have perished from distress and illness. Heaven saw 'twas time to stop the tide of human woes. And was that task left for some mighty character to execute? Say my young readers. No! 'twas a feeble woman's work at last. Her sluggish mind supplied the place of virtue; her timorous temper saved the lives, born and unborn, of millions. Looking back, we may observe this last of our Stuart princes amused awhile, then governed, and at length actually tyrannized over by the duchess of Marlborough, who, careless of those arts by which she rose, neglected foolishly her post as favourite, and from her Lord's success upon the continent, deeming her party perfectly immovable, had, in an evil hour for them all, introduced to petty offices about the bed-chamber an obsequious cousin, with whom the sovereign was induced to chat familiarly, when left to fill up vacant hours as he could. This lady, we are told, was a Tory by principle, strengthened no doubt by interest, and by her then unacknowledged connexion with Mr. Harley, who having by this Mrs. Masham's arts secretly learned the way up the queen's private stairs,

held hidden conferences with her majesty concerning the condition of distracted Europe, and hastened to supplant the distant duke, and drive him from her good opinion, by telling how the world accused that general of protracting wars injurious as expensive to his country, that he might shine among contending potentates, accept their presents, and propagate his own glory, without regard either to the crown at home, or to the people; who would be ruined by vast debts incurred only to please insatiable allies; while *they* perhaps adding perfidy to their rapaciousness, would, if we left not *them*, leave *us*, &c. making conditions for themselves apart. The tales he told were true. The manner of making those truths heard were base and mean—no matter. Harley and his female agent, whom yet he never trusted with his schemes, easily obtained ascendancy over Anne's mind, which had only been bent back from the tory cause by accidental confidence placed in a whig favourite: her heart must have been naturally with those who professed love for kings and kingly power; but with their high church principles, and preachments of non-resistance, long ago exploded, adherence to hereditary right seemed to go hand in hand. The scrupulous princess, left without a child, felt her soft heart entangled 'twixt a brother whom she had certainly *once* thought was spurious, and the still less beloved electress, to whom,* as to the next Protestant heir, niece of King Charles the first, our Whigs looked up for safety from that church of Rome, whose wounds lately inflicted on us were so sharp, that people could not see the hand was palsied, and never would be able to strike more. Queen Anne however seemed to have forgotten in her last years that *fear of Jesuits*, which marks her letters in her father's reign, when an odd *jeu des mots* handed about, served to increase our terror of their duplicity, and we called it the Jesuit's Creed.

* One of Princess Sophia's letters to her royal cousin, as preserved among Macpherson's papers, laments, or rather apologizes, that she does not write in *Latin*. Very strange, that a lady to whom languages were so easy, did not teach her own native English to her son, whom yet she wanted to fix upon the island, even whilst the sovereign of it could not be considered as very sick, or at all superannuated.

Pro fide teneo sana
 Affirmat quæ Romana,
 Supremus quando Rex est
 Erraticus tum Grex est
 Altare cum ornatur
 Populus tum beatur
 Afini nomen meruit
 Missam qui deferuit

Quæ docet Anglicana,
 Videntur mihi vana ;
 Tum plebs est fortunata,
 Cum caput fiat papa.
 Communio fit inanis
 Cum mensa vino panis.
 Hunc morem qui non capit
 Catholicus est et sapit.

The device is so contrived as to contain the sentiments of one church, read in short lines, of the other in long ones.

I hold for faith
 What Rome's church faith,
 Where the king is head
 That flock's mis-led ;
 Where the altar's drest
 The people's blest
 He's but an ass
 Who shuns the mass

What England's church allows,
 My conscience disavows ;
 The flock can take no shame,
 Who hold the pope supreme ;
 The worship's scarce divine,
 Whose table's bread and wine ;
 Who their communion flies,
 Is catholick and wise.

A stranger thing however than to see a sovereign's mind swayed by conversing with new intimates, is to see Burnet so completely dazzled by the bright rays of Marlborough's renown, that he even laughs at the idea of naming Gibraltar and Minorca in some addresses carried up to the throne ; although those were the only solid and lasting advantages from all our bloodshed.

Meantime the poor Queen, worried by factious nobles, declined in health and spirits every day ; she had carried *one* point in government and *but* one, which was of her own devising : it was a *great* one, worthy of Catherine or Elizabeth ; and being conceived in virtue, it matured into prosperity. She had united England and Scotland, and by their happy incorporation rendered herself true sovereign of our island. She wished now to carry one other point, and die in peace with her old neighbour Lewis, to whom her first antipathy was lessened by change
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of favourites from Whig to Tory. Her secretary Bolingbroke, afterwards married to the niece of Madame de Maintenon, had always shewn a fondness for the French, nor were the kindnesses their king had shewn her exiled family, viewed by expiring Anne with that aversion which in her husband's time they had excited. With Prince George died much of her hatred to the banished court, and Mrs. Masham plied her pious soul with scruples in behalf of her father's child, which when all hope of having one herself was over, made I trust, stronger impression. But all these changes of opinion passed not unnoticed by the busy Whigs; our allies took the alarm too; Germany remonstrated, Holland threatened aloud, Prince Eugene was sent over to entreat *her* Majesty not to desert such troops at such a moment: all in vain; nothing could shake the queen, though every thing perplexed her; contending passions heated all men's minds, while writers like the warring deities in Homer, fanned the warm flame of faction into madness. Swift took the field against Addison, and conquered. The conduct of our allies was exposed in one pamphlet, the rapacity of our general hinted at in many. Envy's sly snakes, like great Achilles' spear lent by Minerva for the fatal purpose, found some ill-fastened joint in valiant Hector's armour, and stung him with an unrecovered wound. John duke of Marlborough was dismissed all his employments, and to the wonder of half breathless Europe, Anne of Great Britain signed the peace of Utrecht. His last great victory at Malplaquet, where danger saw himself defied by courage in many a memorable act of fearless intrepidity, obtained still better terms of accommodation, and fixed the triumph of the Tory favourites. Since time indeed and cool reflexion have come forward, we see that nobler terms could not be wished; and daily pressure of debts then contracted, prove that a continental war does *us no good*: yet I believe that not this nation only, but the whole Christian world at once was shocked at sight of gallant Marlborough's disgrace; and 'tis observable enough beside, that though this leader's laurels when they are touched, do surely shrink from the
accusing

accusing hand, and like the sensitive plant seem to confess there is somewhat wrong within; the moment that hard pressure is removed, they still return with beauty unimpaired, and flourish under a more genial sky with undiminished greenness. If our finances, for example, did sustain some injury from his perpetual calls for men and money, such was their miserable state in France, that six weeks before he died A. D. 1715, Louis quatorze negotiated no fewer than thirty-two millions in bills, to receive eight millions only in specie; notwithstanding which, says Voltaire, "The burden might have been borne had commerce been at this time flourishing, or had the nation's paper credit been respected." The last observation is (to say true) a mere author's period, for paper credit never *can* be respected, but where it deserves respect, from being of equal value with the cash it represents. No people pay so little veneration to unsubstantial *nothings* as the traders; yet even *they* were strangely deceived four or five years after their old king's decease, when a man named Law, native I think of North Britain, rejected as a mountebank by Victor Amadeus of Savoy, so justly called the sage, made application to the regent of France and was listened to. Money was never more necessary to their kingdom, and avarice will hearken to incredible tales. This fellow taught them to believe him a new Columbus, and seduced them so far as to set up a bank, and call it Mississippi: prince, people, all were duped, and in one year so swelled the gaudy bubble to their view, bills were negotiated up to four times the amount of all the currency contained within the realm. Before it burst 'twas said, some worthless governors of this ideal traffick found ways to realize enormous sums; our countryman, of course, who with them sought a shelter from the curses of mankind, and found a safe one in voluptuous Venice. Meanwhile, spite of that accident, the state was silently repairing its losses. Nothing so certainly regenerates spent fortunes, publick or private, as a minority. Under even the *godless* regent, as Pope emphatically calls le duc d' Orleans, who managed matters for their baby successor,

timely

timely respite from the rage of killing saved their then *reeling* kingdom from *deliquium*. Philip suffered his sensual pleasures to be broken in upon only by Law's imposture, and an unsuccessful cabal of restless Alberoni; but their resumed excesses shortened his life, and hindered him from seeing the great grandson of Louis quatorze married to the daughter of philosophick Stanislaus, and giving symptoms of a studious disposition; too officiously and for him fatally checkt, as conducive to ill health. A man is made only of body and soul, and those who persuade young people from all search of intellectual amusements, will drive them to look for corporeal ones. We leave him in the purposed A. D. 1725, apparently emancipated from preceptorship, but still consulting and confiding in the gentle Fleury, whose mild administration acted as a paregorick to torn France, the throbbing wounds of which, needed his healing hand.

Returning to our island, we see *that* united, only as it appears to be struggled for by Whigs and Tories, the last of which parties began to shrink away, when just before queen Anne's death the electress Sophia left the scene of contention, with all her claims upon it to her son, whom yet she had never thought it worth her while to have instructed in our English language.

George the first's penetration and sagacity were therefore lost to us, and of small value even to himself, who could but just with all their help perceive, but by no means prevent, his being made the tool of a bold and numerous faction; the king of half his subjects. His very virtues were turned against himself; for having observed the ungrateful temper of the Stuart race, who cared not who were ruined in their service, our newly arrived monarch generously declared that he would never forsake his true friends. Ignorance of the tongue they talked in, made it indeed almost physically impossible he should ever be able to discern who those friends were. A king always finds *that* science difficult enough, but to King George the first no earthly knowledge was half so unattainable. The Whigs hemmed him completely round, told him

him only what they chose he should hear, till a stranger to our hearts, our language, and our customs: the wisest among all his contemporary princes found it his best wisdom to withdraw his mind wholly from our concerns; and when we had hindered him from all exertion of his faculties *here*, we pretended to wonder that he loved going to *Hanover*: although a prince from any German court must necessarily have received early disgust, when the second or third day after his arrival, Mr. Chudleigh and Mr. Aldworth quarrelled in his very presence chamber; and even challenged each other to fight about drinking the pretender's health. His majesty at first, we are told, put on the sovereign, and began expressing his just indignation of such insolence, but checking himself, said, "I come here only to guard the laws of your country, gentlemen; if therefore there *are* any against such conduct, pray let them be put in force." An ill projected rebellion in favour of that pretender whose health many drank that stirred not from table in his cause, fixed the throne fast of his triumphant cousin; and little mercy did the men in power shew to those who had manifested symptoms of attachment to the persisting, although feeble Stuarts. No cruelty however can be charged against the king; fast held, he knew but little of what past, and money made that situation easier to him. As lives the dalai lama of Thibet, so reigns the sovereign of an oligarchy, composed of jealous and interested minds: *ours* in the opinion of all Europe round, possessed a clear and comprehensive head, and when he acted for himself he proved it such. Count Gyllenburgh, the Swedish minister in London, was seized by his immediate orders, and that intended firebrand quenched at once; he counteracted Alberoni's plans, and rendered them abortive by his negotiations. Upon a little progress made round some southern counties of our island, the people expressed an honest admiration of their new monarch's comeliness and dignity of aspect; although disliked before by Anne of Denmark, whose heart when he addressed her had been previously engaged. It

is recorded that he said of them when they huzzacd his coach through Lymington, "These English are esteemed by other states a *wise* people, " and I believe they might be made a happy one, changing their ministers only once o'month, and their kings once o'year." Of poets, in a language never learned by him, he had no taste, so there was much complaint for want of patronage, though neither Newton nor Handel were neglected; and Swift who sneered, got very little, as it should seem, even from his Tory friends: one hears no more of Mrs. Masham, after *his* letter to her on queen Anne's death. Something has always hung about my fancy, as if the appellation *Abigail* for a lady's maid originated in *her bed-chamber* attendance. Addison calls the intriguing female in his comedy the Drummer, Abigail, after *her* I believe, because we see her disposing of her *mistress*—Sir George Trueman's simple widow completely; but the humour is so concealed, nobody thinks of it.

Meanwhile the Duke of Marlborough, who had retired to the continent whilst the late ministry raised up a cry against him, returned to his own country just in time to welcome the arrival of our new sovereign, from whom each mark of honourable distinction was even eagerly paid, while king and nation vied in *his* applause. To those encouraging, those consoling sounds, a nervous disorder in his latter days rendered him wholly insensible. The shock of encountering hosts, the battle's din, had done their work, although as we may say *remotely*. The year 1720 witnessed *the streams of dotage flowing from those eyes*, which had conciliated the proud in peace, and awed the fierce in war. Before the time we have resolved to pause at, 1725, the French began to sing about the streets, *il est mort et enterre*, while his dead body long *their* mark, lay in our Westminster cathedral, whence at the last day shall rise heroes and statesmen, princes, kings and captains, but none to him superior.

There

There are few notes to this superficial work, which is itself of notes a mere collection: *Tumultuariæ*, as Bernouilli with less propriety, called his upon Descartes. I must however here *note* a droll story of an old physician, doctor Oldfield; who seemed as much impressed with Churchill's merits, as is the writer of this *Retrospect*. Being at consultation one day, after a pause he started up and said, "the Duke of Marlborough spoke in the House of Lords an hour this morning." "Well sir!" replies a surgeon in the room, "Did he say any thing of doctor Oldfield?" "Of me; no surely." "Then he is a very ungrateful man I think," returns Belchier briskly; "for doctor Oldfield cannot speak a *minute* without mentioning the Duke of Marlborough, in *any house*."

CHAP. XVII.

AMERICA, ASIA, AFRICA, AND GENERAL SKETCH OF
IMPROVEMENT IN EUROPE, FROM 1725 TO 1750.

WHILE Christians were cutting each other's throats in Europe during Queen Anne's wars, the wiser Indians of North America set up a neutrality, and armed for its defence; having been disgusted with French perfidy ever since the governor of Canada burned all his prisoners alive, and gave up sixteen Englishmen to those savages who were supposed most inimical to the five nations or allies, hoping they would be put to death with new and ingenious torments. Monsieur de Denonville was however mistaken, for the Cataraqui tribe sent them safe home to our colony. Montreal now became a place of barter, and the spirit of traffick seemed likely to succeed that disgraceful ferocity which had hitherto stained the banks of the rapid Ohio. The soil on both sides of the Mohawk River was found to be excellent for raising hemp: masts were the natural produce of woods nearly impenetrable, consisting chiefly of majestick pines or haughty chefnut trees, self-sown, and inexperienced of the axe or pruning knife. To these old England rationally turned her thoughts, and sought improvement of her American possessions. During the summer of 1730, when there was question of a royal charter for Georgia and Carolina, to be called so after our young King George II. and his consort, seven copper-coloured chiefs came to St. James's, and did a willing homage to the sovereign; mention is made in one of the Spectators of such an embassy before that time, and their grave deportment at the theatre attracted much notice, im-

pressing

pressing people with a strong persuasion of their good sense. They were not, as they would have been heretofore, perplexed with questions in divinity, but returned home I trust, admiring, as we did lately from our deputation to China, how finely people might live without any religion at all. The Spaniards had, no doubt, been grossly culpable in erecting Christianity upon an altar formed of spoiled palaces and bleeding innocents; for so was seated their new church in Mexico. The English, led to think that the reverse of wrong must needs be right, left all to accident north of the Isthmus Darien: I mean so far as government took cognizance. Missionaries sent forth by subscription of pious individuals, owed little, except mere protection to that state which seemed, about the time under revival, to care for nothing save the world's new idol, worshipt with greater reverence every day—the golden idol *property*. East India was become a grand, though not a royal exchange: the affairs of our *old* Company there, which began the last day of the year 1600, and was united with a new one, some early day in 1700, had made a progress so prodigious, that they were looked on with half jealous eyes at home, while instances of their rapacity and aggrandizement abroad amazed the natives, of whatever cast, though long acquainted with European manners. The Capuchin friars were at the instant we are speaking of, the only persons from our continent untainted with this appetite of wealth, this bulimy; bespeaking a vitiated constitution; and they were made known to the orientalists, chiefly by the following accident: a sophy of Persia, I think the famous Kouli Khan himself, was seized with faintings, giddiness, and tremor, which none of his physicians could account for or remove. One of the members belonging to an old Franciscan convent settled at Isfahan, heard this event and joined in the affliction; but added that the cure needed not be difficult. The Grand Treasurer, informed of his opinion, called him instantly to court, where their royal patient lay in a syncope. Administering a smart emetic, after clearing the bowels *secundum artem*, symptoms of recovery announced themselves; opiates
procured

procured repose, and bitters from the dispensary belonging to these monks, completed the happiness of Persia. Heaps of gold were offered in return to him who had bestowed health on the Emperor; but nothing could the Capucin be prevailed on to accept, unless promises of protection to his fraternity. *Thamas* made no scruple of granting them a lasting charter; but his Treasurer, struck with the strange disinterestedness of the dervise, made an immediate friendship with him, studied his language, and listened with wonder to his accounts of Italy, till having heated his brains with the recital, he resolved to run away with the man, and turn friar. Concealing some diamonds to pay their journey, insure a good reception at the end on't, and make their future lives comfortable, Father Gasparo and his confiding friend arrived at Rome: but when presented as a convert to Pope Benedict, he denied all belief in our blessed Saviour's divinity, although convinced of his celestial mission. After a few gentle reprimands to his companion however, all was passed over, and the Treasurer of Persia was quietly admitted into the monastery erected by Cardinal Barberini, brother to Urban VIII. He lived till 96 years old, and was seen there by the writer of *Memoires des Cours d'Italie*, a curious book printed about seven or eight years ago. This anecdote shews the surprizing revolution in Christian men's ideas; nor is it half as strange that one warm-headed individual should cross whole continents for the mere pleasure of wearing a scapulary in honour of a religion, the fundamental principle of which he disbelieved; as that the truly pious and worthy Pope Orsino should admit a positive Socinian into that community, whose founder held even an Arian in abhorrence. This curious amalgamation of opinions seems to have been chiefly performed by commerce, which softens the mind of one man to receive the ideas of another; as on the admision of mercury gold becomes a perfect paste. Good people helped this work forward too, more than they would have wished, had its consequences been laid open to them, by reproaching their Christian brothers everlastingly with the superiority of savage virtues, till it has at length

length become the mode to find out excellence in all *but* Christians. Excess of evidence beside, has, as Bishop Watson observes, been converted into a principle of unbelief; and because we see the Sanscrit language filled with efforts to express a trinity in unity, some of us come from the study of it, mere theosophists. Yet if the word *Ooon* of the east were investigated closely by those who are competent to such research, who knows but an approach to Plato's *Æons* might be traced, which I have heard were merely energies or emanations of divinity, incomprehensible somethings, thirty in number, filling up the chasm, and forming a chain between omnipotence and humanity. 'Tis difficult to find a *new* way of being either wise or virtuous, either absurd or perverse. The adherents to orthodoxy had condemned Sabellianism at the council of Alexandria in 260, because it maintained that the same God and Father of all, descended incarnate upon the earth he had created; redeemed it by his death; returned to heaven, and came down again upon his holy apostles. Nor do Dr. South's sermons militate *very strongly against* this notion, although *he* lies buried in Westminster Abbey; and lived to hear his great opponent Sherlock, accused of tritheism: yet as the mad prophet said by Louis quatorze, "It is not the Duke of Marlborough, nor Prince Eugene, which shall cut down and utterly destroy thee; but men of whom thou hast not now a thought." Religion was not *deeply* injured by these disputes: the pupil of Mr. Locke, the famous Lord Shaftesbury, in his elegant and spirited work called the *Characteristicks*, did more real hurt to the *true good old cause*, than all professors of theology put together; and I remember a friend of my own ten years ago, when anarchy and assassination reigned in Paris, and the life-blood dropt daily warm from the guillotine, said the French will be less wretched when a civil war breaks out among them, because killing will then be in the hands of soldiers, who are bred to it, and understand *how*: now each man murders for himself, methinks the slaughter's doubly dreadful. My friend judged very rightly; and while the contest between orthodox and heterodox

terodox opinions of Christianity was agitated by divines, expert theologians who well knew where to attack, and where to defend, the church was in less danger, less disgrace too, than since a bold irruption of Vandal forces overwhelmed us, scoffers and trampers—*complete Protestants*, as Mr. Gibbon blushes not to style himself, *protesting* against every faith as folly; and valuing, as another great writer expresses it, virtue beyond all religion, and friendship beyond all virtue. 'Tis worth remarking likewise, that as war was carried on with less ferocity about the year 1712 and 1713 than usual, though greater numbers than ever were destroyed, so literary quarrels were conducted in a mode less brutal and offensive. No more calling horrible names, like Beza and Tilleman; no more rancorous abuse and bitter revilings, like Milton and Salmasius; no more horse play and gross raillery, like Dryden and Settle. *Les querelles litteraires* were carried on by Pope and Addison, Swift and Steele, with a polite asperity alone, or sometimes even with a feigned affection, not ill ridiculed by Fielding, when he makes his puppets, Punch and Joan say, after a torrent of bad language bestowed on each other,

Since we hate like people in vogue,
Let us no longer call beast and rogue,
Gentler titles let us use,
Plague one another, but not abuse.
Pretty dear! *ah ma chere!*
Joy of my life, and only care.

In the mean time it seems as if the trade and valuable connexions made by our good allies the Portuguese in Africa, died fast away, since their activity in the cause of religion was relaxed. The list of kings in Congo and Angola baptized by Christian names, ends, I think, with the seventeenth century: and the resistance made against conversion by the beautiful Black Princess Zingha, is, for ought I know, the last anecdote that can attract attention, before the general relapse of these countries

countries into a state of barbarism, broken but by some Mahometan settlers in Houssa or Tombuctoo, places now nearly inaccessible to modern enquirers. Upon the model of this Princess Zingha, Mr. Congreve perhaps formed his Moorish queen Zara's character, favourite of our theatres, when represented by incomparable Siddons. The poet has, however, altered the circumstances, and changed the motive. Zingha's ambition was to reign over her father's subjects; but in his latter days European eloquence prevailed, and persuaded him to leave young Giagha, his brother's son, heir to the feather'd crown. From this boy, aged but ten years, and baptized a Christian, Zingha resolved to wrest the supreme authority: set by her intrigues the Dutch against his partizans from Portugal: "And now," said she, "my brave companions, while these mad fellows cut each other's throats, let us unite in defence of our country and our *fetiches*,"—the objects of their worship. High spirited as handsome, such a leader called round her soon a numerous band of blacks, prepared to die in her defence; but a white man was still, and had been long, her private friend. This Spanish officer, saved by her care from shipwreck once, and tempest, when all the crew but him perished on her coast; had held for four long years the post of favourite, in vain soliciting return to Europe. Her fondness for his person however, and apparent concern for his happiness, gave him a hope her savage heart was melted into a true and lasting kindness; and when she hung her gaudy chains about his neck, he thought some reason might be formed to fancy that *she* might be the person led by *him*. His singing seguedillas charmed her ear, and he supposed that she might one day be induced to think, that "*truths divine came mended from that tongue*." But soon as she perceived he meant to turn her thoughts from love of empire to retirement, while he kept correspondence with her foes, Zingha condemned him to immediate death; and during the afflicting hours that followed, when she, no longer mistress of herself, had even forgotten the watch-word to her guards, some Portugeuze surrounded and confined her, promising her life, and

even royalty, if she would but confirm in the succession her little Christian cousin, they called John. But even these propositions she refused, and flying unmolested to her native woods, ended her days in solitude and sorrow. The Spaniard having escaped her fury, told the tale, and there are novels written on the story.

Succeeding sovereigns being less engaged in propagating Christian faith among the Africans, than in fixing the bounds of European power, left Congo and Angola to be trodden occasionally by Mahometan merchants, and sometimes by Arabian sheiks perhaps; whilst that Don Pedro, who married his brother's betrothed wife, confining the first husband on the Azore Isles, left after a long reign, King John the fifth his son and successor; who sat till 1750 on a throne ever in close alliance with England, and studious but of two things as it appears; to keep the crown in their Braganza house by any measures and by any marriages; and to secure strict friendship with Great Britain, should that crown ever be endangered falling into the hands of Spain, their haughty neighbour.

We are to recollect indeed, that John the fifth was not by *that* princess, who had been married to Alphonso; of her scarce justifiable nuptials with her husband's brother Don Pedro, one daughter only was the offspring, and she, I think, died, leaving no family—king John the fifth was by a second bed.

Lord Peterborough's conduct through queen Anne's wars had given these nations fresh reason to respect our alliance, when he performed among them even prodigies of valour; acts of prowess worthy the days of chivalry indeed! Storming towns, rescuing ladies, Madame de Popoli in particular, from the most shocking indignities, on which she exclaimed, "I'm saved by a heretick! I'm saved by a heretick!" and sending quickly for her confessor, besought of him permission to pray for that English my lord. "For his conversion, Madam—but no more," returned the language of bigotry on the instant, "*he is not in a state of grace,*" "you know." He was in a state of exultation however, on his return; but

but when they huzzaed under his windows at some inn where he dined one day, Bristol I believe, a ringleader of the populace cried out, "Long live the Duke of Marlborough!" thinking 'twas he. "Give me leave," said Lord Peterborough (hastening to the balcony) "give me leave, good friends, to rectify your mistake, and *prove* to you that I am *not* the Duke of Marlborough. First, you see, I have but eight or ten guineas in my pockets (turning them) and secondly, you see those few are at your service;" throwing them among the mob, and *then* sitting quietly down to his dinner. Of war and fighting however the world at length was weary; and George the first, whose love for peace was well known not to proceed from unwillingness to take the field, died not till he had prevented, by judicious treaties, all appearance of future quarrels with the king of Spain. On his demise his son came to the throne, with some advantages over his predecessor; some more knowledge of our language, and some assistance from the active friendship of a highly accomplished consort, who set herself sedulously to comprehend the duty and true interest of *his* situation and her own. The Tory party however took pains and pleasure in decrying all that she said or did, suspected artfulness in her condescension, and refused praise to her frugality, under pretence that it was dictated by avarice. The women sneered at her majesty's turn for study, they were learning to be clever *without* study. Swift, Addison, and Steele had required that ladies should spell correctly and write elegantly, although a grammatical education was hooted at; and to obtain the *rudiments* of science was going out of fashion even for boys, since *playing* them into languages had been recommended by Mr. Locke. A child who conversed fluently in seven different tongues at seven years old, was produced before the publick, and called the *heptaglog*: his master's method of instruction was printed, and the shackles of *rule* were to be broken, as well in education as in government. The success was the same in both; no boy of Busby's teaching ever so suffered in his future health by early study, as did the hapless heptaglog. No rebellion against

Tudors or Plantagenets had ever brought so keen a smart on its abettors as that of 1715. New notions, new opinions, new manners, poured in apace. A mind of magnitude above its fellows rose from the coarser ranks of humanity, and said the *age of reason* was at hand, when schools and universities should grow ashamed of clafficks and such trumpery. But though an acute surveyor of things present, he little dreamed *how* his prediction was to be accomplished: he meant to list that reason he revered, under the banners of religion certainly; and hoped she would prove a powerful auxiliary in virtue's fading cause. But virtue fled wherever Walpole followed, who openly denied her serious existence; although his near friends said, and knew, that he himself possessed some admirable qualities, added to unremitted cheerfulness, animating a vein of pleasantry with that good humour which can alone disarm the harshest censures. His care, however, seems ever to have been bestowed on low and petty objects; bringing such members into parliament as would most readily concur in his scheme of corrupting the rest; nor was much opposition to be dreaded from men who would willingly enough, I trust, have voted away those millions they were so liberally invited to share. I know not however that much was, after all their clatter, voted away amiss; and I rather believe not. It was the shameless avowal of a vicious system, that shocked mankind more than the vice itself stained any individual; for if Sir Robert did actually refuse a bribe of 60,000*l.* to do what he thought wrong; and if he steadily resolved on resignation of an office he delighted in, rather than enforce payment of taxes by the sword, because he considered such severity unjustifiable; he was himself neither very corrupt nor wholly unprincipled: his *honour*, so far as these facts are true, remains untainted; and his professed enemy, Dr. Johnson, said of him (in the year 1780), "That he had
" been a useful friend to England, and would have kept the na-
" tion in constant tranquillity, if they (the Tories) would have let
" him rest." 'Tis told too, that by one act of parliament alone he
took

took off no fewer than one hundred petty duties. This conduct was certainly meritorious ; but the Tory party's ill humour towards the reigning family, had in the days under reviewal quite destroyed their usual jealousy for regal power ; and while they taught the people to believe our king sent all their guineas off to Hanover, were not aware that *they* too helped on the democrattick spirit, once despised ; by consenting to an almost daily limitation of the crown's old prerogatives.

Walpole, meanwhile, who as a true Whig hated to see that sway which *must* be *somewhere*, seated on a throne, felt as a good minister, that his sovereign *must* have money to bestow ; and all that he purchased by this paltry barter of durable importance for mere current cash, seems, upon *Retrospect*, to have been little more than questions carried in the House of Commons how many troops should be kept up in time of peace, and how the debt incurred by Queen Anne's wars should be best paid.

A love of peace is a pleasing feature in every character, particularly that of a statesman. Fleury and Walpole were indeed so deeply interested in its long continuance, that their contemporaries gave them little credit for the virtue ; accusing them rather of sacrificing national honour to their own security, as Marlborough had in his day been accused of protracting an expensive and destructive quarrel, because to him productive of emolument. These accusations were all partly true ; and the accusers were spurred on in both cases by motives no less mean or mercenary, than those were of the men who bore the charge. When we shall see a perfect patriot flame, rich in itself, like elemental fire, whose pureness needs no aliment at all, Herschel will tell us those are suns, not planets, satellites still less ; 'tis out of nature : Alfred and great Aurelius have perhaps nearly approached that brightness of perfection ; but we remember *they* were kings, not *substitutes*.

Meanwhile, though our court gave no ill example, a general relaxation of morals was observed, whilst all appearance of ecclesiastical government faded gradually away. The convocations met no more ;
bishops

bishops gave their votes quietly, and little thought was bestowed upon that good old church which was now both fapped and battered. Voltaire openly threatened the existence of Christianity about the year 1730, and had been heard to say aloud, that “ It should soon be seen, if what “ twelve poor illiterate fishermen had established, a still less number of “ literary associates (*illuminati*) could not destroy.” Much of his argument indeed, and more of his wit, seem the mere sulphurous flowers caught with care, after the corrosive verdigris of Macchiavelli’s work sunk to the bottom : but ’twas not wit nor argument which hurt us ; it was the unbroken though invisible, yet perpetually repeated efforts of an unwearied pertinacious enemy, attacking in unsuspected shapes, and operating in every possible way against the once dear and venerated fabrick, all but the immoveable and heaven-fixed cornerstone of which seemed now, to thinking men, in real danger ;

And when religion veils her sacred fires,
All unobserv’d morality expires—

as truly sung the poet of the times. Enormous profligacy of the common people was therefore seen to mark this period, while the strange characters of Ward, and Waters, and Chartres,* shew such a scorn of goodness, such depravity among the common circles of the town, as were unmatched till Mandeville stepped forth, and told us, “ That the “ publick benefit was best promoted by vice of individuals, and that “ the state had no such useful members in it as these mad candidates “ for quick damnation.” In opposition to such daring impiety and perversion of incomparable talents, not a few fools read my Lord Shaftesbury’s Characteristicks as a devout exercise for Sunday evenings, all about voluntary uncommanded virtue, as an old alderman of London once said to me that it was ; and how, when he was ’prentice, he

* If Hart published his *Herodian before* the epitaph on Chartres was printed in Pope’s works, it takes some merit from its originality, because he uses the same opposition in his character of Nero, or very nearly.

read it in turns with *Tillotson*. The poetry or sentiment which it contains, I trust, escaped the future magistrate, although perfectly consonant to the moment in which this *Retrospect* is taken; when we hear such apostrophe as the following every day;

Oh glorious Nature !
 Supremely fair and sovereignly good !
 All loving and all lovely ! all divine !
 Wise substitute of Providence ! impower'd
 Creatress ! or impow'ring deity,
 Supreme creator !
 Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

The time indeed was rapidly approaching in England, that such adoration only was likely to be paid as every man fancied, or thought he fancied to be good; and that Spain should not be behind hand in folly, a philosophical Castilian courtier there told the king one day, "That he believed St. Lawrence did not suffer martyrdom assisted by God's grace at all, but by mere *Spanishi valour*." This was as characteristic of *their* country's change in opinions since the day that nation's nobles had fought controversial duels in 1080, when Sanctius committed the cause of Gothick and Roman liturgy to two combatants, not doubting but God's grace and approbation too went with the victor, as says Joseph de Herreras in his history.

Whilst orator Henley however was pensioned by government, for secret services in some weekly paper, and of course protected in all he should attempt, a school of disputation was set up by this fellow, the first I read of, who preached lectures in the butcher-row, where people paid a shilling each, and boasted, that by his impious buffoonery he had put *the church and all that* in imminent danger. We must remember that this coarse animal was in holy orders; and Warburton says that he administered the sacrament in the same place where he held forth as a lecture-reader, or I do not understand the passage rightly.

rightly. But people found out how, if church authority was gone, and dignity disregarded; charity at least, and philanthropick beneficence, would much increase among us, as superstition (so all devotion now was called) declined. A charitable corporation had upon this principle been instituted some years before, for relief of the poor, by lending them small sums upon small pledges; but in 1731 the precious project came to a head and burst, when the kind governors ran off with half a million of pounds sterling, stolen from the indigent and lazy, who were tempted to borrow upon bad security, and whom the noble pawn-brokers spared not to plunder when once within the net. Hogarth believed it was in spirit of derision that three blue balls, or sometimes golden ones, was after this time hung at the doors of lesser traders in the *same vile way*. They represented gilt or painted *bubbles*; and *bubble* was a word came into use when our South Sea scheme followed up that in France, called Mississippi. For the full tide of wickedness and folly rolled not to our shores alone: Socinianism became almost the established faith in Germany, and even *that* was every day degenerating into Deism. Suicide grew fashionable on the continent. Robeck's body was found on the banks of the Weser in 1735, I think: his vindication of the self-murderous act by modern philosophy was quickly printed, and disseminated with diligence. Cold-blooded crimes too were the boast of London; where a book-binder and his wife reasoned themselves into killing each other and their only child, leaving a letter behind them, recommending their *cat* to protection of the neighbourhood.

Before the year 1750 was concluded, Miss Blandy poisoned her father for opposing her desired match with Captain Cranstoun; Miss Waring, or Warren, native of Britain, but resident at Paris, being persuaded by her mother to marry Monsieur Odry, a lanie man, teller of the exchequer, against her liking, called for a boiled egg at the wedding dinner, and putting in a few grains of sublimated mercury with the salt, killed herself before her husband's face and all his friends,
coolly

coolly observing, "they would have it so." And Mr. Baretti tells a tale, nearly the same date, of a Venetian lady, who, having been long pressed to take the veil against her inclinations, hanged herself up in the convent's parlatory, while her half-frantick parents, incapable of hindering the horrid deed, were paying her a visit, outside of the grate. Nor were these sorrows sufficient. Thinking men grieved to see the church of Rome molested by Molinists, Quietists, &c. rendering even the best efforts of its own best friends unable to defend it. Cardinal de Noailles, and Pere le Tellier, had battled it during the last pontificate, with a violence which would have been dangerous even in safe times; the Cardinal still protesting he could not submit to be *le valet des Jesuites*: and helping to inflame all France against the Confessor, whose cruelties and those of all his house against the Protestants, were now even in the opinion of Protestants themselves, likely to be visited with judgments sufficiently dreadful, both on his own family and that of his master. The too long protracted quarrel between the papal chair and Cardinal de Noailles, was however made up at last on his receiving the bull *Unigenitus*, and Benedict the thirteenth hastened to receive and restore the offender. On his death, Clement the twelfth a Florentine nobleman, was elected; his first care was to punish the duc de Coscia for his exactions during the retired life of the pious predecessor; his next, but that was far more difficult, was to stop the vile tongues of Benedict's defamers, who in the true profligate spirit of the times, cried out, "That 'twas as well live under a Tiberius, who left the world to practise in a secret cavern new modes of wickedness, while Sejanus tyrannized over the public weal; as under Orfino, who quitted conversation with the world only to starve himself in a remote corner of the palace, whence he came forth but upon days of public devotion; whilst the rapacious substitute lorded it over, and grievously oppressed the state."

Clement found it more easy to obtain restitution from Coscia's family, than to silence these censurers of all men but themselves—sure

scourge of an elective sovereignty ; though with the ill-gotten wealth which he obliged these first offenders to refund, many large purchases were made of books for the Vatican ; but even *that* offended the detractors, who arraigned this pontiff's active virtue as severely, as they had despised unreasonably the gentle manners and mortified character of him who went before : for nothing but vice could please a vicious nation, and Rome was once more arrived even at the perfection of dissolute manners. We recollect good emperors in old time, treated much as the present century did the good popes ; and after the last of these, Corsini, had reigned ten years, a disgraceful bustle and hot contest ensued, who should enjoy this phantom of past power, this faded purple, exactly as befell in the first volume, when Goths and Vandals, and ruin were at hand. It dropt however happily upon the shoulders of Prospero Lambertini, a prelate of immense abilities, to which a conciliating temper, ready wit, and morals free from reproach, gave an additional value. To his care we must, in 1750, leave his undeserving subjects ; and returning to our own church, must lament to see one of its bulkiest pillars pecked at, I guess not why, by Mr. Law, as if religion's friends wanted fresh enemies to hinder and obstruct them in her defence : nor did the attempt fail to provoke scornful and ill-applied insult from Warburton, who, if he did indeed condemn his adversary, it was from making a rash judgment of his powers.

Law's admirable book, the *Serious Call*, deserves the highest praise ; and had its merits made but *one* impression, much honour ought to be attributed to the sudden and almost preternatural effect which it produced upon that Proteus of imposture *Psalmanazar*, whose blasphemous extravagancies disgraced the age we speak of ; whose sophistries baffled and brought shame on the professors of our faith in every modification, every sect ; and whose rigid acts of exemplary penitence, though good for his own soul, made but incompetent amends at last to an offended public. All Europe scarce *could* hear of his conversion ;
all

all Europe had been staggered by his controversy : he had in many places personated a Pagan Japanese so perfectly ; had disputed so ingeniously with Jesuits, Lutherans, Calvinists : had fought them all so on their own ground, with such unmatched dexterity, that when at length he was arrived in England, he published boldly an octavo volume, containing a feigned account of his imagined country, the island of Formosa, making a language of his own, and telling how 'twas spoken in those parts. In fine, carrying the jest on so far as gravely to dedicate this impious forgery to Henry lord bishop of London ; and a privy counsellor to good Queen Anne, if I remember rightly. Psalmanazar says, that this prelate scarcely understood Latin *as he pronounced it* : and though Dr. Mead believed he was a cheat ; neither he, nor Halley, nor Woodward could detect him. Innes the clergyman, who baptized him as a new convert to Christianity, and who meant to make advantage of him in some way, never dared give a hint of his suspicions, excepting that when once he caught him translating Cicero into Formosan, two different ways ; he looked around, and said, “ Sir, you were unprepared, I fancy, were you “ not ? ” They parted after this ; Innes died soon ; and Psalmanazar, many years after, struck by Law’s serious Call, did of his own accord confess his curious, though abominable contrivances, avowing how it was his practice to take opium, and counterfeit ill health, gout, and swelled legs, for counterfeiting’s sake, as it appears to me, who can find out no end answered by *that*. His impious adoration of the sun was dreadful ; but he atoned for many vile offences, by having before death acknowledged, and repented of them all, leading a long life of exemplary piety and great diligence, and at last ending his various day in the communion of our Anglican church, professing his preference of it to any, and to every other, as he told Dr. Johnson on his death-bed, though conscious there must be defects in all. No entreaties could however prevail on him to reveal his real name, nation, or family. Mr. Villette believed he was a Gascon, though Frenchmen

have rarely such flexibility of organs as to render, like this man, every tongue his own.

But the death of Charles the sixth, emperor of Germany, recalled attention from individual knaveries, towards the insolent ones, then set on foot by whole nations at once. Henry was dead, and Tencin* ruled at Paris: when spite of the pragmatic sanction, by which it was supposed that the deceased's dominions had been secured to his beautiful and deserving daughter Maria Theresa; and spite of that passion with which Frederick of Prussia says, "all Europe was inspired towards the house of Austria and its interests;" the restless cabinet of Versailles found means to induce the elector of Bavaria to stand forth and contend against the scarce-disputed *right* of Charles's only child, who saw Silesia torn from her by one adventurous neighbour; Bohemia threatened by another; and she herself an object of compassionating tenderness, not knowing where she could lie in with safety. The ladies in England talked of subscribing their jewels to assist her, and our king George the second, taking the field in person, won the battle of Dettingen, where his acts of personal prowess endeared him to his valiant subjects, who love courageous conduct in their sovereign; and though some sullen wise ones here at home found out that we were fighting abroad only for our own honour and the profit of others, (a matter not difficult to discern) Great Britain and her gallant monarch loved one another better from that day. As to internal politics in this country, Tories had long persisted in protesting, perhaps in believing, that every foul sin committed through the nation, ought to be charged upon Sir Robert Walpole, till a sort of general alarm was, by their repeated efforts, at length excited, and those who panted for the posts of this long-reviled minister, perceived the iniquity of his retaining those posts any longer: while the Whigs meanly shrunk from support of the man, who never, during his continued administration, had been

* Tencin's bastard son was *d'Alambert*.

known to desert the cause of one private friend. After having clung to the mast, however, (if Onslow's testimony, preserved by Coxe, be true) when he could no longer guide the helm, he dropt: and the king did *not* forsake the servant whom he had reason to think faithful in what concerned his master's purse and person. 'Twas left for the subsequent rebellion to rivet more closely the now daily growing union between our people and the reigning house. When Tencin, turbulent and bold, excited an ill-planned project of descent on Scotland, headed by the grandson of James the second, in quality of prince regent; that youth expected much assistance from Tory families remote from London, and bent his course towards Wales. No encouragement, however, being received *there*, and the old feudal chieftains from the north disliking further progress through our island, forced their submissive leader back again, and freed the capital from those commercial terrors, which less intimidated than amused its king, round whose royal standard every rank, every description of men rallied, confiding in his best protection who set himself seriously to arm for their defence, sending, in the mean time, for his son duke William, who, leading his veterans on, quickly by the decisive battle of Culloden, relieved the terrified metropolis; and after that day we heard no more of the pretender coming with his hungry troops to put our property in danger, armed with a *missive weapon* called *dirk*: for the dear Londoners in those days, really did seem more ignorant concerning the manners of a Highland laird, than they are now about the government of Mamelukes and Beys. Failure of this foolish adventure too, in person of a prince who knew not either how to make his arms respected, or his misfortunes pitied, put an end to what was left of jacobitism among us, and the whole nation joined the grateful chorus *God save great George our King!* Notes had been taken in payment by the merchants who subscribed for his and their own support, upon the *Bank of England*; and *loyalty*, the first of national virtues, found its

its reward in wealth and fame and national respectability. Nor did the fire-works, played off in honour of a general peace, signed at Aix la Chapelle, please the people better than did the sovereign's observation and reproof of that supineness among our clergy, which was supposed to have suffered many weeds to grow both in religion and morality.

I well remember when the ardent, though irregular, exhortations of Mr. George Whitfield roused the metropolis from its stupor, that some application was made to his majesty for *silencing* him, as they said; his reply was echoed about immediately. "*Shall I* (cried the king) *make him a bishop!*" Much mischief had indeed been suffered since it had grown the fashion to forbear all mention of our Saviour's passion from the pulpit, except upon Good-Friday, and even *that* day was strictly *commanded* to be observed, or else might possibly have been forgotten. While the young preachers entertained their congregations with one critical essay or another, and

To rest the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

Doctor Doddridge indeed published a tract capable of stimulating the most enervate Christian, and drawing attention from the most sordid worldling, called the life and conversion of Colonel Gardiner, who was killed at Preston Pans: but I know not whether it had much effect. To the pious and elegant James Hervey, rector of Weston Favell, the church owes, I think, more solid obligations. His works were universally read, and more meritorious than these, as seated nearer to London, grand vortex of iniquity—The rector of Welwyn, the chaplain of the court, whose spirited reproof of Mons. de Voltaire, and steady opposition to him in a mixed company, when he was on the *Anti-christian* mission here in England, tells more to the honour of his *Abdiel*-like opponent, than even those sublime and well-known effusions which
genius

genius *will* throw off sometimes, when heated by devotion's flame in night and solitude : although

Afide their harps ev'n seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet complaints—Oh Young !

It is indeed the concentrated fire of the laboratory which, as we know, produces what is most valuable in medicines for the mind : yet will not the loyal bonfire, blazing in open air, and sparkling in defiance of cold blasting winds, be scorned at length by heaven's eternal King. Fuller says prettily that as Ahab was wounded between the joints of his armour, so has the Anglican church been struck between episcopacy once put off; and calvinism, never fitting us, ill buckled on. But our religion found an unexpected and *un/su/spected* patron too in Richardson; who makes fiction the favoured conduit of truth, and brings the stream of piety un sullied from its pure and far-distant fountain to the capital, as Addison says sweetly of the Roman aqueducts,

While rivers there forsake the fields below,
And, wond'ring at *their place*, in *airy channels* flow.

Musick likewise, which about the end of the 16th century had in Italy suffered herself to be seduced so far as not to refuse assistance to the drama, although her chief employment was the church ; so that

Le matin Catholique et le soir Idolatre,
Elle dina de l'autel, et soupa du theatre.

came to us in her theatrick dress about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and before the portion of time now under revival, from 1725 to 1750, was grown an established favourite among the great and gay ; while those who had less money or less taste exclaimed, and charged much of our acknowledged ill conduct in upper life to the enervating sweetness of Soprano fingers, then first heard among us, and the loose style of that musical tragedy known by the name of an Italian opera.

Nicolini

Nicolini di Napoli seems to have been well apprized of the danger, by his solicitude to engage friends among the popular writers of the day: and as he was the first to venture over in character of *primo serio*, so he appears to have taken many precautions for pacifying the rough inhabitants he was to encounter; learning our language, singing English songs, and affecting admiration of the Spectators, Tatlers, &c. He introduced a successor, Valentini I think, and retired; but did not escape at last without the famous lines,

Begone! our nation's pleasure and reproach,
 Britain no more with idle trills debauch:
 Back to thy own *unmanly Venice* fail, &c.

which he used to divert his friends at home by repeating in an odd mock-heroick strain, particularly the third line, which, as he was a *native of Naples*, seemed a better jest to him than to us. Meanwhile, the fancy for this new mode of amusement being once fixed, no exhortations could prevail on people to dismiss it, no ridicule could drive it out of fashion. Farinelli's arrival and performance threw London into convulsions of delight, which appeared quite contagious; and several grave residents in counties then deemed remote, sent hastily for their attornies, made their last wills, and resolutely waded from Lewes in Sussex, or Creek in Northamptonshire, through roads nearly impassable, hoping at the week's conclusion of peril and distress, to find their bright reward in a crowded opera. To stop this tide of infectious phrenzy, blown forward by affectation, Mr. Gay undertook to execute Swift's project of a *Newgate* pastoral: but if taste for Italian representation softened the minds of an audience into a sort of voluptuous tenderness, not likely to do much real harm in latitude 52, the remedy was worse than the disease by far; as less difficulty would be found in hardening our native coarseness to brutality.

This democrattick plan of calling the low Londoners round to applaud a remorseless highwayman's last supposed moments, was so insolent

insolent an attack upon morality and virtue, while it pretended only to correct empty foibles, that the king was prevailed on to suppress its second part, having already seen sufficient evil arise from the first. Music alone could cure the ills she caused. George Frederick Handel having had a quarrel with those who joined him to divert the publick, and a long illness following from vexation, received a somewhat like miraculous cure from the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. Disposed to express his thankfulness and gratitude, instinctive piety sent him to the organ of the great church there belonging to recluses, who listening, soon began to think his composition wonderful as his cure.

From that day, dedicating those amazing talents to devotion, which had till then yielded to softer claims; in the course of a year his oratorio called *Messiah* was performed in Dublin, for benefit of the city prison. England soon sighed to hear and join in the unparalleled chorus *Hallelujah*: but its charitable author, presenting to the Foundling Hospital the sums it first brought in, united the well-wedded virtues of sublime praise to God, and charity towards his harmless creatures, in consecration of our purest pleasures, to the support of infant innocence.

'Twas thus that the seducements to luxurious enjoyment first tendered to us by Hortensia de Mazarin, niece to the cardinal, under the discordant dress of musical tragedy, began to lose their effect; and the sweet melodies of opera airs were half forgotten, in the full harmony and swelling pomp of resounding excellence.

But painting lent her help too; when Hogarth taught industry to the poor, and ridiculed prodigality in the rich, by a method untried till his day, unrivalled till day ends. From his prints, far surer than any *Retrospect*, may posterity learn the *shading* of those manners, which we can catch only in single and decided masses of colour; so much neater is the pencil for such purpose than the pen.

Nor did the stage forbear to lend assistance. Too long had that

place been the sink of sin; and such profaneness had been added to obscenity by Dryden, Congreve, and their imitators; that Collier, Law, and others of less genius, had tried in vain at reformation, while scorn pursued their precepts, and the example even of sober people run directly counter to them. Taught by his greater friend the immortal Rambler, David Garrick began, as it appears, seriously to think,

How glorious 'twere to raise
A theatre to *virtue's* praise.

Even then, when custom had wiped off the blush from nature's cheek, and vice was naturalized by the name of fashion; *even then, he* swept away offensive passages from many plays, restored those which had good tendencies, gave no encouragement to vicious characters, and added to talents unseen before, and unexpected to be ever seen again, such beneficence of heart and integrity of character, as gave even the most strict moralists among us hope, that where the poison grew, there had we found the antidote. A *literal* proof of that axiom's truth, as well as this figurative one, graced the period under reviewal; and Lady Mary Wortley brought from Constantinople, where the small-pox first began, its happy mitigant (if I may call it so) the practice of inoculation. When those who had the regular care of human happiness and human goodness, slumbered at their posts, Providence seems to have provided assistance where it was least expected. A woman of gaiety, and carriage lighter by far than was the mind which animated her motions, saved by the introduction of this happy art, numberless valuable members to society, and taught a power of pacifying the dreadful disease even when caught by infection. A Mahometan writer of the ninth century, Rhazes by name, first *mentions* this destructive terror, which Heister says accompanied the plague; and was of course distinguished by petechial spots, which were called *purples* in my younger days; though now, thank God, they

they are almost unknown. German physicians earliest began the new treatment in Europe, I believe; and George the second, after having tried its favourable result on criminals, and having been convinced of its success on many adventurers both in his British and Hanoverian dominions, inoculated his own royal family, proving that he excelled not only in field-bravery, but in domestick and determined courage. Nations caught the desired example, and the scythe of death was blunted.

C H A P. XVIII.

SKETCH OF THE SITUATION OF AUSTRIA, TURKEY,
RUSSIA, FRANCE AND ITALY,

FROM 1725 TO 1750.

IF Frederick of Prussia, the statesman, the soldier, the philosopher, and the wit; saw something like what he calls an instinctive rage in Europe, for the supporting of fair Austria's head, from which he meant to pluck a plume or two: we who are neither historians, nor inventors, but sober Christians, engaged in a mere *Retrospect* of past occurrences, will need small wit, and less philosophy, to see something very like a necessary, if instinctive impulse, for supporting that once majestick, and once holy Roman empire, dwindled indeed, so low in this last century, that empty pride, and hollow sounding title, served them as solace for the loss of power; while bigotry, burning concealed among a few forgotten individuals, was left alone, as a sort of internal evidence of that sanctity, which had at one time given reverence to the whole. As travellers who seek amusement, by rowing round that melancholy spot, where sunk the Royal George in Portsmouth harbour; we make our sea-marks from the wrecks of greatness, and shew by heads of masts yet unconsumed, where stood imperial thrones in other ages: ages which like those waters rolling forward, will never more return.

The first political phenomenon which fills our telescope in 1725, is a strict alliance formed between Charles the sixth, emperor of Germany, and Philip d'Anjou, long his hated foe. An alliance, hostile in every

every sense to every true interest of Vienna's court, but best worth *our* remarking, as a proof that the race is indeed not decreed to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, when the Bourbon king of Spain, with two hundred thousand pistoles (Voltaire says) purchased more of the Austrian territories than Marlborough or Eugene deemed in *danger*, when they were acting as its strenuous defenders. But money was become every *thing* to almost every *body*; and I read the other day, a speech in our own House of Commons, setting forth how Philippe d'Anjou ought to be considered more in the light of a great merchant than of a sovereign prince. He was a great prince notwithstanding; and although from his mercantile majesty we did gain Gibraltar and Minorca by force of arms, he had the skill, through bribery and negotiation, to hedge out the Austrians from many an old family fief, and plant his own progeny firmly in their Italian dominions. 'Twas under them that the discovery of Herculaneum was perfected; some traces had been discerned in the year 1713, but Europe was then too busy on the superficies of mother earth, to feel deeply interested about what she contained in her bowels. Gold, for purpose of carrying on wars with each other, was all they wished to find there, and it was the only thing almost which was *not* to be found in Herculaneum. An early page of our first chapter mentions I think the great eruption of Vesuvius, when a vast stream of lava overwhelmed this town, and others in its neighbourhood. A. D. 1736 witnessed the digging out its valuable ruin, adding certainty to the antiquarian's creed; and ending the scholar's numerous conjectures in decision. Theatres, temples, a subterranean city in fact, began to excite curiosity among those now polished nations, which, when she hid her head, were hordes of savages alone, or tribes ferocious in fight. Yet were the Germans formidable *then*, and Tacitus bears testimony to their valour, which, though softened by science, had so little degenerated since, that when the peace of Utrecht gave respite to innumerable combatants; Prince Eugene led his conquering troops, desirous of
fresh

fresh laurels to signalize themselves in the great battle of Belgrade, rewarded by the conclusion of a treaty advantageous to all Christian powers, and signed 1718.

Achmet's repeated disgraces in the subsequent disputes with Thamas Kouli Khan, ended at length in a revolt of those fierce Janissaries, well known to Lady Mary Wortley, and by her described with much pleasantry and spirit. Reading about the Turks, in any author, one catches their contempt of unsuccessful sovereigns; otherwise it is scarce fair to forget Achmet's behaviour, and that of his Vizier, to Charles XII: but on the last-named writer's pen, hangs such a fascinating spell, our tenderest interest goes all to Mustapha; the brother he had long before deposed, and she says poisoned, while his afflicted widow, Sultana Hafiten, deprecating mercy, chains our mind to *that* branch of the Ottoman race, and makes us hear of Mahomet the fifth mounting the Turkish throne in 1730, with perfect unconcern for his predecessor. It appears that this *new* emperor entertained some idea of making a reform in his internal policy, by curbing the over-grown power of the Viziers, who till his time enjoyed supreme authority under the sanction of a monarch ever cloistered up from knowledge of affairs, unless ambition called them out to war. The intended reformation, 'tis true, required more than Turkish skill to manage it, and Mahomet seems to have brought but little to the work. He changed his first ministers rapidly, consulting only with the Kiskar Aga, and hoping by that means to be less imposed upon; I guess not why. Princes have been compared to beauties now and then, they resemble them perhaps chiefly in this; that every discarded lover, as every turned out minister, makes it a rule to hate and thwart in future, that once-flattered sovereign, real or fictitious, whom he formerly professed even adoration of.

The Viziers driven from court joined with the Janissaries, whom in their short administrations they had found means of obliging; and persuaded them to *set the town on fire*, not once, but repeatedly; and
always

always on eve of a battle: so that the news might fright the Grand Signor, and call him from his camp whenever victory was likely to decide in his favour, strengthening his hands at home by reports of his success abroad. To these *patriots* then, however reluctantly, the nominal despot of an immense empire was forced virtually to submit, or see his unoffending subjects made the sacrifice of their displeasure: rather than Constantinople should be burned to ashes, he by advice of his Mufti threw them the Kissar Aga to be killed, as having given hurtful counsels; and of that plunder which *his* wealth afforded, the church and state making an equal division, secured the Sultan in his seat of *eminence*; we cannot call it *power* very properly; where the year 1750 finds him.

From contest with our Christian armies, Prince Eugene had relieved his predecessor by signing of the peace at Passarowitz, after which day of triumph over Turkey, that great warrior had, with a versatility of mind rarely found among the men of his profession, betaken himself to study; and cultivating in his retirement all manner of polite literature, rendered his mind a splendid repository of well-classed knowledge—historick annals in particular, where his own character will one day shine among the best and bravest; for, although he once was baffled before Philipsbourg, he covered Mayence and Fribourg in a manner that made him not unworthy of our Harley's compliment, when in the year 1712, visiting England, that minister invited him to dinner, and said at table while the glass went round, "How he might now congratulate himself on entertaining the first general on earth." " 'Tis to your lordship then (replied the prince) that I owe such pre-eminence," alluding to the great Duke of Marlborough's dismissal. But as the Athenians, a day before the feast of Theseus, sacrificed a ram to Conidas his tutor: a glance of *Retrospect* should be bestowed on Lesauveur, the famous engineer, who being dumb till seven years old, solved Euclid's problems then without a master. *He* taught Prince Eugene that consummate skill and close acquaintance with the art of fortification,

fortification, so necessary to conducting German wars; and was so much prized for his powers of calculation, that Louis quatorze, in his later days, made him successor to Vauban with a pension. 'Tis said that Pere Rollin has *this* hero's education in his eye, when he extols Xenophon's *Enfance de Cyrus*; and *this* is greater praise to him than even La Varde's epitaph, when, after *hic jacet*, his titles, &c. comes

In Pace
Magnificus Musarum Cultor :
Artium Laus et Præsidium.

In Bello
Miles Dux Heros
Triumphator.

Alter
Annibal Labore, Hector Audacia, Fortuna
Scipio; Ingenio Cæsar, Ulysses Astutia,
Æneas Pietate.*

His gallant pupil, we will own, confined not his taste to mathematical employments, yet love for every branch of learning's tree, so long inherent in his mother's house, seems somehow to have preserved this great commander's intellects unhurt to the last moment of a long protracted life—as salt hinders the animal alkali from preying on itself, and keeps the body thus from turning putrid. The grandson of Mazarin held not his faculties by lease-tenure, as those of Churchill or Sobiesky seem to have been bestowed. God gave to this hero the fee-simple of his own understanding, and he dropt down dead in the full possession of it, replacing a book upon its shelf in his own library, 1736. Five volumes octavo at this hour, contain his biographical anecdotes: two volumes folio, with a *supplement*, scarce hold the delineation and description of his battles. In four years after his death, while Britain was

* Preserved in Les Memoires de Monf. de Bruys.

engaged in a maritime war with Spain, for some insults received by our sailors in America, died Charles VI. emperor of Germany; and in Maria Theresa, his daughter, married to Francis duc de Lorraine, began as it were a new imperial house. Of Rodolph de Hapsburgh's ancient family, descended from the Gordians, who boasted Trajan's blood by female line, this lady was the last; and it appeared as if extinguishing or nearly so: like wheels of artificial fire indeed, it caught new heat by some invisible machinery, and blazes yet away another round. In the grand effort made for this fair princess, and in the zealous strife to establish her, although more sovereigns took the field in person than ever had been seen at once in arms since the crusading days, none behaved better than our own King George. Meanwhile the elector of Bavaria, set up by France on an obsolete claim, succeeded for a while, and took the name of Charles VII., supported with an immense subscription, and the whole credit of the House of Bourbon. This dangerous competitor was son to the daughter of Charles the sixth's elder brother, Joseph, and grounded his pretensions on the will of Ferdinand I., brother to Charles quint, who succeeded on his abdication, and who, fearful lest his son Maximilian II. should have no issue male, expressed his dying desire, or command, that the sceptre might descend to a boy born of his own eldest daughter rather than to a daughter of his eldest son. As Maximilian II. *had* issue male, this will was left untalked about from 1564 to 1741, when the Bavarian made his claim in consequence of this antiquated disposition.

Short sway! Fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The Queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms.

Notwithstanding which, and notwithstanding the Hungarians declaration that they would die for their *King* Theresa, as they called her, had Charles VII. pressed forward to Vienna after the surrender of Prague, she would perhaps have been reduced to that sole title, by which he

never ceased to call her, *Ma cousine la Grande Duchesse*. Before that we dismiss the baffled prince, who, after a terrible reverse of fortune, was at length left by mankind, not far from where they found him, although

His foes' derision, and his subjects' shame,
He stole to death, from anguish and from blame.

It is not much amiss to observe how care for preservation of kingdoms or estates to issue male died off, with other old aristocratical ideas: since commerce had ploughed away many distinctions, and levelling each hill, exalted in proportion, or rather in double proportion, *every valley*. The ancient address of oriental supplicants, as we read it in the story of Abdallah, son of Abbas, was now no more. "Oh, son of the uncle of God's great apostle, Mahomet!" To *him* did the voice address itself: but such pretensions subsisted no longer; the reign of Maria Theresa was approved, as her claims were considered true and rightful. Among the generals who made most efficacious opposition to those claims was Marshal Saxe, natural son to the gallant Augustus of Poland, by *la belle Aurore*, countess of Koningsmarck. He had a pardonable, as hereditary aversion to Louis XV. of France, who wedded the daughter of his father's rival, Stanislaus Leckzinsky, and that must in some measure account for his being ever opposed to the Protestant armies, though he was born and bred a Lutheran, which caused one of *les dames spirituelles de Paris* to say at his death, "Oh, what a pity 'tis that we shall not sing one *de profundis* for this charming fellow, who has so often made us sing *te Deum*." Count Saxe had an idea that much depended upon *names*; or having said so once, perhaps in sport, his biographers have set it down as serious. He certainly did marry *Victoria* de Loben, and certainly was divorced from her, alledging that he liked her company less than her appellation. The lady wished no change; but he was the offspring of bright *Aurora*, as he said, and like the sun must gild many regions in course of his various day. The plains

plains of Malplaquet first witnessed his heroick ardour in battle, where he was wounded and unhorsed, and fought on foot. Being requested to retire—"No, no, he cried—*I like it.*" In effect this extraordinary character seems always to have acted *as he liked it.* Anna Iwanowna called him to Peterburgh, got him elected duke of Courland, and pressed him to accept her hand and heart. He *liked her* maid better: such a preference exposed his person to the greatest danger; he could not quit the court, he had no money. The well-known La Couvereur, a favoured actress in high credit at Paris, pawned all her jewels, plate, &c. and sent him forty thousand livres by a trusty hand. He flew to her directly, thanked her tenderly; said he must now study the mathematicks, and so he did; nor ever saw her more except upon the stage. 'Twas Marshal Saxe who afterwards took Prague by assault; beat the allies at Fontenoy, *though ill*; made the French masters of Tournai, Ghent and Brussels; entered Zeeland with his conquering troops, and after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, when no fewer than a million of armed men kept forcibly the peace of Europe, being employed by all the sovereigns concerned in it. This warrior went upon a visit to Berlin, where Prussia's young king received him with all possible distinction: then, having been refused the odd request he made for leave to colonize and end his days in the West Indian island of Tobago, he fell sick, and sending for Senac, the great physician, "Are you married, Sir?" said he, "and have you children?" The Doctor confessed both. "You have been a wise man (replied the Count); here am I going now to quit this world and leave my name to nothing but a minut. My life has been a fine gay *dream* however, 'tis time to close my eyes *now* on *trifles*, and open them upon *reality*:" Senac's friendly tears often attested this anecdote; its date is the last day of 1750. But Muscovy's affairs have been too long forgotten; we left them under care of hardy Catherine, who walking in her honoured husband's steps, taught her rough countryfolks our Christian æra: they counted by the world's age, not *anno Domini*, till 1725.

When *Retrospection*, piercing fog and frost, watches the widow of the immortal Czar, malice attends to see if she prevented his grandchild, sickly offspring of Alexis, from mounting the imperial seat at her decease; malice must own she did him no such wrong: her dying disposition named him successor, with the reversion if he left no sons, to her own daughters and their progeny. This reign soon ending with the prince's life, Anna Iwanowna was called by voice of various partizans to ascend the throne of Russia. This lady, daughter to first Peter's brother, who once had shared the toils of state with him, supported them herself about ten years. Unable to prevail with Marshal Saxe, she married Frederick William duke of Courland, but left no issue. To her great nephew then, just newly born, she wished the sceptre to descend, calling him Iwan or John IV. and her own niece, daughter of another Catherina, *her* own sister by the duc de Mecklenburgh; did actually for a short moment hold the regency for this ill-fated boy, till suddenly in 1741 his father, prince of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, his mother, third in descent from emperor John, with all their warm adherents, were imprisoned; and that branch, seemingly dismissed from all hope of succession by a strong body of nobility, who set up Elizabeth Petrowna, daughter to the great Czar, calling her now to sign in her own name as sovereign, such acts of authority as she had been accustomed to use her hand for during the life of her last surviving parent. Resolved to rule alone, Elizabeth declared it her intent to have no husband, and sent forthwith to fetch her only nephew, son of deceased Anna Petrowna, duchess of Holstein Gottorp. *Him* yet a lad, she caused to be proclaimed Grand Duke immediately, and named him solemnly her lawful heir, sending young Iwan into close confinement; and stifling in behalf of nearer connexions that native tenderness which had nevertheless broken out unfeignedly, when softened by the prosperous gales, that set the crown unlooked for on her head. On that auspicious day, for such it was, she took the infant predecessor in her arms, and seeing *him* delighted with the noise and show: "My poor pretty cousin (cried she
 " with

“ with tears) dost *thou* too wish me joy? unhappy sweet one! these are
“ the shouts that hurl thee from thy throne: take him away, my
“ grief will choke me else.” Nor did the clement, kind Czarina ever
appear wholly to have forgotten her harmless, hapless rival. Although
a dupe to many a silly artifice, although in the beginning of her reign
a bigot, and towards the end of it a mere voluptuary; reversing the
French mode of transition from *dame galante*, to *dame devote*; she
felt a secret pang of conscience sting her soul, and feelings of a softer
sort sometimes betray it in favour of unfortunate Iwan. When the
Grand Duke indeed grew marriageable, and Frederick of Prussia re-
commended to the empress, as a fit consort for him, Sophia of Anhalt
Zerbst, in preference to his own sister Anne Amelia, who died not many
years ago abbess of Quedlingburgh; no thought existed of the pri-
soner’s succession, and Europe’s eyes were turned entirely upon the
accomplished lady destined to adorn and civilize its northern districts.
The nuptials had indeed been celebrated in 1744, yet when we leave
her in 1750, no child confirmed their happiness; and the Grand
Duchess *then* of all the Russias, under the assumed name of *Catherine*
Alexiowna, seemed less attached to Peter’s person than desirous of
adding felicity to his court and government. When his pranks would
displease the reigning empress, ’twas Catherine’s care to sooth and keep
her in good humour, lest Iwan’s dungeon should attract those thoughts
she sought to drown in palatable poisons, which shortened while they
stupified her sorrows. Elizabeth had besides borne three children to a
favoured nobleman, Razumoffsky, who had received her marriage vows
in private, under a strict oath never to be acknowledged. These young
counts Tarrakanoff and their pretty sister gave, ’tis to be supposed,
umbrage to Catherine, but her discretion suppressed all antipathy, and
they received a foreign education.

Voltaire says somewhere, and with truth he says it, that the revolu-
tions in palaces are not always followed by revolutions of the state.
Such was the case with Russia; from those dull days when Peter first
drew

drew up that monstrous mass out of its primitive obscurity, each hour had contributed to its improvement, and every sovereign added somewhat to its importance. Anna Iwanowna beat away the Turks; Elizabeth maintained her nation's consequence abroad too, even while immersed in sensuality at home. The Grand Duke bred at Holstein, and bringing thence even a fanatick fondness for Frederick of Prussia's military talents, put his raw soldiers in a state of discipline to them unknown before; and the Grand Duchess, from tender remembrance of *her* native place, began even at fifteen years of age to foster that commercial spirit which had so long before pervaded Stettin, and by which arts, manufactures, and even science, live. Meanwhile under good Frederick and Ulrica's reign, sprung up in Sweden the young but tow'ring genius destined to draw the admiration of an age less prone to adore the majesty of God, than lose itself in *wonder* at the works of nature. These works Linnæus undertook to arrange, facilitating future study, causing the very existence of Mentzelius to be forgotten (who in the year 1710 published the first index nominum plantarum) and purchasing to himself a name above his brother *botanists*, *ut inter viburni cupressi*. They indeed, with humblest thanks, and praises half profane, cried out aloud, "*Deus creavit, Linnæus disposuit*;" and like Ulysses when he saw the palm-tree, pride of Delos, &c.

Raptur'd they stood, and to this hour amaz'd,
With rev'rence on the lofty wonder gaz'd.

But after having been thus carried to the north, like his new plants, eleven hundred in number, non-descripts I believe till then, we must return; and visit for a while the court of France, whose young king really began the world as if he meant to end it with applause: but although men are still inclined to hope fair weather from a brilliant rising sun, experience often disappoints that hope. He sent Maupertuis to ascertain the earth's oblate figure near the pole, while Condamines was
dispatched

dispatched for purpose of establishing its less disputed protuberance near the equator. Maupertuis avowed himself a Newtonian philosopher; the system of Descartes had drawn so many to his *vortices* of late, that those who inclined to Sir Isaac's scheme were already considered as obsolete. *Retrospection* cannot pause to admire the skill, or praise the merits of these theorists. Their prince tried in the church de la Sainte Genevieve, protectress of Paris, to efface all that his great predecessor had displayed most elegant in architecture; he listened to the discoveries made in natural history, began a *hortus ficcus* for his own cabinet, and early obtained the title of *Bien-aimé* from a then loyal people; nor would he ever, perhaps, have sunk into the coarse character of a mere debauchee, had not his weak health seemed to require indulgence rather than contradiction; or had his situation been happily for him set by kind Providence in life's low vale, where no one would have had an interest in thwarting his originally rational habits of petty amusement. When this young sovereign's philosophick father-in-law, Stanislaus Leckzinsky, was once more named successor to his old rival Augustus for the crown of Poland, and was once more driven from Warsaw by a strong union formed 'twixt Germany and Russia, Louis quinze held up his pretensions, and forced them to exchange the duchy of Tuscany against Lorraine, which was with the utmost propriety bestowed on this exiled, but still exemplary, and ever tranquil-tempered prince; whose notions are best known to mankind in general, perhaps, by the sweet monitory letter written to his young daughter the new queen of France. Before the year seventeen hundred and fifty her husband gave her, I fear, full opportunity of practising some of the severest virtues recommended in this beautiful epistle. Whether Madame de Chateauroux, indeed, was ever tried by the Cacouacs as an instrument of her king's perversion to the new philosophy, I know not; one of her successors, Madame d'Estioles, best known by name of Pompadour, is said to have shone forth *une vraie adepte*. Be this as it may, Lewis the fifteenth, although too easily allured to provoke God's judgments

ments by his immorality, was never brought forward to renounce his mercies through an all powerful and all meritorious Redeemer. That a mean and afflictive dissolution of principle was observed during the whole of his reign cannot be denied. His proud predecessor seized with an idea, early presented to him by Comenius the Moravian,* that he was predestined to restore and fill the long-fallen seat of universal empire, felt himself raised above all base and vulgar vices, nor could it, I trust, have found an entrance in his princely head, that his great grandson should endeavour to pay the services of banished noblemen by granting privilege to keep a faro bank, which (as he told Drummond of Perth's widow) would bring her in eight hundred pounds a year, *well managed*; and so it did. If morals exhibited such marks of gross putridity in France, religion was confessedly in a worse state still; and when the full minds of ingenious Fontenelle, sagacious Montesquieu, were carried *halfway* down the powerful stream, swelled by this multitude of petty torrents, what wonder poor Jean Jacques was borne along! When Princes, poets, philosophers and wits, leagued like the Thebans of old in a *band of lovers*, assaulted piety on every side, and hoping still to see the cross give way, forced from their hold some of

* Comenius's predictions have been of late newly studied; Louis	L . . .	50
quatorze consulted him we know, and the allusion to his name by	V . . .	5
Vivian explaining the mystick number of the beast was, I believe,	D . . .	500
known to the monarch; if 666 was the number of that assembly or	O . . .	0
convention which destroyed his successor Louis seize too, 'tis at least a	V . . .	5
strange thing, and must much amaze the commentators, who have con-	I . . .	1
sidered <i>that</i> as due to the church of Rome, <i>Romiith</i> or <i>Lateinos</i> . But	C . . .	100
in Rev. xiiiith chap. 18th verse, and in Rev. xviith chap. 5th verse, the	V . . .	5
apostle says it is the number of a <i>man</i> : the other two expositions apply	S . . .	0
it to a <i>nation</i> .		

 666

Comenius is author of our little Orbis Pictus for Babies; it is observable that astrology always militates *against* astronomy: the old exploded Ptolemaick system is in that little book set forth for instruction of his scholars.

its

its best defenders. Among the various souls lost or endangered by the inundation, the fate of Rousseau gives one most concern: if he was not a Christian, *je m'efforce de l'être* (I try to be one) says he somewhere: the others seem to have made no resistance. On Montfaucon, 'tis true, all arts were lost. Filled with divine grace, and guarded by human learning, his humble heart, like that of his great model Mabillon, resigned itself to faith, to hope, to charity; and whilst his vain contemporaries, *demi-sçavants*, entangled their own paths with nets of sophistry, he, who possessed more erudition than them all, stepped on with confidence from truth to truth. Can even *his* life, added to the examples of Fleury, Fenelon, Paschal, and more surprising as nearer to the feat of sin, that mermaid's melody, which to the unseen whirlpool drew men's souls, and in a moment sunk them—Louis the good duke of Orleans, dead long since? Can a whole army of heroes or of martyrs, born in France, compensate to mankind for all the crimes of that strange *ternary* delivered down to infamous remembrance by Abbe Barruel? For if, as by his book may be gathered, the true spirit of Antichrist fought by the primitive Christians in imperial, and by the first reformers in papal Rome, did after all actually reside in these three Frenchmen, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, it is a marvellous finishing indeed, and curious refutation of all past conjectures: nor can we sufficiently thank or reward that Hercules who dragged this Cerberus to light.

Meanwhile it would not really be impracticable for those who search and think they understand such matters, to trace and reconcile their worship of *themselves* and their own *reason*, with the idea of that peculiar kind of idolatry mentioned by prophet Daniel, and quoted by our blessed Saviour, as that abomination that makes *desolate*; meaning perhaps that not only all sense of his sacred presence should be driven from the church, but that an absolute *vacuum*, a total *desolation*, as now in France, should follow. This dreadful phantom Pere Hardouin fancied he saw coming forward with the first years of this our century; and though his friends drew from him a half forced recantation, he died in the

same mind 1729. Oh, had he heard these dwellers in dead waters call themselves by the unaccountable appellation of *Cacouacs*,* would not his close acquaintance with the Greek have suggested somewhat of the croaking cry *ke'koax*? And would not *that* again have prompted *his* fancy, fertile in strange ideas, to conceive some odd yet possible affinity between *them* and the unclean spirits, three in number, mentioned chap. 16th of St. John's apocalypse, as coming forth from the old dragon's mouth in form of *frogs*—I almost think it would. But with such bold unauthorized conjectures, our *Retrospect* has least of all to do. Deep in their miry bottom let *us* leave them; where

Quamvis sint sub aqua, sub aqua maledicere tentant,
 Vox quoque jam rauca est, inflataque colla tumescunt,
 Ipsa dilatant patulos convicia rictus
 Terga caput tangunt, colla intercepta videntur,
 Spina viret, venter pars maxima corporis albet,
 Limosque novæ saliant in gurgite *ranæ*.

'Tis time to follow their pupil and coadjutor Frederick, who, busied in stripping the empress queen of Silesia, had neither leisure nor inclination to set about rebuilding the *Temple of Jerusalem* at Voltaire's request; though I did hear in conversation once, many years ago, that letters passed between him and Voltaire, while he was Prince of Prussia, upon that extraordinary subject. When, after many disputes however, much opposition, and several fruitless, because transient alliances, he found himself at length not only in possession of his hereditary domain, but likewise of the long-desired duchy, ceded to him at the definitive treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, he prudently forgot the impious project, and began improving the commerce, arts, and agriculture of his country; where he abolished all use of torture upon criminals, tried to put an end to the practice of duelling, and wished to establish a regular court of honour. Had he been author, among all

* See Barruel, first vol. third chapter.

his wise speeches, only of the following sentiment, 'tis sure mankind would have been his debtor, when he observed, "That a few good statutes made a nation happy, but a multiplicity even of *them*, tend only to embarrass the administration of justice." Full of *talents* for poetry, for music, for legislature, for ratiocination, for every art of peace in fine; the *genius* of this great prince pushed him on war; and such was his hatred to our holy religion, such his adherence to the new philosophy, by which he held himself as pledged to *crush it, écraser l'infame*, that we are absolutely compelled to lament those moments when his military powers were left unexercised, as in the year 1750. Notwithstanding the excellence of that Frederician code, which I believe is absolutely as near to perfection as our confined humanity allows. The king of Sweden meanwhile, husband to the sister of Charles XII. twelfth, lost his queen 1741, and much distress had followed her demise. Four candidates disputed the succession, but the empress of all the Russias, or as she then was called *Czarina* Elizabeth, took off the duke of Holstein, having named him grand duke, and given her interest to young Adolphus Frederick, who was considered from that day as successor, although the old king unmolested remained upon his throne; the gentlest, mildest, *oldest*, of all the sovereigns in Europe, A. D. 1750. His relation, Frederick IV. whom Charles of Sweden fell upon in early youth, had lived in quiet at Copenhagen, ever since George the first of England had mediated for him a beneficial peace, about 1721. His capital indeed was burned down eight years after, but was rebuilt with great magnificence. His crown descended without dispute to his son Christiern VI. who seemed to emulate all that we read best, of the best princes. He called a council for protecting commerce; he studied how most to enrich his country; he gave up unrequested the monopolies by which his father's coffers had been filled. "They brought in a great revenue," said his minister. "Too great, too great by far," replied the generous parent of his people, "if they cost *one* sigh to *one* of my faithful subjects." He established

connections with East India, opened his ports, and made the Ham-burghers compound some old disputes with a large sum of money. He bought the duke of Holstein off with well applied treasures, and secured the duchy of Sleswick to his own family. Such were this king's virtues, and such his reputation, that the Swedes, *one party at least when their queen died*, begged him to send his son to reign over the old Goths and Vandals at Stockholm. Another choice however being determined on in *that* capital, where young Adolphus married to Louisa Ulrica, of Prussia, was considered as presumptive heir; in the year 1746 Frederick succeeded happily to his own patrimonial dominions, and governed the now well-civilized and loyal Cimbri, Teutons, and Danes, with generous care. He wedded *our* Louisa, daughter to George the second of Great Britain, who brought him a son before the year 1750 was expired.

But the affairs of the south must not be longer left out of remembrance. Old John of Portugal died after having reigned pretty near half a century. From the Braganza throne he dropt mature in 1750, having long before then espoused his daughter to the prince of Asturias, and his son Joseph, who succeeded him, to a Spanish infanta, both upon one day. This last named lady, Marianne Victoria, had, whilst a child, resided at the court of France, where she received her education as destined wife to Lewis the fifteenth; but her intended husband being taken ill at sixteen or at seventeen years of age, while she was yet a little girl not marriageable, 'twas thought the wisest way to send her home; providing the young sovereign with a consort capable to bring heirs, and *that* immediately. Their hasty but happy choice fell on Maria Leckzinsky, as we know, and young Victoria was queen of Portugal. But Spain had no great reason to be pleased. Philip of Anjou *there* had suffered plagues and mortifications enough in the long course of his stormy day. His second wife, Elizabeth Farneze, had been suspected of adding some fresh weight to the burden. After passing not a few tedious years in that anxiety of mind, which the soft voice

voice of Farinelli alone could charm to momentary peace; anxiety which France had, by sending back his little favourite, increased in lieu of soothing: *he* left this world for a better in 1746, when Ferdinand, his son by the *first bed*, succeeded. He was the sixth of that name in Spain, and so attached to his fair Magdalene, sister of Joseph the second, newly become king of Portugal, that future chapters will shew him at her death laying aside all business, and renouncing all pleasure, except the sad one of hearing Farinelli sing *her* favourite air, beginning *Per quel caro ampleffo*.

Meanwhile, to the magnificent stipend bestowed on that unequalled performer by Philip d'Anjou, whose last melancholy hours had been rendered less insupportable by his exertion of talents completely matchless; the generous Ferdinand added the order of Calatrava, and called him to some office in the court. That court became more gay and more good-humoured under the auspices of Maddalena. She had prevailed on her soft-hearted husband to make up the dispute 'twixt them and France, giving to their young dauphin his half-sister: a match particularly pleasing to Don Carlos, who with the young Maria Theresa and other princesses, was child to Philip by his second Venter, and likely to succeed in Spain himself, as gentle Magdalene brought no heirs at all, and lived on the best terms with her husband's family. On all those families a general damp was thrown by death of this consumptive dauphiness—a loss replaced in 1747 by Mary Josepha of Saxony, mother to *Louis seize*, to his two brothers, and their incomparable sister Madame Elizabeth, whose greatness and whose misfortunes the world has lately witnessed. We leave their virtuous parents both alive in 1750, when, notwithstanding the corruption of manners, and the decay of piety at Paris, *their* conduct was by all acknowledged exemplary, and *their* devotion edifying.

If it were *strictly*, as it is in some sort *popularly* true, that no people can be great who have ceased to be virtuous, we should see France losing her consequence apace during the reign of Lewis the fifteenth.

But

But though she no longer thundered on the shores of Africa, or received ambassadors from Siam, bribery had learned to influence those whom conquest could not subdue. The settlements of North America were insidiously gaining in value and extent, and Louisiana kept spreading her name over tracts of ground so wide, and in many respects so desirable, that Great Britain began, after lying long supine, to feel herself susceptible of just alarm.

Even in *this* shallow book young readers may have learned, how by a kind of tacit compact among discoverers, or among those princes whose subjects the discoverers were, it was agreed that possession of the coast gave claim to the inland: and in effect, all the first charters bestowed upon the early colonizers of our new-found hemisphere, limit the districts thereby disposed of only from *north* to *south*, leaving the stretch of country east and west wholly discretionary. That nothing was to be allowed the wretched natives, appears a maxim of cruel policy, *common to all*. But the French, as they grew better acquainted with their manners, treated them less unkindly, invited them to intermarriages, and took every method possible to keep them quiet; whilst *they*, intent upon encroachments on our provinces, silently passed boundary after boundary, and added, without noise or bustle, fort to fort. It was of manifest disadvantage to England that the house of Bourbon, in the person of old Louis quatorze's grandson, possessed the throne of Spain and its American treasures: since that day, our wise men who understand such matters, seem to think, that a glaring partiality has been shewn to the French in all those seas, and that a port into the Pacifick Ocean would be to us another Gibraltar. But 'tis not from our superficial work that sound maxims of present policy must be expected: a general *Retrospect* of facts is all we promised. Had the work been undertaken by any author competent to draw conclusions of that nature from the events, much had been added to its value and importance.

But we must point our telescope towards Italy, where Venice, radically

dically sick of a confirmed phthisis, kept in the year 1750 a bright blooming colour, which imposed on some, who thought it the blush of health. This state had not been treated by the universal conqueror Lewis the fourteenth, as was her hated rival Genoa, when he declared Cardinal Ottoboni, their subject, protector of the French crown; and when his eminence had accepted that dignity in defiance of Venetian rules, which permit no servant of theirs to list under the banners of a foreign prince; * they stript and banished him without delay, nor seemed to fear a flash of anger which was never shewn. Vice only, I believe, internal vice sapped the foundations of their voluptuous commonwealth, where old nobility, ruined by gaming, and by other self-indulgencies of evil consequence, clustered together, and cursed the luckier senators. Rome, under Lambertini, still kept its ground; yet, like those leaning towers which attract the traveller's notice and alarm him for their safety, shewed that it *must* fall. None of the *Protestant* powers however wished to see the venerable fabrick further undermined. An article had been insisted on by what was justly called the *Grand Alliance*, to enforce satisfaction for the Holy See from various insults Louis quatorze had offered it; and Christendom rejoiced with great propriety at seeing honour, not disgrace, brought on the old purple by the pope of 1750. No one had ever known better than Benedict the fourteenth, the anxious cares and constant uneasiness attached to his situation; and no one ever strove to make that situation less uneasy, without calling in aid from wickedness or folly, with a success more complete or better deserved than he who merited the name of *Prospero*. When his grand-vicar came to wish him joy one morning on his birth-day, and began a long string of professions how much long life and health were wished him, and ardently desired by his subjects, "Have you said mass to-day, Monsignore?" interrupted the pontiff: "Yes, surely," was the reply. "How can you then, for shame, fill your mouth so with lies?" quoth Benedict. "In this

* See Present State of Europe.

"country

"country 'tis well-known no sovereign *can* give pleasure to his subjects but by an early death. I hope however to make mine wait a while." This officer was an empty fellow, with more honesty in his heart than good sense in his head: he had committed some mistake which vexed his master, who cried out, "Blessed Jesus! (turning to a crucifix in the chamber) *thou* hast but a blockhead for *thy* vicar upon earth, God knows; but mine is really a stark idiot."

Lambertini knew how to be serious enough however; and his piety, as his wit, was unaffected. A fellow stopt his carriage in the street, and demanded absolution as he hung upon the door-pannel, with frantick voice and gesture. The pope stopt, and reprimanding the man gravely for such indecorum, bid him apply elsewhere. "I have, I *have* applied," rejoined the wretch; "no priest *can* absolve me." He then confessed some crime, horrible to tell; and holding a knife at his own throat firmly grasped, appeared resolved on suicide. The active sovereign seizing him, prevented the blow, and made his attendants carry the fellow into the next church, three doors off. Benedict the fourteenth there threw himself prostrate before the altar, and begged with tears and prayers celestial direction. Retiring next into a confessional, he heard the whole tale and prescribed the penance, which he himself saw *rigorously* performed. He then dispatched away the girl, who had till now witnessed a scene of which herself had been in some measure both cause and effect, to a strict nunnery; and never losing sight of the life he had saved, made the poor man his gardener. It cannot chuse but grieve one to reflect, that when Voltaire's Mahomet was acted 1750, this, as it appears, but half-enlightened pontiff, gave his consent to its representation.

Before that day was born to the triumvirate of impiety, already mentioned, a son and heir in Bavaria, whom M. Barruel calls *Adam Weishaupt*, and adds, "That his infancy was obscure, his youth unknown; but that under the name of *Spartacus* he has promoted the cause of infidelity, even beyond their wishes who most hated the Holy One of God." 'Tis curious

if

if he really was baptized by name of *Adam*, as I have heard, that among the *Wodyacs*, Tartars, a *Man* is called an *Adam*. *Weishaupt* too sounds like an appellation *wise-head* in German, if my intelligence be right; but *wiser heads* than mine must make out such mysterious iniquities. As if our island trembled at the monstrous production, and half-anticipated the horrid imputation of having given courage to Voltaire for setting forth the doctrines he promulgated after that fatal visit to Great Britain; an earthquake, twice repeated, shook her shores, and filled our churches, for a while at least, with honest supplications to be spared the punishment due to our crimes and follies. At that moment, the daring engine levelled by those conspirators we spoke of against Christianity, was put in force; and the *Encyclopædia* was published. That it did much harm here, I really am not competent to say; that we are less a reading nation than the French I am desirous, perhaps more desirous than able, to deny. That we were a foolish nation enough, when all London listened to a crazy fellow, who predicted a third shock of earthquake, no one I think will deny; especially as he laid his stress chiefly upon alliteration as it seems, and foretold destruction to Liverpool and London, as to *Lima in Peru*, which had been destroyed but a few years before.

CHAP. XIX.

GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, AND AMERICA,

FROM 1750 TO 1780.

WHEN empire, in the semi-barbarous days, offered itself to him who first should discern and hail the rising sun, a faithful slave, 'tis said, suggested to his master, that whilst others looked towards the east, *he* should keep *his* eyes fixed on the contrary point; where in effect he first of all perceived th' auspicious phenomenon, by rays refracted to the opposing hill. America, on the same principle, offers to our *retrospective* view a scene of happiness and sound tranquillity, where readers are the least prepared to look for't, *Paraguay*. To that rich province Portuguese severity had driven the Guaranie Indians, about the year 1734, and Don Jorge Juan tells us, that twenty years afterwards, thirty-five towns were peopled there by converts to Christianity, and ruled in gentleness by the good missionaries who take, says he, the Yncas for their model, and sway with mildness those souls which throw themselves into their kind protection. Curates appointed under the vice-patron, and well acquainted with the country language, act not as spiritual directors only, but as good magistrates, obliging their subjects to cultivate the arts of agriculture, and in some sort, commerce; internal traffick with the neighbour Indians, while regular militia trained to war, and exercised on eves of festivals, protect them from all fear of inroad on their happy state. One convent is allowed in every town for sick or superannuated females, affording
shelter

shelter too for helpless orphans, who study useful knowledge there, and spin under direction of these steady matrons. Thus, while deemed criminal in Cochin China, slothful in Africk, and suspected as too busy upon our European shores, the Jesuits flourished in this more favourable hemisphere; kept their subjects from wandering by tales of the gigantick inhabitants of Patagonia, and made their countrymen at home amazed by Madalena di Niquinez's narrative concerning the tall nation, which story Don Joseph Tarrubia published in Old Spain; adding accounts of skeletons beyond the common size, found in the countries south of Paraguay; where we must leave the Jesuits living much like our British seceders in Pennsylvania, separated from these Guaranies by the Isthmus of Darien, and distant from them one thousand leagues at least. There, in a large town, named of the words brotherly love, Philadelphia, dwelt comfortably a peaceful set, inclined to trade and maritime connexions. Their port, in the year 1750, saw no fewer than three hundred vessels enter inwards, and the next year three hundred were cleared out. Exportations to our island were computed at half a million sterling, and an academy was erected, that no neglect of literature might disgrace those who acquired wealth by virtuous means. A treaty between Quakers, broad-brimmed, and starched up to a steady uniformity of look; and the Twightwees, feather'd, tattow'd, and painted with wild variety of savage ornament, must baffle all description by words. Benjamin West's picture of their original compact with Mr. Penn, 1681, brings to our view the state of things in 1757, when the Ohio's hollow caves re-echoed to the oratorical powers of a Mohawk Sachem, giving his belts of wampum, with his promise to tear the tomahawks of Frenchmen from their hands, pick thorns of entanglement from legs of Britons, and pour soft oil upon the bleeding skulls of such as suffered from the Gallick hatchet. It was found however, no easy task to detach some tribes from that true friendship with which the supple subjects of Louis quatorze had inspired them. Our colonization of Nova Scotia was useful indeed on this, as upon other accounts. My

father was among the very first who touched land there, when three thousand seven hundred families went over with Cornwallis, May, 1750, and in November following, only three men were dead, and as many houses built towards the construction of the new town Halifax, as the settlers enumerated days since government had confirmed their charter. In his travels through the interior of that region, little known to Britons in those days, he often shared the hut of some French Indians, and described their manners as amiably simple, innocent, and artless. We never could forget his story of a Canadian girl, eighteen years old, setting her head-dress by a pail of water placed as a mirror for her *moueki toilette*, as she termed it; or how, conversing with her on more serious subjects, she informed him that the nature of sin was well known to *her*, who had been taught by *les bons François*, that English women were the wickedest upon the face of the earth, making no scruple to wear wide hoops, like the blessed Virgin Mary, who being a *French lady born*, ought to have that privilege sacred to herself alone—enforcing these words by pointing to a dressed image on the house top, and praying to it for her new acquaintance's *conversion* and safe return to Halifax. That place proved daily more and more useful in taking off disbanded troops turned loose upon London, in consequence of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. A peace wise men saw plainly could never last long, although Great Britain poured her young nobility forth in full tides to Paris, while flexible adventurers from that corrupted metropolis, began to swarm in ours. Among these a Capuchin friar, Pere Norbert by name, beside his own spirit of supplying himself with ready cash, possessed a secret mandate from Pope Benedict XIV. to *instruct* us. He was an anti-Jesuit, favoured for that reason by Lambertini, who bestowed on him a bag of zecchines, some indulgencies necessary to his *mission*, and a box of reliques to keep Christian faith warm in our heretical, and as he deemed it, half-pagan country. We all witnessed his envoy's abilities, and I myself remember him perfectly under the feigned appellation of Mons. Parisot, who set up a gobelin
manufactory

manufactory at Fulham, obtained a subscription (as Baretti told me), of 10,000*l.* and ran away with the money. One Passavan purchased the looms, and I believe Moore's beautiful works in Chiswell-street, where was exhibited, about the year 1767, a tapestry flower-picture, from Batisse, against the original, grew out of this beginning. Meanwhile all ferges for nuns and friars' wear, were made at Exeter; and thus our folks cared little, less than they should have done in fact, at seeing themselves, even in the eighteenth century, accounted for mere brutes by the church and court of Rome, while the perverse adhesion of its members to every sullen prejudice against reformation, hindered no trade, nor lessened the consumption of our flannel drapery. Thus too, the liberal and polished Lambertini, who when the intriguing cardinal, driven from Spain, talked to him about the St. Marino business, said, "Why Alberoni's appetite never fails sure: he has been striving
"to get down a salmon these six years, and is now in chace of a min-
"now;" appears in this fore-shortened *Retrospect* scarce above the level of a Canadian wench. But princes think with most good sense, when they are thinking about other princes: all Europe heard how our Prince of Wales patronized the growing passion for commerce; he did more, he patronized every popular idea, he taught his children to speak out of Addison's Cato, and called the famous James Quin about him to instruct them. Quin had so shone in the theatrical characters which defend liberty of the subject against regal power, that he had warmed himself up into much fervour of Whiggism; and as his talents gave him occasion often to keep company with learned men, a dispute sprang up one evening concerning the death of Charles I., which, contradicting Warburton, he justified. The future bishop battled him a while, and at length, thinking to secure his victory, "Tell me at least, good Mr. Quin (he cried), instruct me by what law you make this act defensible? I ask you by what law?" "By all the law (replied our actor promptly), by all the law that such a king had left alive in the nation." That no Whig ever maintained the cause with more ready wit, or graced it with more humanity than Quin, all will readily allow;

allow; but that the patronage of such wit, and such principles, by a Prince of Wales, was at least ill-timed, none can reasonably deny. It could tend only to distress the crown, which already pretended to govern chiefly, if not wholly by influence; whilst the authority, even of *Parliament*, which from the day that Mr. Quin approved so, had risen into what was foolishly termed *omnipotence* and *majesty*, began to shew *itself* on the decline. The king's speeches recommended unanimity among the members—in vain. A Westminster election shewed that blessing to be at an immeasurable distance. The honourable Mr. Murray was charged with riotously obstructing the high bailiff in his office, and bid to beg pardon of the House upon his knees. Murray refused, and was carried about in triumph by the mob. Parliament was baffled, a pamphlet, worthy later times, called *Legion*, was handed about; the buds of democracy swelled apace, and wanted but an opportunity of bursting. The king laughed, because the unpopular candidate had made himself justly odious by bringing over a band of French performers for our theatre; but the government trembled: they felt instinctively, though they did not see clearly the approaching danger to all existing governments. Mr. Pelham, a man of plain sense, looked but to the present moment, and saw there his favourite tax on coaches become every day more productive, and every day more approved. The scheme hit upon under his administration for naturalizing the Jews, was rendered unavailing, as Julian's attempt had been to rebuild their temple: and as that was, by literal and positive explosions of the ground rendered abortive, so was this project, by fury of a tumultuous populace put in the right, as if it had been purposely, now twice together, by men blind to their own and to the publick interest. But the Prince of Wales's unexpected death changed all conversation on a sudden to other subjects, and nobody in the world seemed to suspect how that world was going, except the conspirators upon the continent, who meant to overturn it.

Our sister kingdom Ireland, who had long lamented her fate, now appeared to mix resentment with her grief; and as her rents rose, and her

her trade increased, added peevishness to complaint; nor wished to recollect that Sir William Petty, the hero of calculators, had observed, that if Ireland was all sunk in the sea, and its inhabitants transported to the fens of Essex, the sovereign and the subjects of Great Britain would all be enriched by the loss. Our colonies across the Atlantick too, grown rich and splendid, and vying with the mother country in every convenience, every superfluity of life, felt their ill humour sensibly increasing, and fretted some of their governors into suicide. French violence was added to intrigue; De Villiers attacked Colonel, afterwards General Washington, beat him, and took a fort from him on the Ohio: offences were repeated till hostilities recommenced; but the war began inauspiciously for England. After a series of lesser vexations, came the strange, and even yet half-unaccounted-for misfortune of Braddock's army, lost in the wilds of North America. When to this grief was added Admiral Byng's behaviour before Minorca, and its consequent capture—London looked as if distracted. Shopkeepers wept behind their counters in unaffected agony of sorrow, while the king's coach was pursued up and down with loud cries of a string for Byng, a garter for Blakeney; as if upon St. Philip's fort, which he defended, hung our last hopes. And well I recollect my own two nearest friends, with faces of real despair, relating how the duke of Newcastle had declared before them loudly, in his own full levee-room, that three weeks more would certainly decide, and upon English ground too, whether England should or should not become a province to France. It was now more than time to change the ministry; Pitt was called in by the united voice of king and nobles, parliament and populace. Never man so enjoyed, never man so deserved a nation's confidence; he soon repelled the terrors of invasion, restored the realm to its own good opinion, and shewed the wondering world, that if Britannia

Did, after some distinguish'd leap,
Let fall her weight and seem to slip;
Straight gathering all her active strength,
She sprung up higher—half her length.

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The millions voted to this minister's disposal were not employed to gain him suffrages who had our hearts; they were all spent in raising national reputation. Every soldier, every sailor he employed, caught and communicated the patriot flame; adding beside, the splendors of heroism to the dignity of conquest. Riches likewise, upon the wings he wove, flew far and fetched in more. Clive's unexampled successes in East India gave the bright earnest of a golden current, pouring in wealth which astonished even its possessors: and while some wise ones feared the future consequences of such a sudden influx, such a tide of opulence upon our country; all were delighted with the defeat of Surajah Dowlah, whose tyrant indolence had waking heard, without expressions of regret, the miseries endured during his sleeping hours by one hundred and forty-six brave Englishmen, confined by mistake in the black dungeons of Calcutta, where no fewer than one hundred and twenty-three perished with thirst and fever, heat and rage, merely because the slumbers of that Sybarite were not to be disturbed.

Louisburgh, taken by Amherst and Boscowen, with the last-named warrior's triumph off Gibraltar; Hawke's signal victory gained amidst fighting elements near Brest; the capture of Goree in Africa by Keppel; the low submissions of aggressor France, amid the snows of Canada and heights of Abraham, sealed with the best blood of that immortal youth whose death, even theatrically grand, impressed itself for ever on our memory: and most of all perhaps the plains of Minden, where sixty thousand French flew before seven thousand English troops, led by Lord Granby, and eager to revenge the wrongs and robberies made in their king's electorate; came crowding to the heart of George the second, which, flawed by age, unable to support them, *burst smilingly*, as Shakespear says of Glo'ster. A young prince next, with every quality capable of justly delighting happy subjects, mounted the throne as successor, and boasted himself *native of England*.* They indeed

* At his coronation, the seats which had been let or hired at the same ceremony for Queen Anne at five shillings each, cost five guineas in the year 1761. Queen Elizabeth's

listened to that once condescending vaunt with little complacency: foreign princes, unskilled in our constitution or their own prerogatives, were by no means unwelcome to the Whigs; and growing arts, and sciences and commerce, had left few genuine Tories on the island. The king was found almost the sole possessor of obsolete virtues and Tory propensities: and his warm attachment to our true Christian faith, his filial reverence for his sole surviving parent, and partiality towards his old Scotch preceptor, soothed his own conscience more than pleased his people.

Meanwhile the war went forward with vigour and rapidity, upheld and pushed along by Mr. Pitt, whose powerful mind, like a calm summer sea, lifted the heaviest weights, nor seemed to feel a sense of their incumbency. The state machine which his late predecessors, the Pelham brothers, bent beneath, was poised by him without a difficulty; although

Not *two* strong men th' enormous bulk could raise,
Such men as liv'd in those degenerate days;
Yet this as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he tofs'd and shook in air.

In effect all Europe looked up to him as to its arbiter, and manifestoes were made by crowned heads against Mr. Pitt. But Tory measures, which always tend toward peace, pervaded the cabinet; and our great minister, refusing to retain responsibility where he no longer held absolute rule, went out of office with a pension, whilst hostilities were carried forward by Lord Bute only as they were indispensable towards obtaining terms of accommodation. The Havannah fort, and Hermione register ship however, by their valuable captures, added to the birth of a Prince of Wales, kept people quiet till the year 1763; when a convention, called the Peace of Paris, was signed; and although cer-

zabeth's coronation cost the most expensive of its spectators only a *tesher* (sixpence). What an increase of wealth!

tainly honourable and advantageous to our nation, as all lookers-on imagined, our own country folks murmured aloud, and deemed such terms a wretched compensation for thirty millions increase of national debt. A paper called *North Briton* now engaged to gall the administration, which had a Scotchman at its head; and being encouraged for its airiness and pleasantries, soon grew insolently seditious and abusive, and at length called the king's speech *an impudent fallacy*. When kings were affronted in the tenth and twelfth centuries, 'twas by their *equals* the offence was given, and the two knights went to decide the dispute by duel. *Here* was the democratick gauntlet thrown at majesty in mufflers; and the only gentleman who in all England would have been permitted to pass over such an indignity in acquiescent silence, was, by his situation, in this case compelled to bear it. Because he was *king*, no satisfaction could he obtain; his messengers were derided, his secretary's warrants abolished; and when the injurious paper was to be burned, his attending sheriff, Mr. Harley, escaped with wounds and bruises, and difficulty, from the mob.

John Wilkes meantime having, like Discord, thrown his apple down, with only one word changed, to the *strongest*—was, like Discord, driven away for a time under sentence of outlawry: he went to strengthen his principles by conversation with the new philosophers in France; and the minister here at home found the general dislike of his measures beginning to be attended with something not very unlike serious danger to his person, and his personal conduct had been in no wise conciliating. Mr. Pitt indeed had not aimed at obtaining hearts by insinuation any more than did his successor; but then he knew how to possess himself of them as a right; and loftiness of genius will sometimes be submitted to, where pride of learning cannot be endured. Lord Bute was a scholar, and a reasoner, and a Christian; but those are qualities which do not necessarily and of their own nature bestow either military or political courage. He retired to his books, resolved to save his own life, and leave the helm of state, which dropt
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into the hands of George Grenville, who, although neither a rash nor inexperienced man, was struck in evil hour with the idea of taxing our American colonies, saved from the French by his great brother-in-law, soon to be called Lord Chatham; and grown so rich, so happy, so luxurious, by even that short interval of success and course of trade, that he supposed "these children of our planting would not," as he expressed himself, "refuse to lend some small assistance, some kind aid at least, towards paying off a debt contracted to support them; debts of a war first kindled in their quarrel." How little Grenville knew of those new notions which waited but the moment of disclosure, all nations now are witnesses. America refused, not even civilly, she clamoured loudly, soon resisted openly; threw off all deference to the Parent State, calling her anger *patriotism*, her ardent violence *emancipation*. Grave spectators of this unexpected scene saw the daughter arming against the mother, with affliction; but gay ones applauded such fine sport, and clapped the young run-away as heroine of the farce. Elizabeth's Virginia led the van, but New York soon became the focus of rebellion, and set up a *tree*, then first denominated *tree of liberty*, in 1766: it was a poplar, the *popular* tree, and *popule vive precor*, from Ovid's epistle, was written round it. That freedom should acknowledge America for its nursery is not unfair; the very animals in that hemisphere when first discovered were all free. Kamtschadales teach their dogs to draw, and Laplanders their rein-deer: the people whom Columbus found used neither horse nor ass, nor loaded any creature with a burden.

But the defection of our colonies was not our sole disgrace. Mr. Wilkes returned to the charge, and found he could make mankind better diversion by heaping perplexities upon the parliament of England than by retailing stale jokes against the Scotch, flattering the silly spirit of his countrymen who love to laugh, without enquiring why, at any man born above three hundred miles from Hyde-Park-Corner. He did accordingly, for the amusement of our common enemies, continue

to disturb those three estates of government a long time, which *their* united efforts could not conquer; and though in the dictionary that lies before me, *baffle* is observed to be somewhat less than *defeat*, this petulant tormentor found it somewhat more I trust; when even the thieves at Canton when corrected, cried out to a young officer who told it me, *Ah massa John, you Mandarins want to bamboo Wilkie; Wilkie bamboo Mandarin.* Fame so extensive, merit so admired, was in 1775 found sufficient to fix *him* in the seat of first magistrate of the first city in the world, and in that year was the first blood drawn at Lexington, in the unnatural contest between Old and New England: three summers more saw France helping the revolted provinces, which called themselves now, and were called by others, the Thirteen States of America. Our common parent earth thus from her inside laboriously casts forth masses of iron ore; destined when heated, formed and sharpened, to tear up her tortured sides anew. Oh may the parallel run on, and let the painful process tend at length to fructify, not ruin us for ever. The war was carried on meanwhile with still alternate loss, for even Victory when over one's own children wears her laurel mingled with weeping willow. Arnold's question in 1780, when he asks, "What is America, unless a land of widows, orphans, beggars?" must needs strike those who like me had heard the late Lord Mulgrave speak with rapture of their glories and their comforts in 1766; but preferring independence to felicity, they and their perfidious friends the French puffed every trifling advantage on their side, and seemed to condemn every failure, lest loss should be accounted correction. The exultation of foreigners rendered our dispute still more painful: "You will lose your colonies now quickly," said a French nobleman to the compiler of these facts for *Retrospect*: "I know not indeed, was the answer, how such a contest may end *now*, that America is defended as well as attacked by Englishmen; they rescued it easily from the hands of France, I remember, about fifteen years ago." Our dialogue was held at Fontainebleau A. D. 1775. Doctor Lort too going over London-bridge a winter or two afterwards.

afterwards with the same person, in company of Dr. Johnson, cried out eagerly, "Look, look, here's a ship with her thirteen stripes, held fast in our port, you see." "Alas, sir!" replied the author of the Rambler, "'tis more disgrace to us that such a standard should exist, than it would be either benefit or triumph could we drag all their pretty little navy hither, as Gulliver did the fleet of Blefuscu." The comedy went on however, a comedy of errors; play'd at our joint expence for sport of knaves, who longed to see pulled down the theatre, and hissed all the performers who amused them.

D'Estaing's attack upon the British lines at Savannah, where after losing the battle he insulted his braver allies, *might* have convinced America even *then* what false friends she was trusting; and monsieur de Portail's letter to le compte de St. Germaine 1778, *might* have convinced *us*, that although duty was dead towards England, some sparks of love survived. But our home teasers, all this time employed in keeping reconciliation far away, even while they pretended to wish it; hung on the wheels of government, clogged each exertion to conclude a war, which Mr. Belsham himself confesses to have been once approved even by the populace of England, and bawled for peace against the parliament, which they found out, while they contended for American independence, was not independent at all, but on the contrary, a mere court of delegates bound to obey whom they had chosen to command; making the House of Commons out to be mere actors, masks, and mouth-pieces for the mob; *personæ* in the classical sense, but nothing more. Strange that they could not or would not recollect that if the scholars of Westminster or Eton, should after long deliberation chuse a master, the canvasser most zealous would in five months after the election be justly flogged by his favourite candidate if he were caught in a mutiny. But Montesquieu's position, that in a free state every man being a free agent ought to be concerned in his own government, had dazzled many eyes with its false colouring, and delighted many by its fine shading; to follow it however, is but catching at

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at the rainbow : and Cowley had the praise of originality, as to the sentiment, which is scarce tenable methinks, while members of Parliament are themselves subject to the laws they make; he who first moves the bill must, if it passes, be punished should he break it, and those who chuse their members for seven years must hold their persons sacred, not insult them. The ancestors of their new *protégés* in North America had entertained higher notions concerning parliamentary power; but it was doomed that old St. Stephen's chapel, which had in 1649 trampled on necks of kings, and quite annihilated the ancient aristocracy of the realm, should in 1779 witness the arraignment of its own dignity by the companions of its own order; and listen, half-besieged by an impetuous populace, to instructions from an alehouse club. Yet notwithstanding she was thus both fapped and battered; Britannia, like Achilles, confident of celestial aid, though every now and then fliddering and staggering, when the leagued waters thus tore up the ground from under her, propt on her massy spear resisted still, turning with fullen boldness against the tide of envious combination. Byron and Barrington protected our West Indies; Guadaloupe submitted to our arms, and D'Orvilliers disappointed retreated from our shores. The Spanish admiral, like him who had commanded the invincible armada, looked on Mount Edgumbe with a longing eye. In vain! they fled; and left to John the painter all the praise for burning British sea-ports. The same stern spirit of fixed resolution resided in our king. A rapid succession of scarcely remembered ministers possessing neither his nor his people's confidence, had by that very rapidity of succession weakened the fabrick of government, and storms of ill applied eloquence lent their assistance to shake it. Yet steady in his own unbending principles, the guardian of our state stirred not with all their efforts, but seemed to say with Don Sebastian, "Why let them empty their whole quiver
" on me, I have a soul that like an ample shield, can take in all, and
" verge enough for more." And though Lord Chatham had pronounced
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his Majesty the greatest courtier of his own court, *politeness* and *concession* were with him no synonyms: nor has one day past since without evincing, that the firm texture of a well condensed character is above all things valuable in high situations. The prince who yields to popular clamour in the first instance is sure to fall, and drag his subjects with him. When the salt of the earth hath lost its favour, wherewith shall it be salted? says the gospel. When the key-stone of government loses its weight and strength, wherewith shall it be supported? says common sense. Our sovereign's exterior smooth and graceful, embellished by the fine arts, which he both patronized and practised, gave cursory observers ill-placed hopes of pliant flexibility within; but

Triflers not ev'n in trifling can excel,

'Tis only *solid* bodies *polish* well!

Since the accession of his Brunswick house, a manifest change (improvement we must call it) with regard to civil society had taken place; and the last thirty years, from 1750 to 1780, made an almost miraculous alteration in London and country manners. Turnpike-roads, made smooth as garden-walks were formerly, by waggons with roller wheels, superseding those droves of pack-horses, I so well remember, facilitated connection with the capital; and our old coach and six loaded with hams and pies, lifted out of floughs, and lighted by moon lanthorns carried in the hands of awkward servants, half hereditary in the family, was laid aside for pert postillions to our chaise and four. No more substantial tradesmen deigned respectfully to attend the carriage out of town for ten or twenty miles, when the recess of Parliament drove home the member's lady and her daughters, releasing the tire-woman and dancing-master's care. No more great-coated tenants, opulent farmers, met to receive them near their country seat, admiring at young madam's main improvement, and making her mama more than amends by reverent and sincere blessings on her children, for loss of a London concert-room or playhouse, and
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the joy of being handed by lords to her tasselled chair. On the contrary, traders in London set up their phaeton, and fine out-riders: kept their gay villa for the diamonded wife; their elegant apartments in Titchfield-street, where lived the gawdy ribboned mistress; their hunting-box beside in some near sporting county, where to retire after a turtle feast, and play at billiards with an easy friend. Farmers Bragwell and Wealthy, meanwhile, dressed their girls in new shot lutestring negligees, and sent them to church only to shew how they out-shone their landlady: at home they read romances and worked catgut; singing a song sometimes to please *papa*, no longer *father*, nor as such obeyed; but busied to instruct his representatives, talk of the bill of rights, roar against taxes, lamenting still the long protracted war with fellows who were fighting for their liberty; and feeling (to say true) no deeper fears than lest the King should possess too much influence, the Parliament too much power.

While men had undergone such mighty changes, they failed not to operate upon places too. Every commercial town added to its buildings; the capital was beautified by every possible mode, and for one bridge over our river, and that crowded with houses; three elegant ones now adorned the Thames, and 70,000 mariners protected her commerce. Their first magistrate, one year a man of quality and ancient house, one year a travelled beau, and one year a man of wit and pleasure on the gay town of London, no longer afforded by his character as cockney, mirth to the merry country 'squires that used to relate over their evening bowl, how my Lord Mayor, when hunting with a pack of little beagles, being informed that the hare was coming past him, drew his sword, and, in a posture of defence, exclaimed triumphantly; "Why, let him come! with the help of my God, I fear him not." The high partition-wall that kept some separation between ranks and characters broke down on every side, and pleasing novelties basked in the newly-admitted sunshine of affluence. Painting flourished under its royal patron; mechanick arts arrived at their acme,
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sent specimens of their work to every foreign kingdom, and Mr. Wedgewood's new *etruria* became the wonder of other courts as of our own. Cotton and thread manufactories produced new proofs of invention every day, lowering the price of oriental commodities. The rich brocades and gay tobines gave place to chintz and calico for female wear; spinning jennies were contrived to hasten these productions, steam engines to facilitate rougher operations; machines imitated mortals to unhop'd perfection, and men found out they were themselves machines. The *new* philosophy, as it was rightly called, pervaded all the meetings of the workmen even in country towns; and while at Robinhood society in London, every blasphemous opinion was blurted out, because to repress it was an infringement on freedom; and one orator was admired for having said, "That he and his horse being of the same nature, intended to be buried in the same grave;" the sexual system of Linnæus gaining ground, led us to exalt vegetables in equal proportion. The fancy indeed was not new: Latona reclines against the *female* palm-tree, when about to bring forth Apollo and Diana, because, like her, if she dies, she will revive in her young ones, and diffuse future existence through the living world.* Some modern scholars had hazarded a like opinion, and Dr. Grew read his to the Royal Society as early as 1676. Mr. Ray said still more on the same subject twenty years after, in his preface; and old Labat was only laughed at for protesting that they had good dates growing in their convent-garden at Martinico, though no tree of the kind could be found nearer than *two leagues*. 'Twas a monastick

* The Babylonians had many ages ago maintained a notion, that the wasp went from the male palm-tree to the female, and carried impregnation with it. This is so true, that the Arabs called them palm-tree flies; and there is an allusion (as I have read) in Persick language, making it a joke, to say "The flies have been there," when ladies, like Gay's Doris, ought to exclaim—

Good heav'n! (she cries),
Defend me from these teasing *flies*.

palm, the answerers replied, and botany was better studied every day.

It has in the course of this *Retrospect* been somewhere observed, how the tall elms, or limes, disposed in long rows, and meeting at prodigious height, impervious to the sun; gave to our ancestors the stately imagery realized by them in the supporting pillar-work of their antique cathedrals, halls, and colleges. This taste had yielded in its turn to one for buildings neither Grecian nor Gothick, neither ample nor commodious; sturdy rather than strong, and occupying space, rather than bestowing it. Lord Burlington had introduced a better mode than this, not far in the century, and close-clipt hedges which had accompanied those houses of the last reigns, neat but flat, spiritless and unmeaning, suddenly dropt away; and were succeeded by the smooth lawn and sweetly-tangling shrubbery. My heart yet dances with the fond remembrance of its first extasies, when my relations, led or by accident or curiosity, took me with them to Porter's-lodge, a place near Shenley-hill, in Hertfordshire, where my young eyes first opening upon rural elegance, felt it an Eden after the dull walks of uniform East Hyde, whence gardener's sheers, with their unceasing noise, exiled the nightingales; and tonfile yew-trees, cut in aukward forms, robbed the poor country of its dearest charm, that of affording freshness to the fancy, and substituting sylvan ideas in a mind battered and dusted by long residence within a city's wall.

One Mr. Brown, native of Stowe, I think, a servant to Lord Cobham, claims the honour of reinstating nature in her rights, and seating her once more upon her rustick throne. When his superior talents had procured that portion of wealth, and well-deserved esteem, which such uncommon merit had called forth; we are told that his carriage met by chance that of the great Lord Chatham, where it was difficult to disengage the wheels. At parting, Pitt called out at the coach windows, "Well, go you now and adorn England."—"Go you," replied Brown, "and *preserve* it." The hand with which he steered
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the helm of state, had certainly preserved us from the *then* impending danger; but we were since that day driven too closely to the contrary shore, nor did the quicksand seem less dangerous than the rock. He had himself in some measure contributed to our distress, and we had to regret his keenness of contempt for every measure adopted by every successor: men capable of imitating Pitt only in his profusion. Pitt! whose abilities unequalled as uncontrollable, were viewed with wonder, almost exclusive even of envy's self. When Walpole was dismissed from office duties, the man was with the minister annihilated. This he confessed, when pulling down a book in his fine library at Houghton-hall; he found attention flown, and tried another, returning that too to the shelf, a third was fetched; "But ah," exclaimed Sir Robert, "long habits of business have quite poisoned pleasure, I can make none from literature at least." Lord Chatham, on the contrary, cultivated his own fertile mind with unremitted care, in place or out; and pouring the surplus upon that of his son, secured to us the only successor worthy himself; as Adrian when he died adopted Antonine. After having perhaps felt the impossibility that those should be subdued by gentle methods, whom he himself hadfoothed into resistance, by recommending on our parts perpetual concessions, bidding us

Be to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues very kind, &c.

His last appearance in that venerable house, which had so often witnessed his eloquence, and bowed (as it did then) to his acknowledged superiority, was to oppose the mean dismemberment of England's solid empire. "This ancient and *noble monarchy*, my lords," as it that day was called by him who so well knew each point in the political compass. Let then the *last* words of the *first* speaker upon earth, be indelibly impressed on every heart; and let each inhabitant of this island deprecate all vile prostrations at the foot of France, whose powers, even when united with those of Spain, Holland, and America, he died defying. To this great statesman's shining character was super-

added that of a long list of writers, formed to embellish even an Augustan age; Hume, Smith and Gibbon, Robertson, Gray and Melmoth: while Beattie, Blair, and Johnson, strove to *amend* it. The last, *densus et brevis, semper sibi constans*, like Thucydides; fixing at length the limits of that language, in which he taught a pure morality drawn from its sacred source, the fount of truth. Ferguson spurning our low spot called earth, sent his sublimer contemplations to the sky, where he had the felicity to see, in 1761, the repetition of that beautiful phenomenon, a transit of Venus, promised by Kepler when he first constructed the Rudolphine tables* 1598, and observed by Horrox, our ingenious countryman, in 1639, whose latin letter to Crabtree on the subject is particularly elegant. Bryant meantime brought to the best cause support from the best learning; and Jones, like the white stone of the apocalypse, the gnostick *abraxas*, leaving his white mind *abraxa tabula* carte blanche; carried to India a soul clear from prejudice, prompt to receive those truly sacred *impressions* he since has been desirous to reproduce as truths engraved by oriental eloquence. Yet were the thirty years we are reviewing, oddly polluted by unnatural falsehoods, and people not contented to *tell* lies, *lived* in them. George Psalmanazar, who had eaten raw flesh and worshipped the sun, to make men fancy him a native of Formosa, was scarce cold in earth before new fictions, new fables perplexed us. An obscure girl, by a meanly constructed tale, set London in a fever of discordant opinions; and the mayor, who wished to punish what he deemed perjury, scarcely escaped with life from her adherents. A boy counterfeiting nephritick pains he never felt, suffered in Guy's hospital the first incision of lithotomy, before he would confess 'twas all a trick; and some years after that, the Douglas cause drawn to disgraceful length, showed that high birth was no security against suspicion of a black imposture. Strange literary fraudulence was found in Lauder, charged on Macpherson, and proved clear on Chatterton. Junius,

* The Rudolphine tables were so called from the emperor Rodolphus, mentioned in this *Retrospect*.

clad in complete darkness, darted malignant, and yet undetected flashes of wit and anger through the gloom, hitting some virtuous and well meaning passengers; but chiefly directing his air-guns against the throne, and taking up attention in a town where no man read for instruction, but every one for curiosity. A pleasing writer, Brown, in his estimate had given a true picture of our falsehoods and follies some years before; as his book was but short, it was read, quoted, and forgotten in twelve months, having run through twelve editions: but even *he* was not aware of the changes which literature was about to experience, when those who professed and called themselves Christian scholars, confined their studies of divinity to two little pocket volumes; written with much spirit and acuteness by Soame Jenyns, a gentleman who made the delight of his particular circle, but who had never I suppose entertained a notion of seeing himself rated as a polemick of six-score duodecimo pages. Yet when the Bishop of London before ordination asked a young gentleman whether he considered himself as grounded in theology, “My Lord, *I have read Jenyns’s Evidence quite through,*” was the reply. The Unbeliever’s Creed, printed in a weekly paper called *Connoisseur*, had likewise its momentary effect, and deserved lasting remembrance, as the sprightliest and most compendious answer to the Dubieties of *Hume*, and his contradictory assertions concerning every thing visible as invisible.

Example.—I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter, and that it is no matter whether there be any God or no.

I believe that the world was not made, that the world made itself, that it had no beginning, and yet that it will last for ever, *world without end.*

I believe that there is no such thing as religion, that natural religion is the best of all religions, and that all religion is perfectly unnatural.

There

There are other articles, but for fresh proof of that *uncertainty* which we were mentioning, and which found itself able to lurk among the common connections of life in a thronged capital for twenty years, *d'Eon*, dressed up in women's clothes, must be produced; laughing at the grave men who had endured disputes about diplomacy, as at the gay men who had accepted challenges to fight, from one, who though distinguished in the field for bravery, and in the cabinet for finesse, meant not as it appears to end life *uno tenore*, the expression of duc de Nivernois in their long correspondence. To this extraordinary deceit, all Europe now is deemed to have been the dupe, except le Prince de Conti: although the name might have put people upon their guard, it was assumed by an impostor from the same country five centuries ago, the person then desired to pass for the Messiah; and when I read that *he* was called *d'Eon*, it struck me that such an appellation was well chosen to express a dubious undetermined character. But *Retrospection* has to do only with realities.

C H A P. XX.

SKETCH OF THE SITUATION OF PORTUGAL, SPAIN,
FRANCE, ITALY AND GERMANY,

FROM 1750 TO 1780.

IN the first volume of this general *Retrospect*, ages were exhibited in which no private vices of a prince or pontiff had much effect towards throwing down the honoured seat he sat on. Our glass takes in its present field moments in which no private virtues, either of civil or ecclesiastical rulers, could be found of power to support it. Don Joseph de Brazil succeeded his good father, John the fifth, upon the last day of July, 1750. Though he had no sons by his consort, a Spanish princess, he lived well with her; and though he considered the treaty with her native country as somewhat disadvantageous to his own, he ratified it, saying, "That no interested considerations should ever lead a king to break his word." They could not lead him ever to love Great Britain, or consent, save by connivance or compulsion, at our receiving Portugal gold in change for corn, of which his nation stood in no small need about the year 1754. Joseph's attachment to the *pomp* of a church, whose *power* he was by no means unwilling to controul, caused his cold looks on England which had left it: yet when the dreadful first of November, 1755, shook his whole kingdom in a frightful manner, and nearly devoured his finely-situated capital, 'twas from the English that he first received those complimentary addresses and civilities, which his own subjects seemed sullenly disinclined to pay, during the horrors of that dreadful week, when amid the hideous prospect

pect of ninety-six thousand human creatures suddenly destroyed by fire, famine and earthquake, their sovereign had the additional mortification to observe friars haranguing the terrified survivors, and imputing this general desolation to their king, queen, and ministers. Much encrease of evil was by this folly added to the endurance of a court, whose orders being little regarded, only produced more confusion; and whose personal danger from madness of a frenzied multitude, was best counteracted by the activity of *our* ambassador, and the soft voice of Lamber-tini's nuncio. That of the English factory, so numerous and wealthy, only nineteen souls were lost in this distress, struck not the senseless inhabitants; who, grown delirious with terror, and superstitious rage, seized a young clerk to some Protestant house, hurried him about shrieking, heretick! heretick! in his ears, and resolved, amidst dead and dying, to re-baptize him by force. The youth, newly arrived at Lisbon, ignorant of their language, and incapable of comprehending why *he* was singled out for this extraordinary transaction, lost his wits; and remained many months (what wonder?) a confined lunatick. Meanwhile, Sto-quelaar, the Hamburgh consul, who lived at Colares, twenty miles out of town, had, on the 31st of October, made observation of a strange fog rising from the sea in form of a tree, not unlike that Sir William Hamilton has since described, preceding an eruption of Vesuvius; and, ere the first concussion came next morning, being alone in the fields, near his own country seat, he perceived electrick sparks strike from the mountains round, with noise incredible; and, still advancing homeward, plainly saw the strong vibration of his firm-built house rocking from west to east, but not thrown down: while he, amidst the open plain, could scarce support himself from falling, or keep his senses clear to view what past: such was the deafening clamour that arose in a calm sunshine-day, and such the horrors that overwhelmed his heart, at sight of a distant village all at once consumed, and in its place *a lake*. These shocks went on, with sometimes more, sometimes less violence, till the next Christmas-day, when all was still; but the inhabitants

tants of Portugal, greatest and least, went not to rest for many following years without placing a small bundle of clothes by the bedside in case of night-alarms.

To say true, the earth was much convulsed in all her quarters, Grand Cairo lost two-thirds of its inhabitants in 1754, and Meteline was almost swallowed up the April before this cruel devastation of poor Lisbon. What happened in Peru, was perhaps too little regarded by us; although their sufferings were far greater than any Europe had been scourged with; thunder storms indeed, and frightful hurricanes did mark this period, in almost every island, every continent. Many new fountains of water burst out in Great Britain, and an unusual swelling of the tide was observed by various people on our coasts, and while the king deeply affected, proclaimed a fast expressive of *his* sentiments excited by such terrible phenomena, his generous parliament voted 100,000*l.* for the relief of their Portuguese allies; forming a strong contrast between the rational and religious feelings of our Anglican church, to the fierce bigotry and bursts of ill-understood piety upon the continent. Four years after this tremendous occurrence, the grand conspiracy set on foot by Duc d'Aveiro, Marchioness Tavora, and the rest of them; princes distantly related to the British crown, and bearing among other titles, that of *Lencastre*—against this same Joseph, only because he had concerned himself about some marriage in their family, proved a prodigious change among the minds of men, who used to take the sovereign's interference, for an honour to their *house*, not an infringement on their *liberty*: nor was what passed at execution of these noble criminals less worth remark. People were sorry for *them* as it appeared, not for the object of their sanguinary revenge; although the assassins, excited as was then supposed by Jesuit Malagrida, and paid by these nobles, with only 40 moidores a-piece; must have had hearts as hard as *viayra*, to use their own odd proverb, borrowed from Malay language as I've read; in which *vaijra* is the word for adamant. The king's conduct was that of saint and hero combined. With six flugs received into the region of the breast, and his right arm torn from the

shoulder to the elbow ; he had presence of mind to make the carriage turn about, on recollecting that his first surgeon had a country seat not far from where the assault was given. When arrived there ; he suffered not his wounds to be examined till he had confessed his sins, and received absolution from a neighbouring minister, after which, and not before, a messenger was permitted to inform the queen, and secretaries of state. His next care was to obtain a dispensation for his daughter, Maria Frances Isabella, the present sovereign, to marry Don Pedro, by whom she has a son. In 1762, when war broke out again between Spain and England, he nobly rejected every overture made him, to join against his generous friends in Great Britain, but saw with sorrow more than equal to our own, a Lisbon packet, bound for Falmouth, with one hundred thousand Josephuses on board, captured by some Barbary corsairs. This was a species of traffick he detested ; and in fact, after a fleet of ours entered the Tagus, and saved their country from a real or pretended Spanish invasion, accelerating the peace of Fontainebleau ; I remember seeing but little Portugal gold in our London circulation ; with his death, in 1777, we will dismiss this realm, whose ruler, when long illness had broken down that spirit which earthquakes could not shake, nor assassination subdue ; sent for a famous St. Michael, from some church, where its peculiar virtues were venerated—and endeavouring to salute the little figure reverentially, kissed by mistake the dragon at its foot: a courtier present, at this chance exclaiming, “ Oh great God ! “ what will come next ? Our king has kissed the Devil ! ” On the instant, convulsions strongly and swiftly reiterated, seized and destroyed poor Joseph’s feeble frame. His successor Maria, when inaugurated, found popularity not difficult to acquire. She released a baby brother of young Tavora, and took from his dungeon, the old bishop of Coimbra, who for charging the Marquis de Pombal, chief minister, with heresy ; though not without good reason as I have heard ; had undergone a long and solitary imprisonment. Yet did the evil destiny of jesuitism drive forward in all countries to a crisis. Ferdinand of Spain’s deep-rooted

sorrow

sorrow for his consort's death, contributed to forward this event: he ceased all care for business, and remained hopeless of ever more enjoying pleasure, deprived of his companion, the gentle Maddalena. In vain his courtiers told him of the earthquake, in vain his once beloved jesuits were accused of conspiring his once beloved brother-in-law's murder: "Bid Farinelli come (said he, interrupting them) and sing the "queen's favourite air." This state of melancholy could not last *very* long; so that while Malagrida's being supposed to meddle in plots for taking away their king's life, enraged, and not unjustly, the Portuguese against that order; Don Carlos, who on his half-brother's death, was called to bear the Spanish sceptre, and did actually shake it royally enough over every thing but prejudice; was made to believe that the strange insurrection against his edict for throwing off flap't hats and short clokes, in the year 1766, was directed secretly by jesuits, who loved the old dress, and the old proverb attached to it: *Debaxo de mi capa al rey mi mata*.* Be this charge true or false: what most attracts a *Retro-spector's* notice, is the *new* cry then first adopted at Madrid—*Biva la libertad*; and the mob's tender care of my Lord Rochford, whom a few years before they would have burned, or christened, as the mad fools at Lisbon did the clerk. It is to be observed, beside, that symptoms of revolt appeared in all the South American colonies about this time, that the king in a manner absconded from his capital eight months, and came back at last in no good humour, having discharged his minister to appease the troubles. Don Carlos was a stern harsh character, hated England, yet suffered us to catch his Acapulco-men, because he never would afford them convoy. When he passed through Italy from Naples, the Pope meant to spare empty etiquette, and met him in the garden as by accident, but the king prostrating himself at his feet, Lambertini turning towards his courtiers, was seen to suppress a laugh at the studied awkwardness of his manner. It was no good joke though when forms went out so fast, and sovereigns set the door so wide to let them through, that many wise things, and many good ones crowded out at the same time.

* Under one cloke even kings may be killed.

Don Carlos helped to polish his new country : 'twas his reign that saw suppressed those unaccountable things, called *loas*, some of which were acted for his amusement, in the country, whilst Squillace was hooted out of the metropolis. In those dramas, none but *women* were permitted on the stage, where that monarch thought it beneath the dignity of man to appear. He drove Farinelli from his court, said, *Los cappones son buenos sobre las mesas*, and honoured a representation with his presence, of which the following was the *dramatis personæ* : it must have been a curious piece :

<i>Atheism</i>		A monstrous figure.
<i>The Synagogue</i>		A filthy woman.
<i>The Heathen Religion</i>		An ugly lady.
<i>Baptism</i>		A fine boy.
<i>Wit,</i>		Dressed as a young man.
And <i>St. Paul</i>		Habited as a grave personage.

Yet such were the theatrical shows which he deliberately, as I've read, preferred to the delightful dramas of the correct, elegant, and tender Metastasio. A prince so partial to old usages, should not have banished flap't hats and clokes, while he encouraged these incongruities, numerous as strange, among which, the devil turned preacher, by Calderon della Barca, beats them all for humorous oddity. The Spectator's story of a trick plaid by two coquettes, in a French province, who swathe their lover, is taken, I believe, from a Spanish *Mociganga*, whence it crept into a little book called, *l'Academie Galante*, printed 1708 ; yet while scenic representation lingered far behind, Peter Collinson says, " They knew how to plant the *palma dactylifera*, male and female, " by tradition from the Moors, without having ever heard of Linnæus." Their monarch meanwhile mindless of the soon-forgotten clamour,

Paz con Yngalatierra,
Y guerra contoda la tierra ;

meaning " Peace with old England, and war with all the world," was hasty and happy to declare the independency of North America, which Don Bernardo di Galvez solemnly proclaimed at New Orleans,

1779: and by the quickness of that measure, a royal sloop of war, besides some vessels laden with stores at Lake Pontchartrain, dropt into the hands of his countrymen. In four short months however, Sir George Rodney took a brave man's best revenge, in a grand capture of fifteen merchantmen richly freighted, with their convoy, a fine sixty-four gun ship and four frigates. Don Juan di Langara, in less than a week after *that*, off Cape St. Vincent, struck to our gallant M'Bride of the *Bienfaisant*, an old French prize; which having the small-pox on board, could not, without danger to his life, receive the Spanish admiral when conquered: the English sailors, for that reason, refitted Don Juan's own ship, the *Phoenix*, and navigated her safely into Gibraltar.

But we must turn our telescope towards France, where Louis XV. had been losing that lovely title *Bien-aimé*, with which we left him honourably invested in 1750, and by which he would have been known to history for ever, had he died of that illness which so alarmed all ranks of people for his safety. In 1757 one *Robert*, fils de *Pierre*, called *d'Amiens*, from the town he was born in, and late a domestick in the Jesuit's college there, assassinated and wounded, but did not kill the king; whose acquiescence in the tortures inflicted on the wretch, pleased nobody in France or out, and proved a hard, if not tyrannick heart. So did his hearing, with an idiot exultation, of Richelieu's ravages in the electorate of Hanover, when he set fire to the orphan house at Zell, and hanged the favourite hounds left by George the second of England in his own palace at Herenhausen. 'Twas Mons. de Foulon who held the contract for supplying those soldiers, unworthy as they were of such appellation, who turned their arms upon tame beasts and babies, and were enriched by the iniquities of that campaign; adding some cruelties to an officer Hugo, which would have been more credible of a Cayugan Indian. An Englishman meanwhile, who saw the execution of the assassin at Paris, felt so horror-stricken, that he but just recovered to tell the tale and die. An edict was

was made, that none in future should ever bear the name of Damien; and the recollection how Solyman the second's life had been attempted by a person known in Constantinople 1537, by that same nominal distinction, confirmed the sovereign's aversion to it. Although he seems to have been a mere captain of banditti, commanded by *un Picard d'Amiens*, who, sitting in a tree, armed with a carabine, the bough cracked with a loud noise under him, attracting the Sultan's ear: seized on the spot, he owned the fatal truth of his design, and was at once thrown to the panther they had hunted and caught that morning. Another Damien had contrived to kill the Cardinal de Noailles in 1715: and people reflecting how that great man had said, to vex Le Tellier, that he would never be a valet to his Jesuits, and how his assassination, though not his death, soon followed the unguarded expression; a sort of instinctive horror grew towards the whole order, and Lewis the fifteenth felt it in every vein. His queen alone loved and protected them. But her philosophick father, old Stanislaus, having set fire to his night-gown and burned himself to death in his study 1766, she lived but a short time after that shock, and left her royal husband to the unrepurchased enjoyment of his sensual pleasures: yet he acknowledged *that she had never given him a moment's uneasiness but by her loss*; a thought similar to that of Mr. Pope in his epitaph on Harcourt. Mercier says, "What had this man ever done either to gain or forfeit a nation's love?" Probably nothing; but 'twas the nation's change and not the king's: the world was changing round him: a spirit of insurrection shewed itself perpetually all through the reign. An odd procession of hackney-coaches followed him once to Choisi, and filled him with no small alarm: he would have spoken kindly and relieved them; but busy courtiers drove the crowd away, sending the ringleaders to the Bicêtre. Yet he was heard to say good-humouredly, "If I were *lieutenant de la police*, I would forbid these odious cabriolets;" but, says Mercier, "He thought it beneath

neath *his* dignity to do so." He thought rightly enough : for if the sovereign will be *lieutenant de la police*, and the *lieutenant de la police* will be the scavenger, things will all go *worse* in the streets—not better. When his seditious parliaments reminded him of the oath he had taken to his country, as they called it ; " Nay (replied he) my oath was to " the Almighty, not to you, sire ; and if I'm to be punished for the " breach on't, 'twill be by God alone." There are those alive who think he apprehended what has followed ; but Pompadour kept him amused, and drove reflexion from him—only when she took the advantage of Pere Poyan's arrest, and made him believe the Jesuits had upon that occasion bribed the king of Spain's groom of the *stole* and pages ; to procure that monarch's dirty papers (like what Pope tells of Curl) for their examination. Whether such idle tales, or the appeal of Pere de Saçy to the parliament, which *did* bring out some proofs of secret doctrines, said to be incompatible with sound allegiance, influenced Louis XV. finally to destroy them, or not : certain it is he saw them suppressed in 1773, and died in a year's time *without* suspicion of poison, by the small-pox. The dauphin's death, which had preceded that of his father nine or ten years, and the exemplary infant prince's death, who at such early years, gave signs of so much virtue, had not been felt in France, as losses of the same kind far inferior to *these*, had been in days long past.

Louis XVI. grandson to his predecessor, mounted the throne quietly, and gazed with more admiration on his young queen, daughter to Maria Theresa, empress of Germany, and Francois de Lorraine, than did those subjects from whom, as it appeared, *she* expected much praise, even for her faults and follies. The world however, was grown four and fullen ; her mother's beauty inherited by Antoinette, and heightened by additional graces I believe, gave no apparent influence to its possessor : her mother's once commended wit, when displayed in an elaborate letter sent with that lovely girl to Lewis, while dauphin, 1770, had charmed no one ; and the conduct observed by her when
on

on the throne of France, made mankind stare indeed, but not *admire*, to see this progeny of heroes

———Here below

Dress'd like a dancer for a publick show.

Parental tenderness itself recoiled from sight of her portrait taken to Vienna; and conjugal passion, although carried to a half-despicable, half-criminal uxoriousness, felt momentary disgust at the bankruptcies, still more perhaps at the blasphemies brought on by her incessant frolicks; among which gaming, though least offensive to relate, was possibly most dangerous to endure. But the queen fancied all expence would be repaid by England's ruin in the separation of her colonies, and the advantage flowing thence to France, from which country she saw with delight, and warmly-expressed applause, Mons. de la Fayette and other gay young fellows setting forward in the cause of *freedom*. Doctor Johnson in some of his letters says, "The king will not like "my *Lives* if he is a Whig; but is any king a Whig?" Lewis XVI. was certainly half a Whig. The contagion of democracy had caught a corner of his undecided soul, and he wished, from suggestions of honour, that success to America which his consort desired as an influx of trade, and consequently of cash, to the realm she was accused of exhausting. *Qu'en disent les Grenouilles?* was the common flippant speech at Versailles, when any new absurdity was planned; meaning, What will the *Frogs* find to say of *this*? The court, in allusion to the quaggy state of Paris in old times, when known by name of *Lutetia*, called its inhabitants *Frogs*; nor recollected their own fable of *La Fontaine*, where they petition against poor *King Log*, nor rest a moment quiet from their croaking, till Jupiter from weariness, sends them *King Stork*.

Around the lake *that* monster stray'd
And dreadful devastation made;
On mothers, fathers, sons, he fed,
This lost a limb, and that a head:

Over

O'er all alike he stretch'd his sway,
And made whole multitudes his prey !

In vain they cried, for Jove no more
Remain'd indulgent as before :
“ Wretches ! (said he) most like mankind,
“ Ungrateful, faithless, weak and blind :
“ You view'd with scorn a peaceful throne,
“ Henceforth beneath a tyrant groan.”

We leave them in 1780, somewhat illuminated by Portail's letter, dated 1778, assuring them that England would one day join against their nation, hand and heart with the Americans, who even then he thought esteemed Britons in enmity, more than they did subjects of France, wearing the mask of friendship. Louis seize however, calling to mind Montcalm's expiring words, and strange prediction, that *his* death would in no short time be fully revenged by the defection of those colonies Wolfe died defending : and his philosophick ministers laying it down for a rule that our parting *must* be perpetual, because (said they) “ *If* “ *you divide a magnet, each part flies his fellow ;*” Louis seize nursed in his Bourbon heart the hope of our undoing ; nor, I believe, waked from his dream at all, till the defeat of Don Juan de Langara lowered the spirits both of the French and Spanish courts at once. Don Carlos had, when called from ruling the two Sicilies up to Madrid, left there at Naples his youngest son Ferdinand, the eldest being set aside for incapacity, and leaving him under the care of a tutor so ignorant, that he could read nothing but the office of the blessed Virgin—his royal pupil escaped even that ; and learning just to get his prayers by heart, depended for amusement on the brute creation. His flatterers observing which way his genius lay, kindly instructed him to skin live rabbits ; but the boy having a generous nature, proposed, as better sport, hunting them with lap-dogs, and giving them, as he said, at least some chance for escape. This early trick so rivetted that prince's passion for the chase, that to this hour 'tis his favourite amusement. A marriage be-

tween him and Marie Caroline, sister to the Queen of France, contributed to the filling and polishing his *mind*, which like the lava of his own Vesuvius, brings down a precious stone sometimes amid the heap of rubbish that it fuses; and which, though worked with difficulty into *trinkets*, is useful as ballast to ships, and as foundation stones for future houses. Gorani's story of his taking a turkey from a poor woman,* who not knowing him, begged his interest with the attorney-general, whose oppression was intolerable, is in the taste of old feudal times, the Miller of Mansfield, and a thousand more; yet the great lawyer's countenance, reproached severely by his honest sovereign holding the turkey in his hand, and pointing to it as undeniable proof of the rascality which was detected by the king's accidental meeting of this distressed woman in the wood—if painted by Angelica, would go straight to the heart, and leave more learned pictures empty of all effect. His grief for any poor creature's perishing under aristocratick tyranny could never be appeased by his queen's eloquence, though words had no small effect on one who possessed so few. She found it easy to persuade him seize Benevento, and enter into the league of Princes joined to destroy the order of Jesuits. Miraculous indeed was that preternatural eagerness which prompted even the heedless and superstitious sovereigns of Europe to lend each a hand in picking out cement from the papal throne. Lambertini scarce appears to have considered its de-

* The woman having sheltered her sovereign from a storm, when separated by that storm from his courtiers, took him for an attendant gentleman, and begged his good word to screen her from the rage of the attorney-general, to whom she had refused her only child as mistress, and sent the girl away---though well convinced he had already planned her often threatened destruction. "What," says the king, "will you give me, and I will get the rascal punished?" "A turkey," replies the woman. "Meet me to-morrow morning, the dead bird in your hand, at *such a place*," says Ferdinand, "and I will ensure you protection." She came, and the king seizing his bribe, brought it laughing to the council chamber, where after no small roughness to the man who wronged her, she was called in to witness his disgrace, and made housekeeper in one of the empty palaces, with a comfortable salary.

struction as so nigh. Not half an hour before his own election to that great dignity which he became so well, he fixed the cardinals' undetermined choice by saying, half in jest, half earnest, these are critical days we must confess—*eminenze* ! So if you want a thorough politician now to get us through, take Aldrovandi ; if we wish nothing but a saint to pray for us, have Gotti ; but if a plain man who loves a joke, will do for you, here's me. His reign, which was that of learning, made poignant by humour, and virtue rendered respectable by knowledge, ended not till 1758, when Rezzonico, a noble Venetian, saw himself suddenly placed in St. Peter's chair, and shed a flood of unfeigned tears before he could recover from his amazement.

Clement the thirteenth, for he took that appellation, sat eleven years in the seat of what once was power ; but now, as he observed, a mere preparation for martyrdom. “ The popes (said Clement) are “ coming back apace to their primitive state, the post of honour is “ once more the post of danger ; our last sovereign indeed seemed willing to turn Protestant himself, so am not I ;” and as a proof, he published the bull *Apostolicum*. After this open declaration of a war he could in no wise support or conduct ; he saw Avignon, Benevento torn from him, heard of his favourite Jesuits proscribed in Portugal, Spain, France, and Naples ; where the homage of the white palfrey was disputed, if not actually refused ; and only escaped the mortification of being forced to suppress an order he approved ; by abrupt and wished-for death, 1769. 'Twas he who but three years before raised his immortal successor to the purple, whom Benedict fourteenth had for his wit and sense already made confessor, observing that he would trust no man in that post who was of gloomy disposition ; such was not Ganganelli ; when made Cardinal he ran on foot directly to his convent, and “ Brothers ! (cried he) behold I pray you the most “ *eminent* Francis Lawrence, once on a time John Vincent Anthony, “ son to the honest Doctor at Arcangelo. 'Tis no joke, 'tis not *indeed* ; I am this day created Cardinal, but shall not quit my cell

“ except in change for a neat room in your first dormitory, as I will
 “ never, *never* quit my hold on these my chosen friends and old com-
 “ panions.” He was no worse than his word. When a tumultuous
 conclave, yielding to the intrigues of Louis quinze, seated this great
 man on the papal chair: “ *Here comes a bright rainbow after our*
 “ *long cloud,*” exclaimed his countrymen; and Clement fourteenth,
 was proclaimed late in an evening in the month of October,
 1769. His sound sleep afterwards, the difficulty of awakening him
 next day; and his first words on waking, proved a mind superior to
 the chances of this world, more than sublimer speeches would have
 done. “ Oh! ay, I do remember now, that I am *Sovereign* by the
 “ Grace of God, (said he) and shall enjoy the prime felicity of having
 “ all the world duly informed, every time I have been bled, or taken
 “ physick.”

It was indeed by the grace of God, that this extraordinary person
 was put in, apparently to break that fall the Romish church was fated
 to endure; when that throne which three popes sitting in at once,
 had not been able to sink; could at the time he mounted have been
 held firm by no man of less active or vigorous character than *Ganga-*
nelli. It is observable that all the Christian world called him by *that*
 name, oftener than by that of Clement fourteenth. Another proof
 that he could easier give immortality to his own family-appellation,
 than even temporary existence to the sinking papacy.

Portugal exasperated at Malagrida's conduct, meditated means to
 make herself a separate patriarchate, and Spain menaced aloud. France
 irritated by Rezzonico's ill-judged behaviour towards the duke of
 Parma, shewed a high sense of resentment, while Naples, adding Ponte
 Corvo to Benevento, abridged St. Peter's patrimony southwards, and
 half Poland was in positive rebellion. A spirit of atheism hovered
 over Austria with bat's wings, and spread among the French its ever-
 baleful shade: yet the new primate conciliated all. “ They are rais-
 “ ing up (cried he) a rampart of pamphlets against religion, but it
 “ will

“ will be blown down by breath of the gospel.” His partiality for France however he took no care to conceal, and wept the death of Louis quinze, his friend and benefactor, with unfeigned grief, expressed so beautifully in the classical and elegant letter to his successor—*That Titus himself would have been envious*, was the Princess Borghese’s expression. It was perhaps to the French *bon mot*, attributed to Fleury, when he observed, “ that fire, water, and the Jesuits, were good servants but bad masters ;” that we may at last ascribe his willingness to destroy a body of men he so truly loved, individually ; for, next to virtue and honour, Ganganelli loved a *French bon mot*, and was never seen peevish or angry but when they lost a battle, or a ship to *Britain* ; who in *her* turn admired, at seeing thus a Pope of Rome hold down his cardinals with an air of strictness, and call the common people round him with a good-humoured speech of “ Ay, look at *me*, my lads, and see what a low-born fellow like yourselves may arrive at.” In effect, it was his sport *parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*. He spared not the great lady, who, thinking to take advantage of such lenity, laughed at his edict for forbidding cards on a Sunday, saying, “ she despised monks and their college rules ;” but suddenly, at sight of an officer in her apartments, found herself obliged to drop on her knees by his Holiness’s command, dismiss her company, and repeat a paternoster. Next day a billet came to her couched in these words—“ Madam ! “ for this time you have been chastised by a *monk*, precisely according “ to our *college* rules ; the next offence shall be punished by *your* Sovereign, who knows how to correct contumacious princesses.” He was a swallow, that though it skims the ground, never quite touches it ; and often rises up to heights, viewless by mortal man.

His chearful heart however shut every entrance against pride : one day in every week he spent the evening of, with his old associates from the convent ; who dined, and chatted, and laughed, and told old stories : “ For now I am brother Francis again (says he) and Pope “ Clement the fourteenth must be a sad tyrant if he can’t let a man “ enjoy

“ enjoy the comforts of friendship for a few hours now and then. It
 “ was his study to make others easy as himself, and nobody, I hope,
 “ (was his good-humoured expression) lives uncomfortably under my
 “ pontificate, except the *French cook*, who complains *que l'art se perd*,*
 “ living with a Cordelier.” Of nepotism, certainly no one *could* la-
 ment in his reign; for he had few relations, and scarce ever saw those
 he *had*. “ Send off an express to Pesaro (cried one of his courtiers,)”
 “ the day of exaltation.” “ Prythee be quiet man, (interrupted the
 “ Pontiff) I will write myself by the post; *my* sisters are not used to
 “ receive embassies from princes, we shall only fright the girls out of
 “ their *wits*, and I shall insist on their keeping them sound in their heads.”

In fact, he suffered his family to take no advantage of his dignities,
 nor did he consider them as bestowed but to conciliate the refractory
 princes, and defer Rome's ruin for awhile. He told them, laughing,
 “ That for *that* cause, he would oblige them by going as far as hell-
 “ gates in their company, but that all earthly powers combined should
 “ not oblige him *to enter* them.” He said, and signed the Jesuits'
 abolition, 1773, “ which I am convinced, (adds he) is my death war-
 “ rant; but no matter, one never can *repent* of what scarcely could
 “ have been *forborn*.”

The next morning on the white walls of the Vatican appeared these
 letters, red, as if written in blood, *P. s. S. v.* None of the courtiers
 could explain its meaning, “ Only *this*, Monsignore,” said the Pope to
 one of them, “ *Presto sarà sede vacante*,”† and so it was. An acute ill-
 ness followed; and Pasquin's observation was, *pregate per il Papa, che*
presto morirà.‡ He died embracing his crucifix, and beseeching the blef-
 sed Jesus for grace to imitate *him* in praying for his murderers. And
now to immortal Ganganelli, resolute without severity, and temporizing
 without meanness, succeeded ever undetermined Braschi: beautiful in
 person, frivolous in enjoyment, attached to his own family, and full of
 affectation in all things; except his fear of God and love towards his

* He loses his art.

† The see will soon be vacant.

‡ Pray for the pope, he will die soon.

brother's children. *Sangue*, say the Italians, *non è acqua*; and the Scotch proverb corresponds to it: *Blude's thicker than water*. A conscience clear from any worse offences, a firm faith, and an unbounded vanity, were all this hapless primate brought to shield him from the dangers hovering round. They are no weak cordials, however; and, with their help, he bore the pelting of a pitiless storm longer than any predecessor ever did, and kept his spirits up surprizingly; though all agreed the name he took was luckless; Pius *sextus*: *Semper sub sextis perdita Roma fuit*: besides that, as Clement XIV. made him cardinal, the common compliment was omitted in his forbearance to take that appellation. Early mistakes under this sovereign too, accelerated his court's destruction. He quarrelled with Spain about canonizing their favourite Palafox; and Don Carlos shewed himself obstinate in the dispute. Lambertini had laughed at the awkwardness of that prince's prostrations; but Rome saw no more prostrate princes after that day. Catherine of Russia took offence concerning her bishop de Mohilow; and though his Holiness's letter was one of the first which artfully stiled her by the new and desired distinction, *Imperial Majesty*; her answer was directed simply to Pius sextus, bishop of Rome, and *pope in his own district*, putting him on a footing with her own muscovitish clergy, the high dignitaries among which, are all stiled popes in that country.

God knows, the wonders presenting themselves before the bright though serene eyes of astonished Braschi, might easily have confounded a more consummate politician. Whether he turned them towards Venice, whose noblemen seemed to be travelling for improvement in the study of English whiggism and French philosophy: or whether looking at the Genoese republick, he observed Corsica struggling for perpetual independence under Paoli, who said his people would be hewn to pieces, man by man, rather than see their little island sunk in the territories of *any* other nation. The comte de Marboeuf who disputed that matter with them successfully in 1769, saw, as 'tis said, an infant born at Oletta, who since has subjugated both Rome and Paris. Such

Such an occurrence indeed could not be discerned by any less than *prophetick* sight into the future. Pius the sixth's might well enough be dazzled and amazed, when he contemplated much nearer objects. Even those harassed Jesuits, whose quick suppression had been so clamorously demanded by *Catholick* princes, protected by the Greek church under Catherine's auspices, and receiving safe asylum in dominions of an infidel professed, Frederick king of Prussia. But as the skilful in punctuation tell us, that to make language quite complete, the note expressive of admiration!!! was *last* added; it seems in these latter days to be most wanted too: for history degenerates into incredible romance, and *Retrospect* is clouded by mere consternation. The death of the elector of Bavaria in 1777, drew the king of Prussia into a willing quarrel with Vienna, where a young emperor felt not undelighted at entering the lists of fame against this veteran: his august mother was less pleased with it, she had experienced wars enough, and tumults, and sufferings.

Her purple was not made at once in haste,
Yet after many other colours past,
It took the deepest princely dye at last.

But sons are seldom disposed as are their parents; and sovereigns, even in their *coins*, turn all their heads the contrary way from that which was adopted by the last who went before them. Joseph the second indeed played more a cautious than a heroick part, during the contest with Frederick, whom he came into the field to study, as it appears by his conduct, rather than oppose: and after his expensive, though not dangerous course of meditated improvement, a peace was settled by mediation of France, 1779, without any diminution of dignity, or dominion to Fortune's old favourite, who retired to plan schemes of enjoyment in the north of Europe, and imitations of Italian luxuries at Potsdam; contented with having debauched Germany, and in some sort its emperor, to the new notions propagated by Weishaupt and Knigge, those enemies to *every* king; yet, strange to think, those
cherished

cherished allies of men who placed their happiness and glory in power uncontrouled—but as I have read in some old book, that God placed fire in every nation under heaven, that none might escape the general punishment at the last day, so it appears that these infernal agents sowed with care their strange opinions into every breast, that none before that day arrived, should fail to deserve it. Else one could hardly credit what is told of baron Knigge, at twenty-five years old renouncing all terrestrial amusements, to make his sport from subterraneous horrors, and labouring as it were to obtain a fiery diadem from demons, with twenty times the pains and self-denial that a celestial garland would have cost him.

Voltaire had long ago prepared the ground in Switzerland where Monsieur de Bruys says in his *Memoires des Suisses*, “That things “ were even in *his* early time come to such a pitch of corruption at “ Geneva, that had the two men been both alive when he wrote, “ Servetus would have burned Calvin.” Joseph’s the second’s mind seemed well adapted for the reception of these doctrines. Maria Theresa’s bigotted fondness for all the exteriors of religion, had disgusted him; while her being frequently duped by hypocritical appearances in time of divine service, so as even to pension cunning fellows, who sat where they might be observed without suspicion, beating their bosoms out of affected contrition, was undoubtedly absurd, and the more easily discerned as such; because he and his mother never much had loved each other. People at Vienna, who had opportunities of knowing, told me, when I was there, that the empress’s early partiality for the archduke Charles was such, she would not even look over Joseph’s juvenile performances. It should be added too, that his good tutor, bishop of some place, if I remember rightly, set her imperial majesty’s favour to hazard, by honestly protesting against maternal injustice, and was rewarded when his pupil came into power. The queen had ever been a gentle character, and suffered herself to be guided by her husband. She was supposed to have after his death given her hand in *private* to prince

Kaunitz, who had of course great sway in the cabinet council, disliked war, and was disliked by the emperor, who had discovered the connection between them. Her scrupulous behaviour too concerning the duchy of Deux Ponts, looks as if she repented at the close of life the laxity she had lived in, not unreproached, with regard to Poland, during the afternoon of it. Tenacious of her authority, she was however said to have informed her son, *she* should, as queen of Bohemia, withdraw her troops, for that it was ridiculous to see such contention for a territory, the fee simple of which (were it sold) would not pay one year's expences of the war, nor afford subsistence to the armies which attacked, defended, and disputed its possession, as many *hours* as it at one time contained thousands of fighting men. Such were the paradoxes, and such the situations in Germany, just before the year 1780.

C H A P. XXI.

REVIEW OF TRANSACTIONS IN THE EAST AND NORTH,

FROM 1750 TO 1780.

WHILE the king of Prussia might justly be said to emulate Julius Cæsar in his genius for war, his talents for government, his taste for literature, music, all the arts of peace, and all the researches of philosophy: the British general Clive pursuing the steps of Pompey in the east, like him drove the enervate natives before him; and having discovered the grand source of wealth and luxury, saw it flow in full tides home to his native shore, *there* swallowing up much of that manly virtue for which his countrymen were once so famed, and softening them into Sybarites, till they felt even the doubled rose-leaf as a wrong. If half were done indeed which is alledged to have been done for purpose of changing the East India Company in twelve years time from a knot of busy and industrious merchants into an association of powerful princes, ruling fifteen millions of subjects in spreading districts, forming a territorial dominion larger than their native land*—it is less

* Britannia did certainly, like the maid in Virgil,

—————five ut templis præfigeret arma
Troïe, captivo five ut se ferret in auro,
Venatrix unum ex omni certamine pugnæ
Cæca sequebatur.

Our English ambassador, Sir Thomas Rowe, in 1615, had mortified the Great Mogul of that time by a present from King James the first, of Mercator's maps. "Let me," says the Indian King, "survey *my own* domains here."—He did so; and the tale goes

strange that riches so acquired should carry, like those from Mexico, no blessing with them. Orientalists have, to say true, been always slaves : like the story of the girl skinning eels, our leaders might certainly plead *their being used to it* ; yet if it be true, and *Retrospection* is obliged to own it so, that the Mogul, kept a state prisoner by our arms at Delhi, was forced to make the servants of the company, omrahs in what was of just right his own domain—interest itself will confess that too much was done on our parts, and too much was suffered on theirs : when tearing from religion her costly trappings, and from administration of empire its dignity and power, they fell next upon the necessaries of life, and having by monopoly of rice and salt brought on a murderous famine, compelled the sad survivors to pay taxes which had been levied on the happier dead. A tyrant of their own, native of Mysore, *Hyder Ally*, started up soon, and showed the miserable inhabitants what *he* was capable of, who had received birth on the coast of Coromandel, and education among Dutch troops at Nagapatnam. He working on the weakness of the Nizam governing a tract of land mentioned by Milton as peculiarly delightful, *where Malabar and Decan spread their charms*, put himself at the head of a prodigious army, was beaten by Colonel Smith in 1767, and made his aversion to the English an excuse for ruining all they left unspoiled; destroying fields of rice, cutting the looms, and missing his aim when striking at Madras, managed so well, notwithstanding the failure, as to make himself an advantageous peace in 1769. Many abuses were however supposed to have been reformed by Clive's second voyage to India, or Parliament would not have thanked him for his services in 1773. The year after *that*, Smith was offered 400,000l. I think, not to pillage Tanjore; and we then read the

he was so grieved at seeing the small space they occupied, he gave the maps back and would see them no more. How would the descendants of that prince, in 1757, have been shocked had he conceived the possibility of a company of merchants belonging to an island not much bigger than Borneo, domineering over him and his tributary princes—but 'tis most like he never understood his own disgrace so deeply.

names

names of Zemindars and Rajahs laying their turbans at foot of Mr. Hastings, with this expression: "Do your pleasure, and do it with your own hands, for I am your slave." If from a country where even metals, even marbles suffer diminution by the intense heat, and an air to which nothing but *pure gold* can be safely exposed, *any man's honesty* should come home untainted, we must conclude him furnished with the only certain antidote—a high sense of his religious duties—the *Moly* of antiquity sent down from heaven to the wisest of all travellers, Ulysses, who quaffing the cup of Circe, forced from that seducer this exclamation:

Amazing strength such poisons to sustain,
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.

We leave the French allied with Hyder Ally in 1779, for purpose of expelling the English from India, that they might with more convenience devour it themselves: and we leave our own moralists at home lamenting the cruelties of their countrymen in that country, for the best reason—left by grasping at too much, a considerable part of the newly-obtained territory should be lost, and we could no longer be cruel, and no longer could be rich. But gentler souls, filled with the spirit of adventure during that period, went forth from Europe to discover, not desolate distant regions. Dawkins and Wood confirmed our faith in scripture narrative and scripture prophecy; while they embellished literature with their accounts and drawings both of Balbec and Palmyra. Monf. de la Chappe Auteroches, who viewed the transit of Venus from Tobolsky, who crossed the rough wilds of vast and ancient Scythia, and who brought back with him descriptions of Kamtschatka and the Wotiacks till then unknown to fame, seems to have first made hyperborean Ekatarina acquainted with her own widely-spread dominion, although proud of possessing the autocracy of districts till then unexplored, and almost equalling in cubic inches the rest of Europe were it put together. But Bougainville claims a place among these enquiring spirits; and
astronomy,

astronomy, whose votaries employed in larger speculations still, seems always to consider space as nothing; sent out her Banks and Solander, convoyed by Cook, whose never-dying name commanded those vessels freighted by learning, and winged by curiosity. Humanity marked the progress of these expeditions, and discovery of much more than was sought—rewarded them. That near proximity of the great continents Asia and America, by ascertaining which an hundred mouths at once were stopt who had denied the possibility of our earth's being peopled from one parent stock, was of great consequence and comfort to believers; while Hasselquist, a Swedish voyager, had before *their* day confessed the truth of holy writ in his account of Palestine, full as he says of capabilities in 1752, a rich red mould, that if 'twere cultivated, would (are his words) amply reward the labours of the husbandman. His journey, quite in modern spirit of the times, exhibits in each page a philosophical attention to keep every devotional idea carefully from his reader's mind. He went from Sweden a true disciple of Linnæus, resolving to bring home none but the natural history of Judæa; and tells us, that while some prejudiced listener to those monks whom he describes as infesting the country, dropt on their knees where Bethlehem was once supposed to stand, kissing perhaps with pious fervor that earth which they imagined to have been one day pressed by the beneficent footsteps of a Saviour—he amused himself with thinking of a plough, so constructed that it might water the ground while it turned it up. Well! all these wights, however they attract the *retrospective* eye,

Did as became distinguish'd men,
 With compass, pencil, sword or pen—
 In all life's visits left their name,
 In characters which yet proclaim
 That they with ardour sought to raise
 At once their arts and country's praise;
 And in the writing took great care
 That all was full, and round, and fair.—PRIOR.

From

From the writings of an accomplished contemporary of theirs too, Horace Walpole, may be drawn some pleasing consolation; where he says prettily that truth and error gain upon each other like the land and sea, yet still the happy balance is preserved. We may then reasonably hope that proofs of our religion are preparing to appear in the warm clime where its first seeds were dropt; and witnesses will probably yet be produced from all lands, of facts which can alone bring saving health unto all nations.

The Manillas meanwhile were shaken by an earthquake of destructive consequence, scarce inferior to that which desolated Damascus, and yielding in nothing to the horrors exhibited at Lisbon. The Azores trembled in their hollow caves, whence flew the plovers which they first were named from: the Guanches too were discovered in Teneriffe, when that great mountain cracking, gave up its embalmed dead; by avarice and curiosity soon carried to England, where I saw at the Admiralty about the years 1768 or 1769, a female so preserved as to excite a just astonishment, not to add reasonable contempt of care for dead bodies—since when exerted to perfection of skill, it was not able to protect this princess from being exhibited a show in London, or from receiving reanimation at the last day in the museum of Oxford university; a place probably never heard of in her time at Guia in the Canary Isles. But all nature gave signs as if the last hours of our world were approaching; rough concussions shook every shore, and *Ocean heaved on his extended bed*, as if in agonies preceding dissolution. Philosophical reasoners found the second cause of course, and calmed men's spirits by telling them, and with truth, that these were the tricks of electricity. Africa was not forgotten by the more civilized continent. When my Lord Halifax was at the board of trade, I recollect the prince of Anamboo at Busby-park with his companions, two tall young blackamoors in fine laced coats; they spoke English very well, played on the flute, and we called them Mr. William, and Mr. Frederick. Nothing is stronger in my recollection, than that the gentlemen and ladies making
a circle

a circle in the salloon there, and placing us in the middle, set these two youths and me to say our catechism. Doctor Crane, prebendary of Westminster, asking us, and commending our responses; it was my glory not to miss a word, and the applause was unbounded. I was too young to consider the tears they shed at *Oroonoko* as *appropriate*;* Lady Halifax and my mother saying they half repented trying the experiment, did not escape me, but I comprehended not their meaning: perhaps the Negro Princes sobbed too loud for a stage-box in those decorous days. It was in consequence of conversation with the same noble family, that Mr. Bruce was excited to travel afterward for research of what had so long eluded discovery, the source of Nile; and solitude was hunted from all her chosen places of concealment, so beautifully enumerated in the same period of time by Granger, whose collection of well chosen imagery is unequalled, when he exclaims;

Oh solitude! romantick maid,
Whether by nodding tow'rs you tread,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide;
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep;
Or Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
Or in some roofless cloister stray, &c.

While to the countries of Fez and Morocco, before Ben Abdalla chose to quarrel, for no reason, with the king of Spain; an earthquake attended with more than usual horrors, invited her approach, as such a

* Ignatius Sancho about ten years afterwards applied to Sterne, if I remember rightly, and begged the use of his pathetick pen for the poor negroes. Doctor Johnson meeting the present Bishop of London at a bookseller's, once in my company, they *talked* about it; but with such asperity, my recollection retains *that* rather than the end or drift of their conversation. It must be now thirty-five years ago, or rather thirty-two. Sterne died I think in 1768.

fudden

sudden and dreadful diminution of mankind has not been often suffered, seen, or recorded. With regard to the old Emperor of China, Kien Long, his steady resolutions of keeping his country unpolluted by touch of connexion with any other, seems to have contributed to its safety, even from disasters apparently sent by commission from other worlds. We read of no pestilence, no earthquakes there. But Turkey now has been too long forgotten, where, on a declining throne, we left poor Mahomet fifth sitting in 1750, forced to inglorious peace with Kouli Khan; engaged with ill success enough against Germany and Russia, and terrified by fires at Constantinople, into perpetual change of ministry and measures. Such was the pertinacious spirit of mortifying this unhappy sultan, that he, who never heard of similar practices at home, and could not read history of what happened abroad, suffered sad thoughts to prey upon his empty mind, shaken still more by these extraordinary concussions of the land and sea, one of which threatened all Egypt, and even some nearer provinces of his wide empire, with destruction; till death relieved him from disordered fancies and a fixed melancholick habit, 1754. On that occasion Osman the third, his brother, was set up; and held the Turkish sceptre three years more, succeeded by his nephew Mustapha third, in 1757. This prince desirous to restore the Ottoman glory, provoked in 1769 or 1770, the willing Czarina of Muscovy to war, by giving protection to some Polish emigrants, who ran for refuge among his dominions, from Scythian cruelty, and barbarous politicks. Under pretence of feeling for their pungent sorrows, a great preparation was made, and Mussulmen were summoned almost to rise *en masse*. But though the imputed cause of quarrel was a new one, the mode of opening their campaign was after ancient and respected usages. All Christians were prohibited, on pain of death, from profaning by their appearance in the streets or windows, that sublime display of Mahomet's sacred banner, carried in solemn pomp before the Vizier, when he obeyed the mandate of his master, and set forth from the capital to destroy his enemies. Proclamation

for this purpose was made, but made in vain. Two flippant females, French women of course, defied the united prejudices of nations, and took their dangerous stand at a balcony. Thence by contemptuous titterings they caught the quick and outrageous eye of a fierce populace, easily induced to let go the procession, pull down the house, and kill those who took pains to protect the ladies, who had the pleasure of setting the whole town in tumultuous uproar, and their own lives in peril, not to be expressed. I know not whether the European dames ever learned to comprehend, that the death-dispensing bowstring was cut from their white necks at last, not by any admiration of their beauty, or any respect to their rank, but because Mustapha, like Ben Johnson, thought it seems, that

—————a state's anger

Should not take cognizance of fools or women.

Calling his Mufti to consultation in all haste, that officer of church and state replied, "That females having no souls, ought not to lose
 " their sole existence for their senseless faults; and that what could be
 " done by Christians of that sex, should be forgotten by wise servants
 " of the prophet." Constantinople thought it an ill omen however; and when Prince Gallitzin attacked the Turkish entrenchments at Choczim, making prodigious slaughter, and by pushing his advantages, beat them again not more than three months after; the rough Janissaries began to doubt the mystick powers of a standard which had been stared at by Adelaide and Caroline Broyard, who through this folly of the infidels, revenged the terrors consequent upon their own. The Vizier's caution too, and military prudence, which superstition soon attributed to some spell cast on him by the Christian ladies, who used (said they) no veils to counteract their operation, was represented by the Sultan as mere cowardice; and in compliance to these desires a coarser character was preferred, who stimulated by phrenzy not unlike their own, pursued with the remains of their much shattered
 army

army the still retiring Russians into Poland, burned some small towns, and fired the magazines, dispatching such news home to Constantinople as sent the emperor to return thanks for victory, whilst every thinking man began to see a probability that Catherine's troops might one day quite surround the Porte by land and sea; and seat, for ought appeared, a Scythian dame upon the Turkish throne. Such was Prince Romanzow's success at Ockzakow, Prince Repnin's courage and Prozorowky's zeal, when to repair the Muscovitish honour, the plains of Pruth witnessed a triumph to their arms, obliterating all that the Czar Peter the Great had suffered on that spot. No dignity of mind could fail to shrink a little from the various perplexities with which poor Mustapha was soon surrounded; an insurrection among his Greek subjects excited to revolt by the Count Orlov afflicted him, but the sedition in Egypt favouring Ali Bey, confounded and justly amazed all mankind. This high spirited demagogue planning the freedom of that basest among nations, proposed opening the port of Suez, spoke loudly of dividing the isthmus, and being warmly abetted by the Venetians, hoped for the rule of the Red Sea.

An armistice with Russia now was necessary, that this extraordinary rebel should be checked; whose partial success seems to have given courage to future adventurers, although he and his patriarchal friend, the Sheik Dabir were, after long resistance, finally crushed, before the year 1775. Mustapha out-lived this consolation but a short time, and died well deserving of a better fate than sixteen painful years of turbulence and faction, unprovoked by his clemency, though never unpunished by his justice. His confidence in a brother's care of his young son, shews a prodigious change in Turkish manners, which certainly softened apace, although the contempt and antipathy shewn to women, if exerting any powers expressive of equality with the other sex still remained, while remembrance was retained of *Forka* among them. She had been one of their great prophet's most spirited opposers, when a marauding party of his attacked her castle, long and

valiantly defended, and at length taken by storm. To this circumstance some writers on Arabian and Turkish customs attribute their degradation of man's natural companion into a slave; and in *this*, Abdul Hamet, reigning for his nephew Selim, under title of Achmet the fourth, conformed to the common usage of his country. The reign began most inauspiciously however; his Vizier lost the great battle near Silistria, to Suwarroff, who in a short time demolished the Reis Effendi and his 40,000 men, even without a blow: when Alexis Orlow having burned the Turkish fleet, ruin seemed to surround the sublime Porte on every side; and the hasty and unfavourable negotiation set on foot in 1774, was confirmed by the mediation of France, with fresh concessions from Constantinople, 1779. 'Twas now all Europe saw, and what to *Retrospection's* eye is stranger far, all Europe seemed to pity too, the mean prostrations of a splendid power, against which they all were leagued ere while, and leagued in vain. Some cool reflecting minds opened their testament, and observed with reverential awe, how the four Turkish sultanies expired upon that very day, when Prince Eugene won the great battle that happily preceded the peace of Carlowitz, that incident tallying closely with the 9th chapter of St. John's apocalypse, 15th verse; others who were not perhaps in every thing of bishop Wilson's mind, were led to recollect the Arabian prophet's veneration for *locusts*, apparently considering that animal as symbolical of himself, his colours, and his troops:* and those who loved to turn the page of history, began to

* The word *locust* signifying *God's army* in Arabic, Mr. Michaelis observes, was the reason Mahomet forbade them to be injured: I suppose *sin* meaning a *burthen*, in the same language, made the same interpreter take the matter literally; and describe a dying sinner as a person carrying his fardel bound upon his back over a plank laid cross the deep river; if he sinks under it he is condemned; if it rolls off his shoulders spontaneously, and drops into the water, leaving the man light to pursue his way, he is accepted.

Bunyan's Pilgrim could not be taken from this, I think, yet there's a manifest affinity.

feel the whole force of an old axiom, *quod sis esse velis*, when they perceived the Ottoman empire formidable to humankind, while savage barbarity brandished the battle axe; now rather mollified than fertilized by cultivation of arts which suited not the soil: sure it is, a nation or an individual either, who late in life departs from his original character, can but lose by it: and those pacifick virtues which would have made the subjects of a gentler government happy, were little respected or beloved in Achmet IV. as an English bank bill would be of neither use nor estimation, presented on the banks of the Yolibah, by Mungo Parke, to obtain a wretched dinner of oats and milk from Africans, in whose eyes saphies to procure good luck are of far higher value. The modern spirit of toleration prompted this Sultan however to give the Christians leave for rebuilding their churches, 1776; and nothing but fears of actual revolt could make him withdraw his kind permission in our favour. Such conduct indeed was much more mild than political, in a country where, with all the pains Mustapha had taken to enlighten it, they had not arrived at perfecting their alphabet in the year 1780, Mr. Eton says; and tells us how a great law professor having lost an eye, procured a glass one of the proper colour, and ran about a while delighted with his purchase, and praising European arts, though he cursed their religion, till a near friend advised the rich effendi to shut his seeing eye, and make discovery, if no fraud lurked in dealing with those Christians; when, following that advice, our learned patient perceived himself in total darkness—transported with rage, he flew upon the artist; but the keen Florentine protesting with seriousness, that it was not *intended* his Excellency should see with that eye till the *next new moon*, truce was obtained, and the first dark night the instrument maker escaped away, and told his tale at Venice. *That* republick had added something to Mahometan disgrace, by their brave chevalier Emo's extraordinary success against the Barbary corsairs; but the plague sweeping off more human creatures in a week, along the shores of Tunis, than any war, however desolating, could destroy

destroy during half a year or more, little was left to be done; and *Retrospection* must turn her tube towards the north of Europe, where Poland, apparently destined to see her throne contested everlastingly, between a Stanislaus and Augustus, had on mature deliberation preferred this last-named prince, and sent *le philosophe bienfaisant*, as he was called, to die under protection of his daughter, the Queen of France, at Nantci, in Lorraine. His countrymen however had not studied the old adage with regard to matrimony—"Chuse where you love, and resolve to love your choice."

We are told how in Yemen's land, *Tobba* means a king by succession, and *Tumma* means a king by election: the Poles cared neither for *Tobba* or *Tumma*, as it appears; yet a king they would have; but affording little more regard to this mild and moderate sovereign than to his predecessor, they looked on with small concern, and saw the king of Prussia drive him back to his electorate. He died there, 1763, and Madame de Bianconi, *dame d'honneur* to his amiable consort, used to mingle tears with her recital of le Grand Frederic's cruelties to that unhappy family. When Dresden's sad distress was at its height, the poor electress stood before a cabinet where some valuable papers were deposited, protesting to the officers who searched her palace, that she would die at the door rather than see it opened. They took her in their arms with mock respect, adding some insulting expressions she was not, as she expressed it, born to bear, and left her laid on her own bed, whence she arose no more; for in an hour's time, calling her maids and confessor, she said, "That all physicians help was wholly vain; her heart was broken, "begged to receive the sacrament"—she did so, then pressed Bianconi's hand, and breathed her last. Richardson says truly, in a letter written by Lovelace, that our compassion is strongly excited, chiefly because the sufferer is a Clarissa. How many girls, adds he, share the same fate unnoticed!! So they do. Our *Retrospect* can scarcely grasp, much less enumerate the horrid outrages committed by these officers in Poland, where, by their *king's command*, in 1771, when he resolved

to

to people his own barren lands at their expence, soldiers were seen binding young females hand and foot, and carrying them off as criminals, forcing such parents too, as possessed any thing, to add a hog, a cow, a sheep, a bed, for marriage portions. How many hearts were then broken? Yet our eye rests upon a death of greater dignity—It does, it does; the very letters, the characters in which our narrative's composed, consist of great and small, bigger and less; nor could Voltaire himself, when in his rage for general equality he wrote the *Siècle de Louis quatorze* all in minusculars, bring up that practice among the flattering writers of his time. Poland's frightful and astonishing dismemberment was certainly one of the greatest, strangest, and least to be expected occurrences recorded in this summary: it was the first breach in the new system, and since Europe was become a sort of commonwealth cemented by commercial interest, each state nominally independent of the others, yet each virtually subsisting through the support of all the rest, no such attempt at forcible disarrangement had been dreamed on. Yet monstrous as must be confessed the conduct of the three partitioning powers, Austria, Muscovy, and Prussia, mankind's supineness was more monstrous still: and further from the common course of things, when Dantzick, once the free, the noble city, was seen ruined; and grass absolutely growing in a town so late the mart of all that trade can shew magnificent or useful. Warsaw too, talking of liberty, devoured by armies confessedly surrounding her walls for purpose of awing the debates within, whilst the nobility, reduced to wretchedness, saw their Prince Radzivil's twelve apostles of massy gold, so long preserved in that old family, melted down for their owner's present and pressing necessities. Baroness Wielopolka's immense estates too, confiscated without one conscious pang, by the empress queen, whose harsh decrees drove that unhappy lady to madness, beggary, and suicide. For Poniatowsky, (called one scarce sees why) king of the country; his seizure and half-accomplished assassination in 1771, appears to have been followed by no consequences of magnitude, equal to the attempt.

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His virtues availed him as little as his hardihood, to which alone upon that trying occasion, he must have owed his life: the best thing which befel him in his age, was to have been once the favourite of Catherine in his youth, and that was worth but little, when his tyrant who had in 1764, signed, sealed, and sworn to renounce every claim on Poland, sent in the year 1773, her faucy envoy Stackenburgh, with orders not to be deficient in *hauteur* towards the king: accordingly when he was dealing at the game of pharos—and Poniatowski entered the room: the Russian pointed to a chair (we read) and continued his play unmindful of all but *that*. *Her* conduct was notwithstanding the least offensive among all the perjured powers. In the year 1774, she condescended to remit 250,000 rubles to the man she once had loved, and once had helped to ruin: while emigrants daily ran to her dominions, as a refuge from the cruelties of Frederick, and the unfeeling sternness of Maria Theresa, leaving the bigot queen and philosophick philanthropist, the pleasure of mutual alliance, mutual applause; while curses of christian martyrs followed her soldiers steps, and blighted nature shrunk at his approach. Unlike these characters superior Catherine, though individual life was nothing sheltered by the relationship of husband or son's comfort, when her convenience called for their extinction, thousands have owed their being and felicity to her wise institutions, her mild government, her salutary laws; and millions yet unborn may bless the hour when after 1754, her heart was held firm to the Russian throne by birth of a young boy, on whom 'twas thought the grand duke looked with eyes more jealous than affectionate, so fond was dying Elizaveta of her heir. When once inaugurated, and placed in his aunt's seat however, on which occasion, he was seen to shew a levity not quite becoming; Peter declared his passion for the Prussian hero, wore his uniform, called himself his lieutenant, carried his picture upon his finger as a ring—sighted the infant Czarowitch, and even talked of settling the succession on young Iwan: by ill-judged visits to this hapless prince accelerating his assassination, and bringing forward
other

other tragical events which his friend Frederick had foretold. The death of such an emperor 'tis plain could have produced, however 'twas occasioned, no evil to his country; when the Orloffs with a vast party of nobility set Catherine the II^d. in the place of power 1762. Her comprehensive mind, her code of laws, her abolition of the torture, and still expressed desire of christian toleration, demand the thanks of mankind and enforce their esteem. Her reign was a succession of general benefits done to her kingdom and the world in general, her care for the police was such, that Petersburg became the safest city of all Europe to dwell in; and those who come from thence may be forgiven if they reproach the towns of London, and Paris, which were called polished long before, while her imperial residence was a bog. The attention of this queen to trade indeed, added to her insatiate thirst of universal dominion, gave her ill-thoughts of England; and ill-will to our prosperity. She knew Great Britain's power over the sea, and tried to bend, that which she could not break. If the sad tale Gorani tells be true, how an English consul at Leghorn, was made subservient to her cruel purpose on the unfortunate lady, who bred at Rome, was cheated by Alexis Orloff's arts, into consent of a mock marriage with him, and a rebellion against Catherine—we see the neighbour nations blacken under her shade, as the swamp shumac tree is reported to poison those who touch and tamper with it. 'Twas in 1771, that this poor Princess Tarrakannoff, under pretence of seeing the Muscovitish and British navy riding along side each other, near to the Tuscan shore, was trapt on board a Russian ship and carried to the port of Petersburg, where she was said to expire under the knout, a martyr to the empress's ambition, and her care to exterminate all progeny of her predecessor's private marriage with Count Razumoffsky. That such a sovereign knew not the extent of her punishment could not be alledged; none throughout her whole dominions, wide as they were, so well knew what was done in them as the Czarina. She answered many of Mr. Coxe's questions herself, that he might not discern the ignorance of her best

governors. To our incomparable Mr. Howard she was less communicative, because he would not go and see her fine improvements. I follow prisons, was his word, not palaces. In the same strain Diogenes of old delighted to trample on the pride of Plato. "He does it with still greater pride," rejoined the favourite disciple of great Socrates. Mr. Howard lost information and gained nothing by his forbearance of innocent flattery. The empress received all letters, all petitions, herself; sat with the children of the Czarowitch herself: they were by his second marriage. The first consort, unhappy princess of Hesse, was not *permitted* to bring heirs to Catherine, who, while her son and daughter-in-law from Wirtemberg travelled for amusement, made it her's to watch over the instruction of *their* young ones, write tales for them *herself*, and see their tutors mindful of their duty.

We will leave in 1779 this character to her panegyrists, who for the acts blamed in all sovereigns we have read of hitherto, heap praises upon Catherine the second. Other monarchs are termed *lavish* to their personal favourites; she is called *munificent*. Her equals have had one, or at least two of these rapacious appendages to greatness; Catherine's biographers enumerate fourteen I think. Elizabeth of England's glory and happiness were thought tarnished by death of Mary Scot, whose machinations never would have ceased but with her rival's life. Young Iwan, Wilhelmina, Peter the third, and his unhappy cousin Mademoiselle de Tarrakanoff, seem never to have come near the great Czarina's conscience. Even tempered and serene were her hours, her letters, her manners; and her mode of enjoying the dignity she strove so hard to obtain; but gentle in her own deportment, it was her will that all her ministers at foreign courts should be haughty. Count Saldern, whom she sent to Copenhagen, was said to have somewhat exceeded his commission. In an evil hour did he awe or persuade the empty king of Denmark, Christiern the seventh, to travel, for his improvement possibly, through France and England. I well remember his dashing through Derbyshire by torch-light, having lain in bed all day
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at Buxton or Mattock. The sweet blossom we sent him over in 1766, was quickly blighted in their northern atmosphere, and sent disgracefully, after a few years, to Zell, where she won hearts without being suspected of connexions more common in the country she went first to, than that she sprung from. It was Struensee's opposition to the Muscovitish intriguers, Saldern and Philosophoff cost *him* his life: protection from a beautiful young queen could not avail him, as Frederick the second said most wisely, "They must be sovereigns in *their own right*," cried he, "with whom a man may converse freely, and converse safely." Our Carolina's death, in 1776, drew tears from every eye, and sighs from every heart that was not *frozen*. She left a young prince heir to the crown behind her, whose portrait was the last thing touched her lips. Here *Retrospect's* best pleasure is to observe, that the rapacious emissaries (Saldern especially) of their ambitious empress, soon lost her favour; and that before the year 1780, she had lost Holstein too; all for the sake of keeping Denmark's flexible sovereign in her hands, to use against poor Sweden if need were. While good Adolphus reigned there indeed, his gratitude inclined him to oblige the court of Russia, but little did he dream that Catherine's haughty minister count Ostermann meant to abridge his power by private reformation on his table expences, till death relieved him from the strange degradation of begging a bottle of wine in his own house, from the tyrannical ambassador. His successor Gustavus resolved on breaking off such yokes at once. His manners were well formed for purpose of bringing about a revolution in his favour. *Words* have a wonderful effect in ignorant nations, and this prince was eminent for fluency of harangue. His powers of rhetorick were successful, and he actually *talked* the Swedes into what bears almost a ludicrous idea in any *words* I can use, into a revolt in favour of their king. A speech like those in Livy is attributed to him, where, after enumerating many truths with that graceful energy peculiar to himself, he ends by saying, "Now if
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“any one can contradict these facts, let him reply.” Their silence was interpreted conviction. Count Ostermann however would not be convinced; he set his agents to foment rebellion, and failing in that attempt, wrote to his mistress, who, on receipt of those dispatches, fitted a fleet of gallies out from Cronstadt. Gustavus, plumed by his power over his countrymen and over their language, in which he wrote a play not destitute of merit, called *Curiosity*; set forward to St. Petersburg, June 1777, meaning to try his eloquence on Catherine; but that sly politician despised his volubility, *verbiage* as she called it, and laid successful snares for his vain-gloriousness; heaping his toilet with trinkets, and wagering with him that he dared not attempt introducing a new dress in Sweden, where she hoped any innovation would be attended with the same consequences that Charles the third had experienced in Spain. Our Swedish monarch had however better success in the silly hazard: *his* people suffered their prince to persuade *them* that he was restoring the antique fashion of habiliment worn in his great ancestor’s day. Don Carlos by a manifest preference of French manners to those of the nation he was called to rule over, had, and not unjustly, disgusted his subjects, by striking at the prejudices every country, like every individual, feels for itself. Gustavus however, resolved to see more of Europe than either Stockholm or Petersburg could exhibit. A journey to Holland shewed him new varieties in the tulip race, and though his florid talk made little impression on the burghers of Amsterdam, they displayed their wealth willingly, and gave him subjects for future conversation. This sovereign’s character, though rather flashy than brilliant perhaps, was certainly that of a wit; nor can he be deemed remote from a good statesman, who is able to make words stand in lieu of money, for all saw that Gustavus had little to bestow. The silent Sophi of Persia meanwhile, and the active Tartar Khan Sahim Gueray, took their advantages of Russian power, Russian ambition, and added weight to the miseries of Turkish distress. The
French

French ambassador, *Saint Priest*, and the minister Vergennes, made peace among all these potentates, and had, before the year 1780, drawn up the plan of that vile armed neutrality, to which all Europe so willingly acceded, and by which Muscovitish Catherine was set *as it were*, to hold Britannia fast by both hands, whilst the other powers hissed on her rebellious colonies to tease her, and give *them* opportunity to pick her pockets.

CHAP. XXII.

GENERAL RETROSPECT,

FROM 1780 TO 1790.

IF, during this turbulent period, our partiality should place England as the prominent feature attracting *Retrospection*, let us at least confess she has deserved it. Her follies were the follies of a day, a week at most;

She bears no token of the fabler streams,
But mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

Though seized in June 1780, with the endemick disease rife among all countries, sedition, breaking out into revolt; one of the members of her legislature did, without doubt, bring up a multitude no fewer than twenty thousand men to awe her councils, and disturb her peace: Parliament not only saw, but *felt* the insult and the danger, and while their very house was threatened with destruction, the law-lords flying from their blazing residences, London's chief magistrate trembling in his chamber, and our capital, for three nights and days, exhibiting the appearance of a city taken by assault; her king's intrepid coolness saved the state. He put the town in peace, preserved the Bank and records of the Tower, and when exertion of prerogative alone could have preserved tranquillity among us, his care was chiefly employed to shorten the time, and the necessity for such exertion. That care was
really

really wanted. The dwellers in our opulent metropolis, alarmed at what had past, were willing, as Solon long ago said, “all civilized persons, in like cases, would be *most* willing to become unconditioning servants to one man, their native prince, rather than thus by listening to mad demagogues set all their gains to hazard, and expose their families to tumult, death and ruin.” Of such turn in men’s opinions our exemplary sovereign was seen to seek no advantage. The course of law, the currents of common life, rolled in their old channel. Ministers danced the haïe in and out; the orators declaimed as before, less heeded, perhaps, but not less noisy, than when Burke’s laboured panegyric upon Keppel, reminded one of Sosttratus the architect, who, building a turret for Ptolemy Philadelphus, engraved his own name on it to last for ever: the other soon wore out. But after various efforts for carrying on administration to men’s minds at home, finishing the war abroad, and concluding general peace, that peace was owed at last to the famed Ville de Paris, &c. falling before the merciless fire of Sir Samuel Hood, and gallant Elliot’s astonishing defence of Gibraltar, the long-projected capture of which place was meant to heal the breach in Spanish honour made by Sir George Rodney, to form a fine spectacle for Count D’Artois, with which he might delight the Queen of France, who, with that favoured brother-in-law, had seen and mourned their boasted navies, littering the sea: meant also, by Vergennes, to grate the ears of ever-envious Catherine; who, while her artists were employed in cutting out of a solid rock the colossal statue of Czar Peter the first, hated to hear of any thing done greatly out of her own dominions, willingly forgetting that in a part of Europe she wished to annex to them, Alexander’s flatterers had, twenty-one centuries before, proposed hewing mount Athos’ self into resemblance of *their* admired hero; holding a town in one hand with ten thousand inhabitants, a reservoir in the other to supply that town with water. For capture of Gibraltar then the surly Spaniard gave note of dreadful preparation, setting forth armaments such as had not been since Philip fitted out the invincible

invincible armada, less worthy than the present one to attract just admiration, either for novelty or magnitude; for matchless dignity or deep contrivance. “Well! let the mountebanks come forward with “their show,” said calmly our incomparable veteran; and when their fifty ships of line *did* come, covering the bay with their attendant frigates, bold Elliot poured upon ’em from the fort, his red-hot balls, with such precision, such rapidity, that upon that triumphant night for England, the few scorched individuals that escaped so singular, so fierce a conflagration, owed their existence to those men’s humanity, whose courage was confessed without an equal. Forty thousand French, commanded by their princes of blood-royal, saw from the heights, amidst the darkness of the midnight-hour, with agony of mind equalled alone by their own morning confidence; their combined fleet, their costly work in flames: and almost all Spain collected as spectators, viewed the effect, when faithless Nassau fought against Great Britain. That prince’s vessel was among the first consumed. Sixty-five officers and privates only from out our active garrison lost their lives in saving the little that was left of the burned enemy’s; about three hundred and forty of our almost innumerable foes, mangled and half drowned, shrieking for help to those they had set down as certain prey. Under the impression of this extensive, this disgraceful calamity to the Bourbons, and by the light of this distinguished blaze of glory to Great Britain, peace was signed in 1783.

Holland was deservedly worse dealt with on that day, of all our neighbours; France restored nearly what she had acquired; America gained that independence she had so paid for: and the pleasure (if it was one), of hearing our reciprocal friendship called in future, by the enemies to both, a mere measure of policy; which had till then been supposed by them to flow from duty’s warmer spring. How different were the thoughts of copper-coloured chiefs!—when in reply to Washington’s application for assistance against us in 1776, they had exclaimed—“Brothers! had an *alien* stricken you, our help should have been yours;” but

“but we Indians can find no tradition of blood warring against *itself*.
 “May your dark clouds be dispersed!” Amen! and to the Onondagoe’s simple prayer, be these sweet verses added!

Fly swift ye years! Ye minutes haste,
 And in the future lose the past.
 O’er many a heart-affecting tale
 Oblivion cast thy friendly veil,
 Nor backward turn th’ indignant eye,
 Nor hear sad *Retrospection’s* sigh;
 But with affection’s tendrils twine us fast,
 And may that sacred union ever last.

But we return to Europe, where Charles III^d. of Spain, crossed in his hope of ever more regaining proud Calpe’s rigid rock, seemed happy in the cession of Minorca, although indebted for its capture to the sickness of a resolute garrison, and brave commander, whose warm resentment of le duc de Grillon’s attempt to corrupt Scotch honour, led them to continue their sallies and defence, till six hundred animated skeletons at length quitted the place to his Castilian majesty, whose possession was confirmed by treaty, 1783. On this occasion Zeno’s account of rhetorick and logick obtrude themselves upon a reader’s mind: the first with open palm, as he says, elegantly presented; the second with a close-clenched fist, suddenly and roughly returned. The death of this monarch, always familiarly called Don Carlos, and the coronation of his successor, prince of Asturias, was no unwelcome news to England in 1788, or 1789. Their family’s intermarriages with Portugal were pleasing: the sovereign of that realm, faithful to her engagements, had been our friend through the American war; and to say truth, our sailors had sometimes abused the freedom of her ports. They became daily less dangerous to all nations, from the queen’s new resolve to punish murderers—once safe in the protection of a church porch, but from whom sanctuary was now withheld, making all ranks of men rejoice at the abridgment of that power in the papacy. But her declining health

and growing symptoms of an incurable disease upon the spirits, toward the end of our prescribed ten years, drives back our *Retrospection* to Great Britain, where a strange coalition of two ministers, as successors to Tamerlane and Aurengzebe perhaps, proposed a sudden seizure of all charters, under pretence of checking peculations in East India. The gout and stone leagued thus, do now and then drive petty maladies from harassing our human frame.

The year 1784 however called up Mr. William Pitt, second son to the great Lord Chatham; and inheriting his talents rather than his animation; his value for peace, rather than his passion for war; a financier capable of healing Britannia's recent wounds, soothing her sorrows, conciliating her cruel enemies, and likely, by a series rather than a cluster of endeavours, to seat her high among her struggling competitors; rendering her wealth, her honour, and her happiness, progressive on to times beyond *our* sight; when neighbours unalarmed should let her mount, and touch the pinnacle of earthly perfection. Beneath his hand all breaches seemed to close: Ireland herself, restless and turbulent, inflamed by blasts of irregular patriotism to try an awkward copy of America, as rockets imitate mount *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*; was, before 1787, well disposed to confess, that theirs was an imperial crown annexed to ours; that they wished nothing but a share in England's fate and fame; while their best orator, displaying his best eloquence, magnified their powers to maintain, if uncontrouled by England, large commerce with every continent under heaven. No continent but felt, or hoped to feel, cheering effects from our young statesman's conduct. His cherished friend Wilberforce, another Bernstorff, to whose pious cares the Danish peasants owe their liberties; brought forward petitions to annul the trade for human life upon the coast of Africa. Some characters untainted by that forgetfulness of God and scorn of man which commonly attend immense possessions, assisted the work; and projected a company trading to Sierra Leone, the exportations of which should be Christian instruction, sweetened by Christian liberty; the importations national honour, and the fame of having freed
freed

freed their fellow-creatures from oppression. Whether that colony will be able to counteract the endeavours of Pisania, where Dr. Laidley's politeness to Europeans and gentleness to slaves (an article of *his* commerce) has been remarked and celebrated, I know not; but in a short time freedom *will* come to the negroes by some means; and it would grieve our *Retrospect* to see French philosophy bring to pass what British piety and cool persisting resolution was unable to effect. About the year 1774 or 1775, there came out a beautiful philippic against slavery, in a book called *Voyage à l'Isle de France*, written by Saint Pierre, I fancy. There is a translation from it in one of the Annual Registers, quite in the modern style of philanthropy, sensibility, &c.: but it did good: so did Voltaire's fly satire in *Candide*, where he says, "*C'est à ce prix que vous mangez le sucre en Europe.*" Many pleasing writers took up the cause after they had thus been shewn the way, and all the world now wishes them success, however the interest of private individuals may militate against it for a while.

Meantime the furious cry raised against Mr. Hastings, and the strange artifices used by those who had choice of words at command, to carry that cry beyond St. Stephen's chapel, with which it had in truth too long resounded; was moderated, and we may say modulated by Mr. Pitt into a note of rational interrogation, by which to find out how things did really stand in India, where people were beginning to believe of British governors some facts that might better have been credited had *Retrospection* told them of Caligula. To get money, much had no doubt been done, which good minds would not dictate, nor delicate minds delight even to hear; but of that *much*, Hastings had apparently done little. To hear the cry against him, one would have thought that he had nightly killed a child, to make a poultice for a pimple on his back out of the baby's liver. *This* Hyder Ali did for many weeks. A lady who lived long in Hindostan assured me, that *she knew* of sixteen infants which, when the tyrant had a tumour on his shoulder, were all devoted to this dreadful purpose, and our horror-stricken

English called him Herod. Under Pitt's mild administration each measure took a character of gentleness: he freed our trade at home from all embarrassments, set on foot a treaty of commerce with France, made himself idolized by the popular party hourly increasing in all nations; and desirous to shine rather with the mildness of May than the fervour of August, preferred winning his way by justly increasing esteem, to carrying the world before him, as his father did, by a grand *coup de main*. Coolness indeed, and something like what the French emphatically call *insouciance*, was the prevailing character of the times. A yet unaccounted-for darkness, without eclipse, dropt upon all France; the same accident, a while before, frightened Philadelphia, New York, &c.; and while fires, destructive of forty thousand houses at a time, illuminated the streets of Constantinople: half the town of Christiana in Denmark dropt down in one day. But these accidents were among people *that nobody knows of*, said our mock-insensibles; and when their own king's life was struck at 1786, it was the way in London to make *that* a fair excuse for laughing at the awkward bow of some men that were knighted when carrying up a complimentary address. This accident was not so coldly received upon the continent, where Margaret Nicholson's insanity obtained less credit than did the fraudulent flattery of a foreign minister, who on that day was supposed to have affected a concern he scarce knew how to feel. But 'twas the year 1789 shewed *our* king his true friends, when happily recovering from a dreadful fever, of infinite importance certainly; though never, I believe, likely for a moment either to shorten life or injure reason; he soon perceived who amplified and who had deprecated his disorder; and learned no doubt the mean advantages which had been meditated to be taken of his absence from power, and at how critical an instant his resumption frustrated their vile designs. To *Retrospection* it seems *most* astonishing how the king's virtues, and our just admiration of them, contributed (as if by the immediate hand of heaven itself) to throw him and his ministers, him and his truest friends, all on the democratick

mocratick side; and set even the closest adherents to monarchy among us, upon cramping every exertion of power in the regent, although lawful heir to an hereditary throne, and graced with accomplishments that have raised to *many a prince*, a formidable party in the state.

But all events tended invariably to one great point, and every sovereign in his turn accelerated the scheme of general providence. On the last year of these eventful ten, died Abdul Achmet the Turkish Adrian, the southern Frederick; refined and learned: half a free-thinker too, far as thought's freedom *can* take place in Turkey. His gay speech to Sir Robert Ainslie was an unprecedented hazard of free speaking.—“Were I,” said he, laughing, “to leave my own religion “and turn Christian, I must absolutely become a Roman catholic; “for I never yet could hear of one *Protestant wine* that a man could “drink with pleasure.” ’Twas happy that so many losses had so little impaired his sublime highness's good-humour. But while immortal Suwaroff was receiving from Catherina diamonds of inestimable value to put in his uncombed head, as a reward for those unequalled victories he had obtained over the Ottoman Porte; this generous, this disinterested sultan was settling the Turkish crown upon his nephew, young Selim, long confided to his care. Such liberality made the emperor esteemed even by those Janissaries he wished to disannul, and feared by the new prophet, of whose zeal for reformation lately promulgated, the Russian princess took every possible advantage: her heart was set upon the placing *young* Constantine, second son to the grand-duke, upon the throne of the *old* Constantines, and driving out for ever those Mahometan intruders—a project never absent from her head, however she might amuse herself and them by making brilliant and expensive feasts for Joseph or Gustavus, royal visitants. The first of these, soon as his mother's corpse was cold in earth, began his desperate reforms around; and with such violence that Pius sextus, with the extorted consent of his sacred college, resolved upon a journey to Vienna, in order if possible to stop his hand. This scheme has been
condemned.

condemned by wise men since, only, I think, because 'twas ineffectual. the plan was not ill laid, nor could a fitter pontiff have been formed than Braschi for the purpose of such expedition, one who knew better how to mingle dignity with softness, or was nicer skilled to move the passions, and bend a lofty character, without incurring degradation to his own. But Joseph's character was cold, not lofty: neither majestically stern was he, nor roughly barbarous; but hardened by a frigid flat philosophy, incapable of all impression.

From Vienna then in 1782 Pius turned back, to pray and hope, as he himself expressed it. Pasquin cried aloud "Let's sing two masses now " directly, one for the Emperor without the *credo*, one for our Pope " without the *gloria*." But Cardinal de Bernis dropt a tear, and said, *tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem*. He dreaded and justly the effects of jacobinism; he knew that clubs existed in every great city throughout Europe, of men afterwards known by name of jacobins: when they obtained in Paris an old convent belonging to that order for their meeting-place; they were now called Encyclopedistes, Philosopher-Adeptes, &c. In their despite some momentary fervour had indeed been excited among common minds, wherever the once venerated head of the Romish church appeared upon his journey, although the emperor had licensed many books bursting from Weishaupt's den to damp their warmth—one in particular called, "Who's the Pope?" which publication he was insultingly suffered to see, as if by accident. At Vienna too one of their philosophick nobles had been encouraged to shake him by the hand with a familiar cordiality, rough and unprecedented. But at generous Augsburg, where papal power first met opposition, when popes indeed were powerful, respect alone watched his returning steps. The Lutheran librarian of that Protestant town kneeled to the sovereign bishop he revered, and rising, made a speech full of admiring praises justly bestowed upon the taste, the literature, the erudition of a prince capable, said enchanted Mertens, of enlightening with true knowledge the Christian world. The world was not of Mertens's opinion.

Illuminati

*Illuminati** of far different shapes appeared, and nought was seen in Germany or France at least, but by the red glare of their asphaltick torches. Pius went home, and was even there, ('tis said) coolly received. A new attempt when unsuccessful *will* be blamed, and his was an expensive one; expensive at a time when every royal treasure seemed exhausted, unless we look to Russia. If graceless Rome regretted even the money which had been spent to drain the Pontine marshes, well might *this* vain endeavour be ill thought on: and if it was, Pius had no resource. The story related in two books I have read lately, evince the feebleness of ecclesiastical government, in its last helpless state of absolute decay; but both the authors have suppressed such passages as were told *me*, upon that spot, and at that moment when and where it happened. Roviglio, an old mechanick of the town, used to come twice o'week to the palace, for purpose of looking over, and cleaning the chronometers, quadrants, and instruments, with which the pope amused his leisure hours, and was a sort of humble favourite; such as are found in all great houses, or used to be. He staid away however, and was asked after: "Ah Santita," replies the page in waiting, "poor old Roviglio has been robbed, and is in great distress." The pope commanded his appearance; and the man told his melancholy tale: the shop was stripped, and he had applied to Monsignor Busca, lieutenant de police, but could get no relief. "Plague

* *Illuminati* first sprung up in Spain, by what I can learn, about the year 1575. A priest or visionary from Teneriffe with a Carmelite's Catherina de Jesus as his companion, called themselves *Alombrados*. But Signor Villepandro and the lady were both put to death by the Inquisition at Cordova or Corduba, because they maintained that being *Illuminati*, no sin would be imputed to them do what they would. Their numerous followers were dispersed through fear, and some abjured their errors.

Peter Gurrin revived this sect, and headed a large body of *Illuminez* in France, 1634, but Louis treize dispersed and drove them out of sight.

The Rosycrucians were *Illuminati* in Oliver Cromwell's time—see notes to Grey's Hudibras. They had been called *invisible* brothers, I believe, whilst fear of ecclesiastical power lasted. There has been always some of this free-masonry in the world; 'tis the removal of danger by church and state that produces it as now to *open view*.

"him

“ him no more,” says Pius sextus, “ he is so cross I hardly venture to speak with him myself: here is three hundred pounds to set you up again, poor as I am, we must not lose Roviglio.” The watchmaker went home, telling his wife and every one he met between his own house and the Vatican: and putting the three hundred pounds behind his pillow, lay down to sleep a happier man than ever. The house was broken into that very night, and the purse stolen from under his head: emboldened by the kindness of his sovereign, he ran again to the palace tearing his hair; and the pages laughed at him. Enquiry however was again provoked, and the mechanick once more made his mournful appearance.

“ Look ye Roviglio,” says the pope giving him a purse, “ this is all I *can*, and all I *will* give on this foolish occasion: but get a gun, d’ye hear, and stand upon your own defence to-night, and kill these rascals if they come again: *don’t be afraid*, even if you should kill *two* of them, for I protest I will give you *absolution myself*; and you may rely upon my sacred promise for it.” This served as chat in Rome when I was there, and all the other talk was about Sweden’s king, and the meeting by a concerted chance of the two sovereigns in the Museum Clementinum. Much too was told about the wonder which Gustavus had excited by hearing divine service daily in his house, as if he were a christian like ourselves, says a lady to me, when every body knows the poor man is a heretick, *e che peggio è non hà Contanti come tal Milord Inglese*.* Of Joseph the second’s faith they had a far better opinion, though there was question of his new modelling the Lord’s-prayer; and when we returned to Milan, he had struck every saint’s name out of the calendar, except St. Peter and Paul; commanding the Blessed Virgin to be no more called *Mater Dei*, but *Mater Christi*, &c. I said they should publish a pasquinade in return, proclaiming Maria Theresa no longer mother to the emperor, but mother to Joseph the second. A *Christian* could not have spoke better “ di maniera piu *catolica*” replied they, ad-

* And which is worse, *he* is a heretick without money in his pockets, not like an English *my Lord*.

mirring at my orthodoxy, and adding, what pity such a one should be a heretick! Ferdinand of Naples would not however by the great brother-in-law's sollicitations be led to break up any old usages, except presenting the white palfrey, which he was willing enough to escape. His heart was set on seeing his town full, and 'twas his sport to shew the Grand Duke of Tuscany, how runaways from Florence filled his streets. They were when I saw them, thronged by those dreadful earthquakes which had desolated all Apulia and its environs, and driven multitudes from Sicily, &c. to seek refuge under the wing of their paternal prince, who, when the dreadful news arrived, shut himself up and behaved like one distracted. The queen, enraged, cried, "Here's a coil, indeed—why, one would think that you had lost a *child*."—"And have I *not*, dear mistress," cried the monarch? "Oh, tell not me, I have lost fifty thousand of my children, and find no means of supply for the survivors." No distress ever yet was seen to equal that of which Marie Caroline spoke so lightly. Her husband's beautiful and tributary cousin, Gerace Grimaldi, a feudal countess of the old sort, was, with her ancient castle and numerous attendants, swallowed up alive by a yawning chasm made in the earth; while four thousand faithful subjects strove in vain to rescue her lost body from the black abyss, whence issuing flames for fourteen days successively, guarded the princely prey. "God grant," says Count Ippolito's pathetick letter, "that the columns of our terraqueous globe may not be finally loosened by these concussions! God permit that the necessary balance both of natural and *moral* things may be once again restored!" *Both* were indeed roughly and preternaturally shaken, and blind self-sufficiency drove unheeding fools into each opening gulph. Among those who thought most highly of themselves, from comparison of her own accomplishments with those of her consort, might be ranked the queen of Naples. When Gustavus came to her court on a visit, and talked away, as was his custom, about the revolution at Stockholm—"Where was the *queen* all this time, Sir," says Marie Caroline.—"At *home*, no doubt," replies her royal friend;

“but I forget, because no one consulted *her* on the occasion.”—“Ah ha!” exclaims Calabrian Ferdinand, in his loud voice and boisterous manner, “you see, mistress—(so he always calls this princess, because she first taught him to read and write)—you see, mistress, kings are wiser in the north, than they are down in these warm and effeminate latitudes. Here Sweden’s monarch, a fine fellow! can rule his *wife* as well as his country!” The visit was not long delayed, however, after this conversation. Marie Caroline esteemed no sovereigns but her brother Joseph, who found few such sincere admirers as herself. To gain the world’s applause, he undermined the firm supporters both of church and state; yet scarce could have secured, I think, even his own approbation, when he who had devoted his whole reign to demolition of monastick orders, must have observed upon a *Retrospect* how he had condemned himself, or was at least by unseen power condemned, to lead the life of a laborious monk. St. Paul, who preached salvation to mankind, and at the same time perfected his own, past not his time more painfully than did this emperor, worn out with difficulties, cares and griefs, before he was forty-nine years old. The benefits which he conferred, though numerous, were secret; the evils resulting from his conduct, though few, were glaring: his rest perpetually broken by schemes to reconcile contradictory projects, his every passion crossed, his appetites blunted, and his odd resolution not to return even the innocent caresses of a faithful dog, the only thing that loved him, as he said; were dispositions fit for a faquir, or for a half-disciple of these modern philosophers, whose service is hard, and whose reward is wretchedness. The Milanese, governed by a German, were ill-pleased of course; the Brabantines, still less content with an Italian,* and when his best defences in the country were all dismantled, the people’s warmest prejudices all offended; Joseph felt fretted at finding *his own* opposed.

* Count Wiltseg governed at Milan, as we all know. Count Belgioioso had his palace at Brussels.

The king of Prussia's death and character affords a striking contrast. "Let us eat and drink, if to-morrow we die," was his maxim: he never seems to have contradicted himself at all, and having apparently contradicted others only when some strong passion pushed him to the act, mankind forgave his violences, and he died, regretted even by those whose families had been consumed to nothing in his service: and while the emperor's beneficial kindnesses were still attributed to caprice, Frederic's severities went through the world under no rougher name than *Prussian discipline*. A bright Bohemian ruby, nursed in *Flint*, was the true emblem of this great king's character; and, to say truth, his successor came forward to no small disadvantage after one so rough, but yet so radiant. He had a busy time indeed, an active part to play in Holland engaged in civil discord, and resolved the Stadtholder should *hold their states* no longer. The orange faded fast after 'twas squeezed by France and Spain, and poisoned against England its best friend: and Frederic the third had the strange mortification to see his sister grossly insulted by Dutch boors, who puffed with new ideas of democracy, smoaked their tobacco in the princess's presence, detaining her upon the road, frightening her horses, and brutally laughing at her female fears of being overturned in the canal. These domestick afflictions, howsoever, kept not his mind from projects of ambition; and Poland's impatience under the yoke of her participators, offered him hope of making useful alliance there, with a new, a strong, and independent republick. But Muscovitish Catherine kept the nominal king of that country a pensioner on her munificence, nor meant to loose old Lusitania into a situation of chusing her own fellowships, among which the Turk, every day more and more easy to assimilate with Christian powers, might possibly wish to be one. The court of Petersburg, on that account, held Poniatowsky fast, and spared no pains to incense his hapless nobles against each other by mutual accusations of evil which they scarcely could have hindered, and sorrows which, when they suffered from surrounding kings, themselves redoubled on their wretched peasantry, till all was anguish and all was oppression. It was a time of turbulence unequalled;

—no country seemed at ease, although philanthropy and a desire of general happiness had never been so talked of. Grave authority hastened to heaven, like Astræa in fabulous times—nor could the king of Sweden hold *his* firm. The grand Autocratrix herself disdained not to use often female influence instead of strict command; while by rewards unparalleled in story, she *purchased* her best servants' best affections. There is indeed something like destiny written on the characters of distinguished personages: for though this lady changing her favourites, heaped on them all at parting liberal gifts of land and money, tenants and cottagers, diamonds and trinkets to immense amount: sending them away to travel for the most part, which must have carried vast sums out of the country—we hear of Catherine's bounty still, and never of her profusion. The queen of France liked to make presents as well as she did, and give fine entertainments; but with her frolicks nobody seemed pleased.

After le prince de Guemené broke for thirty millions, 1,500,000*l.* sterling of our money in the year 1782, Louis seize resolved to set bounds to the much-blamed extravagance of his gay consort, and when she asked for 4000 pounds English for some fine show, bid Turgot bring her the cash all in gold, not paper, that she might *see* what she had required—was his word; and *that*, out of the actual subsistence of the people. Lovely Antoinette with silent,* but sweet smiles, accepted kindly the reproach with the *rouleau*; and changing its disposal, gave it all in little fortunes to one hundred poor youths and maidens who appeared dressed in a decent uniform, with happy faces, standing in two rows, when the king went next time to Nôtre Dame. A character of so much true desert, levigated by so much frivolous hilarity, would once have

* Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd,
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for thy delay,
She makes a scourge of past prosperity
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

been

been all but adored in France; but more than virtue now was necessary to make kings beloved, and more than merit or than beauty, queens. Some of the pensioners upon this charming creature's greatly abused bounty, disgraced her choice; and some lamentations concerning her astonishing expences greatly disgraced the lamenters. Her milliner's pension of 150*l.* o'year English, was talked of as *enormous*; as for the annuity paid to l'infame Raucoux, it had been better never talked of at all. A near relation of Charles Lameth besides, was said to have assisted in emptying her ever-open purse; and with the money and anecdotes picked up at Versailles, confirmed her kinsman in his resolution to ruin its possessors. The light-hearted daughter of Maria Theresa dreamed not of deep designs; she wore *caps à la Keppel*, saw his effigy trailed through the dirt after the 27th of July, 1778, clapping her hands with joy; and listening with transport to every tale that brought ill news for England from America, till having caught a severe cold, some one observed it was the *influenza* brought over from New York. "Ah Madame! (cried a lady of the court) we shall soon catch "a disorder thence, more desperate, and no less contagious." "What "can that be?" exclaimed *Antoinette*! "The *indipendenza*," replies Vaupilliere: but incurable disease of all the French finances much accelerated this sybilline oracle's fulfilment. To remedy it Neckar was called in, how vainly! The king, who seems to have been seldom wrong when consulting his own heart only, said aloud, "This man "will make a miserable minister for our extensive dominions, accus- "tomed as he has been all along to the little Swiss cantons." "Sire, "we will never consult him about state affairs (replied Maurepas), he "is a mere banker." "With which post you will (says Louis) find "him not contented." But though Calonne, who, when the queen wanted money always made one answer, and said Madame, if possible the thing shall be done; and if *impossible*, it shall be tried at, was without doubt, a cash-keeper more pleasing. Scarce any experiment Neckar proposed to try as remedies to the grand evil met with a real opposition from the sovereign; who willingly, before that man's arrival, had

had very much abridged his prerogatives, abolishing the *mortmain*, giving up the *corvette*, and extinguishing the *droit de poursuite*, whilst he even denied himself a tour to Fontainebleau in 1780, for fear of fresh expences, little imagining, that in eleven years he should be forcibly detained from driving to St. Cloud, by a people whom he loved too well. His predecessors had heaped debts and taxes on *them*; his study was to suffer—all *himself*. The three or four last reigns had quietly endured upon the civil list, even the annuities paid to the mistresses of their king's minister: Madame de Vergennes' pin-money was the last of these shameless charges. Louis seize meantime, destined to expiate all *their* crimes and follies, contracted his own establishment so closely, no room was left for spread of influence; thus cutting off from one hand, by a reform bill, all means of conciliating men of talents or consequence, whilst by the inflammatory temper of the times, all sensation of power was melting away from the other. Lest these measures should prove insufficient to his ruin, some strange fatality, or ill-timed advice, prompted him to retrench the soldiers' pay, and disoblige the only body of individuals joined together for his protection. Reform indeed in every branch belonging to his state had been so long desirable, that 'twas grown dangerous, so long had it been necessary, it was (to speak in paradox) impracticable. An old majestick building fallen to decay with long-permitted ivy clinging round, is a true emblem of the French king's court. The vegetable bat had fixed its claws so fast and thriven so exceedingly; that each apartment was quite over-run, and noxious animals made nests in it, accelerating the fabrick's ruin: where the great stones disjoined by leaves and dirt offend each looker on: "Cut down the clasping evil," is their cry, "tear it away." Less superficial observers will on approach, see how the pliant branches by their twist, hold tight these parting masses to each other, giving an artificial firmness to the whole. A financier like Necker hastened its fall, he cut the supplemental cords of binding wood, disturbed the obscene birds, and ran away, leaving the house to tumble, when 'twas time; but every little incident brought on that hour. When long before,

before, they idolized our Franklin; he must have laughed I think while teaching them to sing *ça ira*, for from him they learned it; the poor queen dancing her pantin to the tune, dressed in the semblance of her favourite philosopher, must have reminded him of hapless Dido, * who carested infant love, as she did infant liberty, to her undoing. But folly was not confined to females: wits wrote the following line upon Franklin's bust,

Eripuit fulmen cælo, sceptrumque tyrani.

“and the princes applaud with a furious joy, and the king seized a flambeau with haste to destroy.” The nation was intoxicated; air balloons, a new plaything, pleased all ranks of people; another philosophical foppery was introduced under name of animal magnetism. Man's powers over his own reason were daily exalted—he who professed to extract from perspirable essence the elixir of life, was listened to by those who ought to have despised such arrogant absurdity; and some man was expected to walk in wooden sabots over the unfrozen river faster than a horse could trot over the bridge. This seems like madness or fatuity, *mais ils n'avoient de l'esprit que contre Dieu*, as one of their own angry jesters said against the other; and Neckar the state quack, when recalled, could think of no remedy by which to save it, except the desperate one of calling *les états généraux*. They were not *les états genereux au moins*. *Louis le trop bon*, as Dr. Moore calls him, made a much grander effort for general relief *ex mero motu*, by ordering a sort of income-tax like ours; but his vile parliaments, who had the effrontery to call themselves an essential part of the French government, opposed that salutary measure, because then, they must have paid impost as well as the *menu peuple*. They had obtained their situations only by office, that office only by money, yet did these men at length arrive at overturning royal authority, from the mere negligence and vicious supineness of those peers and barons, to whom the members of these parliaments had been

* Reginam petit; hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto

Hæret: et interdum gremio foveat. *Infamia Dido*

Infideat quantus miseræ Deus. ——— *Virgil's Æneid, first book.*

originally,

originally, *only clerks*. The king meanwhile betrayed by *them*, overborne by Neckar, hard pressed for money to go on a day with, and distressed now on every side, saw Calonne's last dismissal 1788, preceded by a storm, of magnitude and consequences wholly unprecedented in European annals. The black clouds which threatened England in her sovereign's illness, burst over France with literal as with figurative fury. Four millions sterling were the computed damages from hail-stones, weighing six or eight ounces each. Hail-stones that broke the largest forest trees, and laid the corn fields and vineyards through the country *a desolated waste*. Yet such was the fermentation in men's minds, concerning what they termed the publick welfare, that horrible calamity was half rejoiced in as a hoped-for incentive to speedy insurrection, soon to be deemed a duty, not a fault.

Of all the pretended philanthropists, meanwhile, none gave relief to the poor suffering farmers but the good king and queen; who sent off sixty thousand pounds sterling instantly, and by denuding thus their privy purse, rendered themselves a little more defenceless from insults that increased now every hour. Forty-eight nobles, le duc d'Orleans at their head, ran, like rats from a falling house, and joined the *tiers etat*, and took an oath to separate no more till quiet times. Such times were not coming. During a three weeks absence of Mr. Neckar, the frantick city of Paris flew to arms; destroyed the Bastille, where were found but six people confined by the lamented *lettres de cachet*, and killed the governor. Berthier, l'intendant of the town, they murdered, because bread was dear after that destructive hurricane, and Foulon, the contractor, because his daughter married Monsieur Berthier. Thus unconsciously revenging the deaths of ninety-three Hanoverians, among them Gunderode and Hugo, kept in the year 1757 by Foulon's tyranny for three night and days without even bread and water.

The blood of these unlucky commissaries sharpened the furious appetite for more; and from a purer stream than this; Fesselle hanged on a lanthorn post, brought up *that* mode of instantaneous punishment.

Vainly

Vainly the king hastened from Versailles to calm the tumults ; as vainly did he patiently endure Bailly's harangue, tumid and insolent, from whose hand he meanly enough accepted too the ruban tri-color, the ensign of rebellion. They had not then planned the death of the queen ; a deputation from the assembly, 2d of May, 1789, called her *la fille de Césars* ; so she was. The Cæsars almost all were massacred : yet the court now must have seen what was coming. Many of the first nobility began to emigrate, and those who staid in France were hunted from their country-seats like wild beasts by the peasantry, enraged at the dearness of provision. Some of the old and faithful adherents advising Louis seize to send his consort safely away to Vienna, while yet her flight was possible ; a royal carriage was prepared one day, but she magnanimously refused to stir, saying, “ I own no sovereign but “ yours, gentlemen, no country but this ; whatever Frenchmen may “ think fit to do, I mean to lay my life at the king's feet.” An ill-judged dinner given by her majesty to the officers on duty at Versailles, hastened the moments in which she was to shew herself daughter of the Cæsars. She had on this occasion walked round their table, carrying, in order to wake their warmest affections, the dauphin in her arms, and wore the white cockade, *les fleurs de lys*, for the last time before they drooped and died. For this pretended crime Mounier alone prevented her impeachment, and swift destruction was prepared and hoped. Paris from her parishes answering in some measure to our Wapping, and Billingsgate, and Broad St. Giles's, poured forth a torrent of (*foi-disant*) human creatures in female dresses, mounting to many thousands, which, after a few murders on their march, surrounded the royal residence, and with the most frantick cries and gestures, menaced the queen's life, and demanded bread, which the king promised them, after which La Fayette followed with 30,000 militia, and pacified or pretended to pacify his horrible precursors. All lay down to rest that night at Versailles however ; and, strange to think, the mistress on't slept soundly in her own apartment ; Madame de Tarente in the

room *beyond*, with Monsieur de Miomandre of les garde du corps, centinel at *her* door. He waked her in two hours time, crying, *savez la reine*, madame!—Save, save the queen; I am here against an army of tygers. Maria Antoinette heard the friendly voice, and flying down her own private stairs, communicating with the king's chamber, there dropped undressed, and all but lifeless in his arms. The princess de Tarente, endowed with more than mortal fortitude, saved M. de Miomandre, covered with wounds, under her own bed, and both of them escaped, and both I think are living. The life-guards rallied round the royal children, and brought them shivering to their parents' room; when, after a thousand disappointed swords, pikes, &c. had stabbed the queen's empty bed through and through, La Fayette appeared, and begged them to desist, but not till Huttes and Varicourt, two faithful officers, were basely murdered. That this outrage originated in the duke of Orleans's intrigues, has since been I suppose implicitly believed. La Fayette, jealous of him and Mirabeau, his counsellor, told the duke he must retire into England instantly. Philip obeyed, and Mirabeau said publicly, that he did not deserve the pains they had taken for him. France had indeed, she scarce knew why, called him from banishment in 1774, in a half-feditious half-triumphant manner restoring the old parliament: and from that day politicians think he hoped to reach the throne. Wits were contented to repeat this epigram:

Phi, nota fætoris; lippus malus omnibus oris:

Phi, malus, et lippus, totus malus ergo Philippus.

The epigram is pleasant, but not *just*. We all know that *Philippus* means *phil hippus*, the lover of a horse. Pethion's presentation of a silver sword to *René Auduë*, who led on the female banditti to Versailles, leaves us very close upon the year 1790.

C H A P. XXIII.

SKETCH OF EVENTS,

FROM 1790 TO 1796.

AS in our first chapter of this *Retrospection* Rome took up all the attention of our readers, leaving *that* only luminous and prominent, the other states, if states they may be called, huddled in heaps, and distanced to the back-ground; so in these last little moving pictures of our show, these *derniers tableaux de nos petits ombres chinoises*, France takes up all the room; the rest appearing scarcely important to the general interests of humanity, but as they adopt or reject her principles and conduct; while from a corner of her capital arose, as Rousseau says, “that new-fangled philosophy, the smoke of which stifles “the voice of nature and of man.”*

That “*not one prodigy foretold our fate,*” can hardly however be complained of with justice. The aurora borealis, not seen in England till the beginning of this century, was considered as portentous by the vulgar, and wondered at a little even by the wise, who then first viewed the northern lights descending into unusual latitudes. Messieurs Rostan and De Coste, astronomers at Geneva, observed in 1762 the sun eclipsed three digits in a preternatural nebulosity never accounted for; and Mars was 1766 said by Toaldo the Venetian to approach the earth more nearly by two millions of miles than he was wont. Having written the circumstance down from *his* lips, I read it confirmed in an Annual Register of that year, when the planet named

* Lettre à d’Alembert.

from the god of war was in his perihelion 31st of August. Schroeter's observations upon Venus mention extraordinary appearances exhibited by *that* planet July 31, 1793. And as to our *own* terraqueous globe during the last half of this eventful century, such raging typhons, such destructive earthquakes shook the European quarter or continent, as were accustomed to spend all their fury upon the torrid zone, sparing those lands which cannot, as her warmer climate can, restore themselves in a few months again, smoothing the brow of nature. France felt infuriated by her last devastation, since when things have no more flowed in their usual current. All her good-humour too seemed blown away; her levity, her loyalty, each characteristick of her nation lost. Prior, who knew her well in happier days, would sure have said, contemplating such dreadful alteration,

Thy hum'rous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lie all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wav'ring melancholy,
Thou fear'st, and hop'st, thou know'st not what.

The naturalist meantime would be comparing her to the gay fox-hound struck with madness, "for a while," as Mead observes, "acknowledging his master, though reckless of his food and friends; but soon snapping at *him*." Our poet Somerville describes this creature,

Snuffing th' infectious breeze,
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own shade; jealous as if he deem'd
The world his foes. Then from his lungs inflam'd
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition. His dim eyes are glaz'd.
Now frantick to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round.
The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.

So

So fared it with France and with her neighbours at beginning of the year 1790, the first week of which saw the deserted king stript of his best prerogatives, and now and then applauding the decrees with unaffected simplicity. “*Je trouve* (says he) *vosre arrêt fort sage*,” to some of their decisions. The bishop of Autun’s treachery towards his own body, soon with the nobility and commons amalgamated into one inflexible mass of equality, now first opened the eyes of the most Christian king, who beheld with horror the catholick religion formally suppressed by edicts of authority; churches turned into warehouses or barracks; distinction in dress denied to the clergy; and all armorial bearings, all monastick institutions, all schools and seminaries of learning abolished by the new rulers, who, through the mouth of Abbé Sieyes, stiled themselves next, Constituent Assembly. That horrid massacres should prevail in the provinces, or in the streets of a metropolis so managed, is less surprizing than that Mirabeau did not sooner try to stop the torrent which he had helped to open the source of.

Mirabeau was a man of parts, although unprincipled: when yet a youth, he pleaded against his own father in a court of justice. “Why did you so!” says one; “To get a thousand pounds (says Mirabeau): “If my father could have given me two thousand pounds, I was not “*acharné* (stubborn) against the man, I would have taken it.” He felt like tenderness towards Louis seize. He was not personally *acharné* against his *political* parent; and when to the horrible prospect of an incipient chaos in the country was added a drachm of self-interest and ill-will to Fayette, he lent his support to a monarchical club, although when two years before the French had, in their puerile passion for Roman ideas, proposed establishing an order of a Cincinnatus, Mirabeau had openly preferred the pulling down every order indiscriminately. Yet did the court most willingly forget all his past fury even against the Queen; when, in a violent fit of the tooth-ach, he exclaimed, “Est-ce que j’ai donc *un republique* dans la bouche!”* and this *bon mot*.

* What have I got here, a *republick* in my mouth!

went about all Paris. Worried by Lameth after all, and perhaps half affrighted at the phantom he had himself called up from caverns of till then unopened guilt, the phantom of Egalité (as he would needs be called) replacing his virtuous cousin, Mirabeau* died. Over the desert plains of Egypt, or of Syria thus; pursued by the hot wind swifter than he, a hooded vulture drops to earth fatigued; and from his carcase spring millions of noxious insects, swarms of vile animals, that buz and sting, destroying all that follow. Marat, whose maw unsatisfied with slaughter, resembled death in character and feature. Danton, whose every decree (says Mercier) smelt of the brandy-cask from whence he drew his ardent thirst of blood. Hebert and Henriot, Chabot the capuchin, struggling for the palm of impiety against Dupont and Chaumette, atheists professed. Ferocious Collot d'Herbois, their procenful, who, like the executioner *Samson*, considered single murders as lost time, and tied 3000 unresisting fools together, shot for a show at Lyons. Merciless Carrier! whose un pitying eyes feasting on agony, saw the poor priests and women, two and two, fastened in pairs and flung into the Loire; till its insulted stream, putrid with human carcases, grew poisonous, endangering the lives of those who drank. Proud Pethion too, brutal le Gendre; Fouquier Tinville, and Fabre d'Eglantine, jackalls to *Robespierre*, hero of all these horrors. Assassins by hereditary right, his name compounded of those that his ancestor Damien had worn—"A murderer from the beginning." In contrast of these creatures, our *Retrospection* next is called to view

* Quere, Whether his family was wholly distinct from that of *Mirabaud*, the academician. There was a book called *Système de la Nature*, attributed to this *Mirabaud* in 1770, ten years after his death, and the French say, falsely attributed. Voltaire's answer to that book is notwithstanding worth attention now. In it he says—"God preserve us from an abominable priest, who shall dip his impious hands in the blood of his *Prince*; and God preserve us from an angry and barbarous tyrant, who not believing in God, is a God to himself; who sacrifices friends, relations, and subjects to his own fury and ambition without remorse." Would not one think he was speaking of Talleyrand and Robespierre?

the conscientious bishops, and their clergy's magnanimous refusal of an oath tendered to undo, and sweetened to ensnare them. The death of Christian martyrs now began to vie with those of our first volume; and these last labourers in Jesus's vineyard resolved at close of life to claim their penny, with those of ancient time who we have seen, under the reigns of Nero and Dioclesian, bearing the heat and burden of the day. But whilst we venerate the names of Beaupoil St. Aulaire, Maury, and St. Pol de Leon, with the incomparable daughter of Cazotte, whose last dear object in this various world, was his own lovely child emulating Murphy's Euphrasia; let not le marquis de Bouillé pass unremarked over the field of our contracted telescope. Bouillé, whose virtues *exerted* not *exhausted* in another hemisphere, returned to manifest in this, a loyalty *à tout ou trance*, trying each mode, each possibility to save his king from the apparent ruin; and since in that he failed, trying at least to draw the expected vengeance upon his own head from his master's. A sister's love alone could equal this: Madame Elizabeth, upon the horrid 21st of June, shewed the same unequivocal desire to save the king's life, and even his consort's peace, if possible, at the expence of her own.

But after every studied refinement of cruelties unutterable had been long practised on their ill-fated house; after M. de la Fayette, pretending by negligence to favour their escape, as cats let a mouse run when all the holes are stopt, had triumphed in their abject return to his captivity; when that short triumph past, *his* popularity was sunk in that of Santerre, made general in his place, who, with plebeian insolence, scorning disguise, unharboured once again the royal game, and hunted it into the fell devourers' mouths the fatal tenth of August. On *that* day, stiled by them the fourth year of liberty, first year and first day of *equality*, the celebrated fraternity of illuminated free-masons burst their self-created shackles, avowed their secret, and confessed their meditated emancipation of mankind from all subordination and government, exclaiming, "France is free, the universe will quickly follow her example."

Our

Our *Retrospection* cannot now pause to observe upon this extraordinary combination, but 'twere impossible not to have remarked it. Three hundred thousand adepts had been counted in the last *censé* of that *unholy* brotherhood, which two millions of pikemen had so well supported, that it appears as if the deputies themselves did not dare to use the king with decency. Merlin de Thionville said to the duc de Choiseul, as they crossed each other in the corridor, "You remain with him, ha?"—"Till now I have done so," replied, with starting tears, the steady royalist, "you will not part us, Merlin!" The representative seemed much affected, pressed his hand cordially, flitted to the assembly, and voted the immediate dismissal of those five faithful servants who till then had followed the fortunes of their master. At parting with them, Louis seize exclaimed, "This is too hard! Why Charles the first of England was permitted to keep a few friends with him to the last." The Queen, when they all five ran to her with their purses, whatever they had saved out of the general wreck, cried out, "Oh *keep* it, *keep* it, generous Monsieur Obyer; you'll want it more than we, you will *indeed*;" and turning from him, with pathetic grace, added, "for you have longer time to live." Joseph and Leopold, her imperial brothers, were dead before that day. The first of these princes, after having spent much of his reign in a delusion, died upon the 20th day of February, 1790, just as the mist removing from his eyes shewed him to what a race of mortals he had lent the aid of his abilities. Eight years passed uneasily in groundless apprehension lest religion should be too much revered—were sunk in two years more of not ill-founded fears lest it should never be revered at all. The natural alliance between church and state had been completely proved by the proceedings of the French assembly, which overturned both at one stroke; and though the Brabanter's plea for rebellion was different at beginning, he saw them moulding it into the form of that strange novelty, the French Republick, gazed at by Europe as an air-balloon; and though like that 'twas dangerous, and

and like that useless, was gaped after with apparent admiration, every country longing to take one ride, and try one fall. However some wise folks cried out, with Shakespear's wrestler, "I'll warrant your grace shall not entreat them to a second, who have so mightily persuaded 'em from a first." Joseph meanwhile, his heart wearing thinner by care, and softer by affliction, felt all his projects palsied ere yet mature, and saw the sister he was once so proud of, reduced, and vainly, to solicit sympathy from those whose adoration he had expected her to command. Health faded before such chilling blasts of disappointment, and comfort was found only in the virtuous society of a young princess he had chosen for his nephew's consort, and in the hope that she would bring heirs to the imperial throne. Her feeble endurance of a first pregnancy filled him with those alarms which still increased as his own end drew near, and the account of *her* death accelerated *his*. Having however lived a philosopher, the son of Maria Theresa resolved to die a christian: "and as such, my lord," said he to Cardinal Migazzi, "if I have ever offended *you*, I beg your pardon heartily."—"Sire," was his eminence's answer, "all your offences against men, your death will expiate; for those committed against God, God is merciful." This was indeed a cold viaticum for a much mortified and penitent prince. The Huguenot nurse to Charles the ninth was kinder. From Leopold the world expected a contrary conduct to that of his brother, but he scarce gave them time to applaud or to condemn, dying, and not without suspicion of poison, in February, 1792, leaving his son and successor, Francis II. to take up arms against the French, who kept his aunt in strict confinement, and had insulted his late uncle in their assembly, where Tallefer called him *un vrai plaisant*, and *un feuillant*, and was only interrupted by the general cry of *War, War, War*. This they endeavoured to provoke from all princes, by encouraging rebellion in all subjects, setting on foot a new sort of saturnalia—a *barring out* of kings, and calling all the school-boys to assist them. The kings, to do them justice, were

not hasty, but each finding his own metropolis filled with plotters to bring his person to the block, 'twas time to stir; and a combined army, under the Prince of Brunswick's command, preceded by imprudent manifestoes, added stability to French violence, and bound up their various factions in temporary union.

But whilst the clubs and convention of Paris exhibited a behaviour no less ridiculous than frantick, dressing up vagabonds out of their own streets, to personate ambassadors from all parts of the globe, and listening to the fanatical harangues of a foreigner who stiled himself orator to the human race, &c. War, war, war against every sovereign power became necessary, as Louvet himself confesses; indispensable indeed to their no longer concealed intent, *de tuer la royauté même*.* As this was to be accomplished by any possible means, five months before the fatal tenth of August, when to cure their own constitution, they stabbed it in the temporal artery by deposing and imprisoning Louis the sixteenth; Gustavus III^d. of Sweden fell in a ball-room by the pistol of a jacobin, who had worn marks of his master's favour, and of whose treachery he entertained no suspicions, although as many soothsayers' dreams and prodigies were produced to keep him from that masquerade, as crossed Julius Cæsar in his way to the capitol. Republicanism had no triumph in relating how princes dropt under their hands; each died in sentiments of firmness and of piety. Gustavus, polished and intrepid to the last, expired like Augustus, (of whose name his was the anagram) in compliments to his surrounding friends. The Queen of Portugal indeed, had sunk under the distant prospect of these horrors, and lost that reason which, had she possessed it, would scarce have conducted her safely through such a storm.

Catherine of Russia, secure in her prodigious distance from the grand focus of confusion and distress, contented herself a long time with exciting other courts to stop the progress of danger; and desirous to temporise, suffered the babies in her palace to sing *ça ira*, and to dance la carmagnole for her diversion and that of Plato Zuboff at the

* To kill even royalty itself.

hermitage. When she dismissed the French ambassador, she told him laughing, "Business must be minded; I am an *aristocrate* you know *of course*. Farewell! and hate me as little as you can." In the same spirit of duplicity she drove away Calonne and the Count d'Artois, and said, no *émigré* should stay more than six weeks at Petersburg—while from her own officers she took an oath of *hatred toward the French Republic*.

Spain, during this period, felt that influence which France has always retained over her councils since the coronation of Philip d'Anjou, but operating now in a new and contradictory manner; and new philosophers, the Prince of Peace, and Marquis di Aranda,* turned her affection round from king to people. A faint interposition, made without hope of saving Louis's life, was by the French received without or notice or effect. Spain, whose inquisition's self was driven down into a powerless college of enquiry, had greatly changed opinions in these last days, and while they kept their bull-fests, cared but little whether surrounding sovereigns were or were not massacred. Poland was busy in revolutionizing herself, under the favourite of the north, Koschietzky; who won some battles, settled some forms of government, and made not only Poles, but Englishmen believe a while that revolutions were of admirable use, by raising up a violent fermentation in each state, whence a *pure spirit* would come over the helm, and fix the happiness of human kind. The earthquake of Calabria did on this principle make sweet one poisonous fountain by concussion; but we have lived to find *that* poor amends for seventy thousand people killed or ruined.

* Marquis, or Count d'Aranda was the man who wished to engrave upon the front of every church, he said, as equal in excellence and dignity, William Penn, John Calvin, Jesus Christ, Mahomet, and Martin Luther; proposing their united or alternate veneration: it should be blasphemy to speak a word in praise of Ferdinand or Isabella, their past sovereigns; and he would recommend it to be deemed good prudence to take all the chalices, church-plate, &c. to the mint, and build inns with the money.—*Posadas*.

Our London Corresponding Societies saw not so far. *Free-mason's* Hall, the proper scene for such debates, resounded with seditious blasphemies: a steady hand alone could have restrained them from their own fished-for ruin: but steady fortitude has power to restrain those whom no logick can convince, no rhetorick persuade. Mr. Burke's eloquence, rich as it was, and radiant, did no good. The pen which taught how "unobtrusive virtue, exciting no astonishment, kindling no emulation, extorting no praise, is still most difficult and most sublime," *strengthened* those eyes which *his* book did but *dazzle*, and the remarks on Dupont's speech, by the same author, Hannah More, has no fault but that of perpetuating a name deservedly consigned to oblivion. The world always judges rightly in the end of literary performances; and Mr. Burke's pamphlet of constellated periods will be forgotten, while Mallet du Pan's *Europe in Danger* is consulted as oraculous, and believed in as prophetick. Berosus, the Chaldean historian, thus presented his performance to Antiochus; and so delightful was its diction, that his contemporaries cried out they would erect to him a colossal statue: "A statue be it of the *common size*," said the king, "but give it a *silver tongue*."*

Meanwhile our *retrospective* tube must turn to the last prison of poor Louis seize, for from a monarch's captivity to his death is a short space, as we have often heard—"he crowded that short space with every virtue." Whilst Germany and Prussia armed in his defence, and seemed as if pressing on to his deliverance, not a word escaped him, as if wishing to owe his life to any but a Frenchman's hand. *Their* strange excesses pained, *their* crimes afflicted him: he dreaded more his countrymen's disgrace than his own execution: he was, I think, willing to remove royalty itself, if it was thought to obstruct the happiness of those that he desired to live and die for: and when,

* This tale is told of Antiochus *Soter*. He was called *Theos*, God, for his wise judgment, but took in modesty the anagram, *Sothe*, corrupted to *Soter*, as I have read and heard.

with

with that politeness inherent in his family and nation, he had waited on Garat, who brought his sentence back to the door of his apartment in the Temple, "Send up the dinner (said he) now 'tis time." These were most truly unobtrusive virtues, and gained accordingly so little praise, that I have read a loyalist song, saying in French—"Our good king
" thinks himself an incumbrance upon the state, and shews his subjects
" the method of taking that incumbrance away." He did accordingly deny all accusations of resistance or duplicity; and innocent as infancy, laid his anointed head under their guillotine, leaving Paris a polluted mass behind, unfitting for the residence of such a soul. The royal wretched widow underwent more misery after his decease: separated from her son, her daughter, and her sister-in-law, she was soon thrown into a common dungeon, whence two fierce dogs rushing out open-mouthed at her unexpected entrance, put her in fits, which were supposed to have somewhat injured her fine faculties. She had enquired and heard the ill success of the invading armies, on which her hopes were hung. Shouts of rejoicing at Dumouriez's victories chilled her stricken heart, and few words of any sort fell from her lips at trial or at death. Treading hastily upon the foot of Samson the executioner, habitual politeness indeed resumed its place, and "pray excuse me, friend," was her last sentence.

Some writers tell how she looked round from off the tumbril cart that she was tied to, as if amazed at the alterations of the town, whence every vestige of its usual appearance had been removed by Robespierre and his adherents. Indeed the rage for overturning altars, destroying statues, plundering old burial-places; together with inscriptions on the new ones setting forth, that death was only an eternal sleep!!!!!! added to utter abolition of Sunday, and the sight of churches converted as the republican narrator himself confesses, into gaming-houses, brothels, &c. must have made the city an epitome of hell. But if Paris was a scene of slaughter every day, of revelling and pillage all the night, Lyons was still worse treated; so was poor Nantes, so was Avignon.

Their

Their new dictator, from his dirty lodging, which, to do him justice, he never changed, dealt death around him with unsparing hand ; both to his countrymen and strangers ; to English soldiers quarter was refused, to English prisoners every accustomed decency of accommodation was denied ; and General O'Hara, who had fought against their new republick, eat horse-bean broth out of the same gammelle with Helen Williams, once so lovely and beloved, among her own friends, which for theirs, she quitted. Such were the terrors of this tyrant's reign, that Mercier tells us—" Had an officer knocked at the door of " any citizen, and said to him be ready with the dawn to-morrow, " Samson expects you at his guillotine ; *no* citizen however high would " have resisted, and none however low could have escaped." No colouring but red shaded to black, can paint the reign of Robespierre, falsely called Maximilian—which was his younger brother's name, *not his*—no christian pen *describe* it. When Caracalla set some soldiers to murder the unarmed audience coming from a theatre, he had been incensed by the representation of a play acted on purpose to strike him with remorse ; *this* unoffended despot, on the contrary, having supped freely at a friend's house, and fearing lest the master's hospitality might have drawn forth some secret truths he wished not to communicate, determined, with unheard-of inhumanity, to stop the lips of all who had partaken it. Accordingly next day, each separate soul was sent to its account, companions of the table, servants who had waited, girls that came in to share a little ball given after the entertainment ; seventy six persons, as the story tells, among whom *none were spared* ! !*

Contagious

* How different was the behaviour of our Cromwell ! whom the French branded as a character of every vice, and above all, suspicion. Walking with Thurlow one long summer evening in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, they talked on business till the stroke of ten warned them to part ('twas a late hour in those days) : when the secretary seeking his hat, discerned a young man fast asleep in one of the recesses made for students. " All we have said is betrayed," exclaimed he suddenly, drawing his sword, which Cromwell held suspended ; and looking at the lad attentively ; " Come
" away

Contagious phrenzy seemed to seize mankind, who half applauded his ferocity while he permitted, though he seldom shared, their gross intemperance or studied profanations. Infants of three years old were taught *literally* to suck their fellow-creatures' blood; ladies wore little guillotines as ornaments, made of carnelion stone and gold: members of the political assembly leaped from their seats, and danced the carmagnole, like frantick bacchanals, their partners dressed up in priest's vestments, and their musicians habited like satyrs. A woman of no mean rank being prevented *assisting* at the horrid 10th of August, by labour pains, called her son born that day, *Dix d' Aout*, in honour of the massacre, for which fact Mercier is my authority. A schoolmaster came forward to protest his and his young boy's hatred of God, and renunciation of divine authority. Our own fools here in England, sung

Plant, plant the tree, the glorious tree,

Midst blood and bones and slaughter:

and our wise men acquitted those who sung it. Events appeared without their usual consequences in the world; battles gained over the French by land or sea, whether by their own opponents in the Vendée, or by the combination of foreign powers allied to protect royalism, produced no effect; or none proportionate to the victories that were obtained. Each country appeared as if struck in the vital part; the characteristic feature of every nation as it were, oddly deformed. France lost her *loyalty*; Holland her far-famed *bank* of Amsterdam; Italy suffered in her *ecclesiastical splendour*; and even Great Britain inwardly mourned incipient mutiny exciting in her *fleet*. Science herself suffered some revolutions; and taste, no longer classical, cried out for German

“away Sir (said he), no man can feign such sleep surrounded by such circumstances.

“All's safe enough; but let us learn at least from this adventure, how very difficult it

“is to *speak* unheard, and how impossible to *act* with *too much caution*.”

plays

plays and novels of a new sort, filled with what the Parisians call, emphatically enough, *phantasmagorie*.

Was it for this, in Leo's fostering reign,
Learning uprose with tempests in her train?*

And now, if no assertion made is truer, than that "literature, well or ill conducted, is the great engine by which all civilized states must ultimately be supported or overthrown," what *can* become of the most civilized of *all states*? When their own writers say, and truly I believe, "that could you put a pen in Satan's claw, it would not trace lines more corrupt or more repugnant to well ordered communities, than those which still employ the youth of France to read and to approve."† Scholars in *our* island did certainly both see and deprecate the coming storm. Professor Robison confirmed the assertions of Barruel, and warned us of approaching danger. Bishops gave energetick charges to their clergy; religious tracts written by pious laymen of high rank, gave new recommendation to virtue, and *poor* people were furnished with incomparable admonitions, well suited to their character and station, from the promoters of the cheap repository. The foe of mankind found his attempts steadily opposed, his vigilance counteracted by our preachers; and although in the Anglican establishment, discipline long confessed dormant, lay even stretched for dead, since all authority had been changed for influence: that influence was at least well employed. And if our metropolitan was much against his will condemned to hear the hammers beat upon a Sunday noon, getting the new opera house beautified against a new year: those churches that resounded with condemnation of such conduct were filled with decent and attentive auditors. Whilst at subscription chapels, built like theatres, no lecturer could gain that popularity on which he now depended, by any means more efficacious than that of inculcating due

* Pursuits of Literature.

† Mercier's Nouveau Paris.

detestation of those dreadful principles, the effect of which became hourly more notorious, as every body had some tale to tell, more dreadful than the last. I shall relate but one from *my own* knowledge, and for any thing I ever heard, unprinted.

Sometime in May, 1794, when 22,000 persons were confined in various prisons of the *capital*, and by those men too who for love of liberty had pulled down the Bastile, and guillotined poor old La Tude, one of the seven people whom they found there; a lady at la Conciergerie languished some weeks in distressful anxiety concerning the safety of that son from whose protecting arms she had been torn. That death which her companions shunned, she sought; but her turn was delayed, and the fine stockings she had on when dragged to prison, were cut off those swelled legs they would no longer cover. "*Voyez un peu donc,*"* said she to the goaler; who at length roughly referred her to a dark hole, whither his custom was to throw the things worn by the men who had been executed. She put her hand in, and pulled out a pair all stained with blood, but which she quickly recognized, as having marked them with her own fingers not three months before, for use of the dear lad she was in hopes had escaped. Those hopes were now expired; and when the man turned round to drive her back among the crowd, *she was expired too*. Such scenes were grown familiar with the French, and to their now national though brutal furor, we must oppose the national and princely liberality of Britons. Our duke of York's speech to his men, on hearing of Barrere's decree, that to the English and Hanoverian soldiers no quarter should be given, and his gallant recommendation of a contrary conduct, makes us amends for reading their wild boasts, which in state papers do appear like madness, and in another century would have been so accounted; but the contagious phrenzy spread to Holland: and when their Stadtholder was fled to our island, still partial to his colours, and ever fond of his family; their icy plains received the bold Dumouriez, who flushed with conquest threw his eyes across the sea, hoping to erect his standard

* Do but see, Sir.

tri-color on London's tower. There destiny refused, as erst at Troy ; when the too hasty hero heard a voice crying—

Patroclus, no : this heav'n-defended wall
Defies *thy* force, not fated yet to fall ;
Thy *friend*, thy greater far it shall withstand,
Troy shall not fall even by Achilles' hand.

Our wooden walls were now its best protection : the dry rot which seemed to infect each fabrick formed upon subordinate dignities on *earth*, had only threatened, had not yet penetrated through *their* sides ; while that vile worm was growing, Lord Howe's immortal victory upon the first of June seemed as the prelude, not consummation of glory to our king, our minister, and our country ; who, while they sent out Duncan and Jervis, Trowbridge and Nelson, Sir Sydney Smith and Sir Edward Pellew—all never-dying names, before whose fire the fierce and vaunting Frenchmen never yet failed to fly, fed here at home their numerous prisoners and their emigrés with our best bread and tenderest consolations. “ If I had lived (said gentle Louis “ seize in his last moments to his confessor) I would have thanked the “ king of England for that kind refuge offered to our clergy.” “ *Mais “ c'est une nation vraiment bienfaisante :*” * So said poor Pius sextus too, when our navy defended the Italian coasts from plunder, and he struck a medal with a motto on it expressive of these words—*Rome saved by British cannon !* What a change ! since the first pages of our first volume ; and what a change too from another station, whither his *Retrospect* would point more naturally, the very early pages of our second ! How must a man so formed for quiet times and classic pleasures, have felt himself crushed and confounded by the crumbling ruin that seemed to shut him in on every side. Yet his biographers take pains to tell us, that all found temporary alleviation from sight of fugitive princesses, aunts to the king of France, seeking asylum in his capital. Pius sextus was no great character 'tis certain, and the time was arrived, when

* But 'tis really a beneficent nation.

men were measured fair without advantage of their pedestals. Vanity is a consoling quality, a flattering disease of the mind, and Dr. Johnson told me once a story of a man high in the learned world, but long since dead, whose fondness for his own powers of the pen were such, he longed to publish his pathetick letters to the unregarding seducer of his daughter—so he called a fellow whom his girl, less romantick than himself, had foolishly ran away with. “Nor seemed to see (said the “rough author of the Rambler, *till I told him*), that he was perpetuating his dowdy’s, and his own disgrace.” Not much unlike to this the Roman pontiff delighted in his epistolary correspondence with crowned heads, although on the most distressful of all subjects. Among these, Muscovitish Catherine found most leisure to keep it up: she liked his Holiness’s letters better than the epistle from Kien Long of China, who was never named at her court after he wrote it; and, though since the astonishing exertions of her great general, valiant Suwaroff, who at Ismaeloff had displayed feats of prodigious bravery, so as to animate mankind to mutual slaughter, by an example worthy the warriors or the knights of old, her hopes of driving the Turks from Europe, and setting her own progeny on his throne, were put by to another planting season. Potemkin took due care their roots should take no injury, while his ambition, willingly was gorged with *every* thing but independent sovereignty, the distant prospect of which gave him to *endure* life a few years longer, diverting its *ennui* with pouring out whole sacks full of diamonds, jewels, precious gems, upon a table covered with black velvet, as we are told, there to admire their value and their lustre.

Those who have read much of great men’s private hours, will recollect (empty as this may be) the *tædium vitæ* less innocently amused, and black velvet put to a worse use than by Potemkin. He died under a tree upon his journey to the town he had built, and called after his queen Ekatarinakoff. Poor Sultan Selim now appeared the only person not persuaded that all great empires, and his own the first, were

hasting to decay, whilst a sick daughter of Achmet the third was living in Paris on charity, from its fierce rulers in 1794, with a sister of their own Mirabeau, who likewise subsisted upon alms. But as Shakespear says, "Misery acquaints people with strange bedfellows." No more viziers called *Gazi*,* reminded the Grand Signor of his *victories*. The enigmatical apple which had perplexed the Ottomans so long, the fatal fruit, which when they were to scoop, and put the blood-red peel upon their heads, was to bring ruin with it (see first volume), was now by many deemed the *bonnet rouge*, emblem of freedom grown among the French, the idea borrowed from old caps of liberty, which slaves at Rome had been presented with when manumitted by their masters, who drew it down close on the sides to hide their ears, bored as a badge of slavery. The moderns more enraged, dyed these caps red in blood. Original notions never seem extirpated, deface them how you will: still *Adam Weishaupt* climbed the

Tree of knowledge: but instead of fruit
Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste
With spatt'ring noise rejected.

Dealers in death, these black free-masons and their hierophants, couched in their caves, died some by poison, some by assassination—hunted by Robespierre, whose active blood-hounds found them wherever hid—yet trees of liberty were planted notwithstanding in all nations by them and their agents, workers in Weishaupt's mine, promoters of the social contract—planned by Rousseau half-undesignedly—diligent drivers of that tremendous lever, now strengthened to push under every throne, thus in due time to loosen their foundations, and

* *Gazi* means victory in Turkish, I have been told. Quere, whether *Gaza* in the scripture might not have been called so, because of triumphs won there to the Philistines; but 'tis those only who are skilled in oriental languages can tell us. Alexander razed that town after a siege—had it meant nothing, it would not have been restored with the same name, I think. The Greeks called towns *Nicopolis*, from victories.

shake them *like ripe figs dropping to earth*. Even Washington felt his seat of power endangered, and published in the year 1794 a proclamation to check the buds of rebellion in America; where after useful hints given by a rough fellow calling himself Peter Porcupine, and a more elaborately written pamphlet had appeared under Mr. Harper's name—the fever of *their* folly seemed to cool, and Æneas's sentiments towards Andromache came into play at last.

Siquando thybrim, vicinaque Thybridis arva
Intraro, gentique meæ data mænia cernam,
Cognatas urbis, olim, populosque propinquos
Epiro Hesperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor,
Atque idem casus; unam faciemus utramque
Trojam animis maneat nostros ea cura Nepotes.

Third Book of Virgil.

The death of Robespierre did indeed give mankind a breathing time; Bourdon de l'Oise, who had followed him close up, attacked, and with the aid of Tallien, tore him down from that pre-eminence, whence he had seen companions, friends, enemies go to the guillotine obedient, unresisting as the old gladiators in Roman days, who passing the emperor on their passage to the Colosseum, were accustomed to cry out, *Ave imperator! morituri te salutant*; but Robespierre never, like Claudius Cæsar, answered them, *Avete vos*—and by that word disappointed the people of their show. He saw the royalists all martyred, the Brissotines extinguished, the Dantonists destroyed, adherents to the crown and supporters of the republic alike expiring, and in such crowds, that the last forty days of his existence carried four hundred and eighty-three of his fellow-citizens to the scaffold in Paris only, besides orders for executions in the country, which incredulity herself is forced to confess—*trebled* that number. Among the first of these, princess Elizabeth suffered in company with count d'Estaing, who had served her hapless brother under the royalty, and old Malesherbes, who had *permission* to defend his cause under the democracy, with Mons. d'Espremeuil, who

in

in the gay days of France despised the necessity of a Redeemer, and Gobet, who in the beginning of her gloomy ones renounced, rejected, and openly derided God in a Christian church. The man who drove them this last journey told them, "That Robespierre had given the world leave to believe in a deity, and had himself officiated as pontiff in a new festival *à l'Eternel*."—"He's but an afs," said one of her companions. Another made remarks still more offensive. The princess remained mute, having previously stopt her ears, and, exemplary creature as she was, passed on, like parricides of old, to punishment, tied to an ape, a serpent, and an owl. His crimes complete, this tyrant homicide was at last carried himself to death, although, in order to conciliate his favour, Carnot had given consent to see abolished that executive council which alone kept him in check—but denouncing no fewer than an hundred members of the convention in one day,* they rose on him, and he lived but one day more. His epitaph was admirable :

Passant, ne pleurez pas mon fort,
Si je vivois tu serois mort.

Good passengers weep not the loss of my head,
If I had been living, you'd all have been dead.

This was a pretty thing enough, a strange one was, that this despot had some sincere approvers. Le Bas swore he would die with him, and kept his word—so did his brother and Le Juste, ex-noble. The man's disinterestedness had dazzled *them*; they saw he gained no riches nor no splendour from all these murders, which he said were necessary to keep out kings and terrify their subjects. Barrere protested his worst fault was leaving France so many enemies *alive*—I see not how he could have killed them faster—but those that set up a new constitution after his death with a directory, underwent many disadvantages, and were, as Mercier tells, often reproached with the superior skill of Robespierre; and so attached was France to that new calendar, in which he called the days *pepper* and *salt*, instead of the old martyrs names Ambrosius or Cecilia, that those who

* See historical epochs by Goudemetz.

have

have tried to get quit of the folly cannot succeed; and even wise ones among them say, *they* can be but enemies to their country who love not the sound of Vendemaire and Fructidor—so charmed were they to read *Christmas-day* changed to *le jour du chien*.^{*} Mr. Pitt may glory more than any one, he was about the same time declared *l'ennemi du genre* † *humain*. Meanwhile the combination of armed princes against these true descendants of the ancient Gauls, though often victorious, never were successful. Their manifestoes were imprudent, their conquests ill-ascertained, and their dissensions childish. Peltier observes well, that the system of *les petits vengeances* is a fatal one. When our parliaments (says he) were inspired with a wish to spite their king in 1787, 1788, and 1789, his courtiers afterwards enjoyed at least the wretched comfort of spiting those vile parliaments, and seeing them soon swallowed up in what was called a constitution. The bankers' momentary triumph over nobility once proud and once reserved, was of the same sort; and as quickly followed by the bourgeois, who in their turn triumphed insultingly over the bankers. Complying curates too rejoiced a while to see recusant bishops, to whose thrones they had preferred many a suit in vain, humbled in dust, or flying for their lives, till the canaille at length lorded it over the ill-mingled mass, and rioting in murder and barbarity, called this a glorious revolution. We must examine now whether Mallet du Pan finds the leagued princes acting on nobler motives. Whilst *one* wished not to aggrandize Austria at any rate; when more than one apparently felt greater eagerness to impoverish old England than even to serve themselves; and when the true interest of that country, which each at first pretended that they came into the field to fight for, was totally forgotten by them all, except Great Britain, its natural and accustomed foe—nay, when not even *her* disinterested virtue could forbear rejoicing at the strange silly figure which Spain made, tricked of her ships, and hung out to the derision of all Europe with certain loss of commerce, character, and consequence: Catherine of Russia, seated on a height whence she could see

* The day of the dog.

† The enemy of humankind.

the ant-hill all in motion, and view the result of its bustle undisturbed, became sole arbitress of our whole continent. She only could have stilled the fighting elements in France, when towards the close of the year 1796 chaos was come again: she might have given strength to the leagued princes, animation to the grand cause of religion and morality; but when at last she felt a fond desire to amuse the favourite's valiant brother, Valerian Zuboff, whose delight was war; and when the British minister had inspired her with hope of forwarding her darling project to set prince Constantine upon the throne so long, so cruelly usurped by Ottomans; when, in a word, she was at length prevailed on to sign that document by which such vast, such signal changes would have been wrought, the pen dropt from her preparing hand—and *Retrospection* can use none impressive and sublime as that of Mr. Eton, with whose words we close this chapter—Mysterious heaven! she died.

The British minister who had been at her court soliciting her help on former occasions was oddly characterized by Mirabeau, who says in his memoirs, “The Duc de Brunswick would have sense enough to know, before he feels the impotence of his attacks upon *our great nation*, were not his ears perpetually poisoned by that *sly* minister, that artful statesman, that cunning creature, Harris, who like his country will often be found *clever*, but upon very few occasions *wise*.”

C H A P. XXIV.

LAST FOUR YEARS OF THE CENTURY,

FROM 1796 TO 1800.

BEING arrived at the interesting moment when *Retrospection* ceases and observation is begun, our book must with this chapter end itself, and be submitted to the reader's *Retrospect*. If found at last too short for use, too long for entertainment, the writer will be sorry ;

Yet if we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended—
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The early visions of Rome's glory, papal as imperial, “are vanished into air, into thin air.” Her second cycle of twelve centuries is more than flown, and destiny demands his due. That the successors of her last great founder “have been of late compelled to take “the lowest room” at the long table of our common master, they owe to the coarse struggles he forbade: when pushing for the topmost place * we saw and felt

The faucy follower grown a sovereign lord,
Exchanging Peter's keys for Peter's sword.—*Cowley*.

If howsoever, when his church was young, “she girded herself and “walked where she would,” let us lament rather than triumph over

* See 14th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, 8th and 9th verses.

her, “when now, being old,* another girdeth and carrieth her whither she would not:” and as a great preacher of the present day wisely admonishes, “Let us not, while poring over the monuments of past greatness, neglect to study those inscriptions on them, from which some warning may be drawn for future times.” Different ideas will be called up in different minds by like events, or by the same narration: each student draws after the giant statue, and takes his view according as he sits to it. Far as the past occurrences have place all this goes well; and to anticipate what is yet to come, transcends alike our limits and our power. When the uncertain figure passes by, and like those of Eliphaz,† fear makes *our* bones to shake; we cannot discern the form thereof, though thro’ the silent night a voice be heard. Kett, King, and Whitaker, with numbers more, have lent learned and grave conjectures towards explaining, after a mortal mode, the awful signs which have distinguished this half century, fertile in wonders above all the rest: and if, beside texts from both Testaments, description of the latter days by the fictitious Esdras were admitted, the strange things he predicts daily arrive: untimely births do indeed live and are raised up,‡ while children of a year’s growth as certainly speak with their voices, and are listened to.

“But woe be to that people (says an old English writer) who live under these young governments! All unripe fruit is harsh (he adds), and they that dwell in new houses be apter to catch diseases than they who inhabit ancient ones well-seasoned.” What shall we say then if all this be so concerning our own times? when Poland, Holland, North America, all infant states, speak plain, and speak *aloud*; when new republicks in the north of Italy appear like funguses in fairy rings, produced by tears of the preceding night: when just before the year

* See 21st chapter of St. John’s Gospel, 18th verse.

† See 14th chapter of the Book of Job, the 14th, 15th, and 16th verses.

‡ See 6th chapter, 2d Book of Esdras, 21st verse.

1796 France, to the admiration of all Europe, produced her last new-born constitution, being the fourth she had acknowledged such within five revolutions of the sun; when five men called *directors* took the lead. Before these people, and by their *direction*, were seen stealing off the *camera obscura*, those rugged forms of rough fraternity, which like the sons of *Œdipus* had made the name of brotherhood abhorred; and dresses meant to distinguish and adorn high rank were hung upon these new rulers over twenty-seven millions, which hovering over Europe like locusts darkening the sun, menaced its destruction, and cast a formidable shade around. Nor could men quickly see through the thick gloom, that if this multitude were actually agreed upon the murder of a lamb-like prince, they must have been twenty-seven millions of monsters; and that if they tamely suffered six hundred frantick ruffians to kill him publicly in their despite, they must have been so many millions of cowards. Certain it is the new directory seemed to lament the crush of every virtue by the grand fall of altars and of thrones: they hoped perhaps, while roasting out the substance of monarchy, morality, and religion, to keep at least the COS, as chemists call the Colour, Odour, Sapor of all three. But an avowed desire to destroy every other government, gives no good pledge of kind intentions towards our own. Besides that, as Machiavelli says, “a revolution is carnival time to a mob;” and when were boys wearied with barring out their masters? Berquin’s description of children tired with doing their own way, and anxious, after suffering for their folly, to be replaced under papa’s guidance, was no emblem of his countrymen, who now hated all laws and all restraint; and were, as Mercier himself confesses, loosed into a state of what he calls general *demoralization*. No wonder! Since Louis seize had laid down his authority, the sceptre, after the example of Aaron’s rod, assumed a serpent’s form, affrighting even those who wished to wield it. And Carnot, to keep turbulent spirits quiet at home, sent to the fighting field his trusted friend Buonaparte. This general, the first who ever

wore *as a name* the title of *Destroyer* ;* Apollyon Buonaparte burst on Italy, amazing all mankind, not by destruction of his sword alone, but by his powers of fascination too, displayed in their effects among Italian potentates, which, not unlike birds upon a branch, dropt one by one into the mouth of the rattle-snake.

The prince of Piedmont, whose father was so liberally paid by England for keeping the key of their peninsula, stole it, as a girl does from under her governess's head, to let in the seducer who sings beneath the window : while Venice, unwarned perhaps, perhaps unwilling to believe baseness could lurk where liberty displayed her banner ; received and fostered, even against the will of subjects strongly attached to the *old way*, new masters, who arrived only to scorn, to plunder, and forsake them.

Thus, without one blow struck in its defence, did this ancient and once respectable aristocracy, formed when a former Attila ravaged the earth ; tamely yield up its independence to some troops detached by the destroyer Buonaparte, with orders even to burn their bucentoro, golden book, and every mark of former sovereignty, carrying their bronze horses off to Paris, and having (as Frenchmen with no unjust though bitter sarcasm observed) torn the old woman's night-cap from their doge, and put upon his head their *bonnet rouge* ; 'twas time to annihilate every remembrance of happier hours, and abolish even masquerading in their streets ; sending them all to bed at ten o'clock, as by a curfew-bell in ancient times, and linking them fast to their new idol Freedom, by chains of iron never to be broken.

Milan and Mantua meanwhile received the sudden shock of more than gothick fury ; and Lodi's bridge crowned the unfeeling conqueror with laurels, every dark leaf of which, though ornamental, will in the end perhaps prove poisonous to *him*, who shocked the curé de St. Salo by throwing quicklime upon half-dead soldiers, under pretence of

* See the 9th chapter of St. John's Apocalypse, 11th verse.—The Greek word is Apollyon. The Corsican pronunciation makes it *Nàpollione*.

general utility, and the necessity of avoiding putrid complaints consequent upon such carnage. A Lombard peasant, when the day was done, was called out by a colonel of brigade to shew him a convenient field of *green corn*, it was early in May, where he might turn his horses for refreshment. They passed by one, which the officer observed *would do well enough*; to another fifty yards distant, that was *better*. “Why bring us here, kind citizen?” exclaimed the French commander, “when I told you the lesser inclosure would have done.” “Ah eccellenza!” replied his melancholy conductor, “it is because that little field belongs to a poor neighbour of mine who has a wife and child. This meadow is *my own*; a single man (an’t please your lordship) need not outlive the honour of his country; life has a claim on dear Antonia’s husband; he can’t like me, whom she refused to make *him* happy, rush on your swords and lose all sense of sorrow.” So fared it with the north of Italy. Rome, fatherless and affrighted, seemed likely to exhibit still deeper distress. Some of her church plunder was sold by French invaders, as it stood, to Jews; who when they had paid for it and claimed their bargain, were beaten off by an incensed populace, which had seen villa Albani long their boast, stripped and raz’d quite to earth with infinite displeasure, although care had been taken to enrage them too, against all wealthy individuals; and the sight of princes Colonna and Borgheze reduced to eat rice with a horn spoon, affected them but little I believe. ’Tis said their quondam sovereign borne about, sometimes in open carts for more indignity, sometimes in a close coach for fear such sufferings should excite compassion; found leisure during his last sad captivity, for writing a long letter to his bishops sheltered among *us*, expressing gratitude towards heaven for having raised them up friends in a foreign land; and though by nature and by long-fixed prejudice hostile to *our* opinions, it is supposed that his last breath blessed the brave British nation. *They* meantime, whilst Buonaparte drove forward like the Assyrian conqueror Rabshakè, crying, “Where are the gods of Hamath and of Arpad? and have
“ they

“ they indeed delivered Samaria out of my hand?”* *They* trusting in the God of battles, had under immortal Howe’s command secured our highly favoured country’s safety by destruction of the French fleet, even when their pride was at its loftiest point of elevation; and that blow striking down all their naval strength at once, protected the wide commerce of Great Britain, and gave her ships to cover the obedient seas, subservient from first of June 1796, to all *her* purposes whether of traffick, discovery, or defence. It was in happy consequence of this superiority, that Elphinstone captured rather than conquered the Dutch fleet near the Cape of Good Hope, and *their* possessions—if powers allied to France may be said to *possess* any thing; fell unresistingly into our hands.

Spain saw with envious sorrow, not unnatural, the triumphs of a kingdom which kept Castilian ports from grasp of Castilian natives; and soon through Gibraltar’s streights dispatched a willing fleet, doubling *his* numbers, to attack brave Jervis, whose little squadron’s earliest intention, seems to have been separating the Spanish vessels, so to compensate his own inferior force. But true good-will confers surprisingly those powers it stands in need of. Our gallant captains found their greatest difficulty was dragging home their large unweildy prizes. One huge ship carrying, if I remember right, the admiral’s flag, remained a hopeless wreck on the wide ocean, which upon that day humbly recognized Britannia lawful ruler over his waves. A happy victory was this to England, and happier still the moment it was gained in: for France, which successfully applied her tragick dagger to every other form of Government in Europe, presented to us *here* her poisoned bowl; and having sown with diligence the seeds of mutiny among men, who long had prided themselves on being loved and praised and paid as our defenders, followed their menaces of an inva-

See 18th chapter of the 2d Book of Kings, 34th verse.

sion up by a descent on Wales. There the bold Cambrians, nothing intimidated by *this* extraordinary stroke of policy, applied the remedy of ready valour, and recollecting perhaps, how a small vessel bound from Caernarvon had a few months before beaten off a French privateer only with *mop-sticks*, which they chanced to have on board; the Pembrokehire peasantry, actuated by equal spirit, came forward with their scythes and pitchforks, headed by a gentleman residing in the country, before whom these far-renowned marauders laid down their arms, whilst Sir Harry Burrard Neale caught up the frigates that conveyed them. These events happened in February 1797, but Duncan's scarcely hoped for success at Camperdown, was necessary to free us from future annoyance of an enemy that hoped, through interference of Winter and Story, two Dutch admirals, to vanquish the Venerable, a leaky ship, which, notwithstanding every obstacle, led on our flag to fame; nobly supported by officers, whom to praise justly, we should praise separately; while *Retrospection* can but look on with pleasure, and like Imogen, follow their standards streaming through the air, till our tired eye-strings crack almost with loyalty and love. After this blissful, this decisive day, was the word mutiny erased from our brave seamens' brief vocabulary: and before Christmas, 1797, the king had pardoned some mistaken fellows; then, having thanked his numerous and incomparable subjects, who made him rich amends by their still matchless valour, for that short burst of momentary folly, he consecrated his new acquired colours in the church, and called by piety fresh blessings on his arms. Invasion was a fear no longer fashionable, after the nest of mischief was blown up among the dykes of Bruges and Ostend; to destroy which, some self-devoted warriors braved even the elements, and went, as we may say, triumphantly to prison after their duty done—retreat from danger being found the only service difficult to Britons. This may perhaps be called inflated language, but those who swell less, feel less; of pleasure or of pain. Towards shrinking up our vanity by severe mortification, our sister kingdom largely contributed.

buted. When turning westward, our *Retrospect* amazed, beholds poor Ireland turned to a theatre of civil blood-shed and religious war; misled by their new light, and new teachers, to adopt French modes of cruelty; encouraged too in their old prejudice for Romish tenets, while these insidious instigators found them useful. The Irish peasantry constructed pikes, and spitted unresisting Protestants upon them, with the alacrity of a duke d'Alva, licking the blood from off their reeking spears with the more fiend-like fury of Marat. The popish priests indeed, from time to time, *did* wait a moment to *baptize* an Englishman (as if he were not of Christ's flock before) with something like the Moor's care for Desdemona, when going to murder that poor innocent, he says,

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, Heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul.

How tedious must this strange process have appeared to their still more inhuman agitators, who sighed to see the moment arrive when each idea, however erroneous, of conciliating Heaven, should be put a final end to: nor could the invaders, led by Hoche or Humbert, so often called for, *believe*, without even ocular demonstration, that the pope, whom as they said they had just driven from Italy, should thus be found in Ireland; and that *their* cause should have been mistaken even by Hibernian heads, for the cause of *piety*. Murder and massacre however stalked around, and nothing breathed but mutual accusation. Such was the effervescence formed, by pouring a large portion of modern philosophy upon the obsolete superstition and slumbering ignorance of our forefathers, never roused from its stagnant putridity, till the *illuminées* of our day delighted in throwing up by this unnatural mixture an artificial gas, meant for the suffocation of both church and state; and with the Anglican establishment to extinguish the last resort of true religion, honour, valour, virtue.

From this *grotta del cane** our active administration, our exemplary sovereign, aided by the energy and spirit of a loyal body armed to pro-

* The grotto filled with mephitic air at Naples.

tect,

fect, did, after many an effort, drag us out *alive*; and it is, perhaps, to national obedience of a meek Saviour's precepts graciously accepted, that England owes her own tranquillity, amid the tumult and horror of such times. We have, as much as in us lay, loved even our enemies; blessed them who cursed, and kindly treated those who have despitefully used us. We sheltered fugitives from that Bourbon-house, which, well we know, has ever hated *us*; and sighed when we beheld the sessent flower, concealing itself low in the grass like a violet: that hour so little distant too, when high on the aspiring stalk it reared the head, and flourished under its own native skies.

Monastick institutions likewise, although expensive, troublesome and inimical to all our old ideas of propriety; have found refuge in our generous island: which thus extends her tenderest toleration to those who will not even pray for our prosperity, but only our *conversion*, as if we were a nation of all heathens; devoted souls till we return to Rome, and own subjection to her higher power. Were these fit times for such faint feverish dreams? when Paris poured out her starving multitudes to war, incapable of finding food or fire at home, where Mercier says, "six theatres were filled every night with those, who, sitting close, "wanted no other warmth, and cheated hunger by help of amusement." From these scenes Buonaparte led a willing number of wise men destined to make observation on another continent, and men before whose observation the face of *ours* had been almost wholly changed.

A fantastick lady in London, some fifteen years ago, said to her friend, "That she had always found geography a tedious repetition of the same "thing: because, in fine, it is only so many monarchies, said she, and "so many republicks; I am tired with telling them over!"

To vary lectures for such students, France, since that day, flung in chaotick heaps, the empires, kingdoms, and commonwealth of Europe; and, after a fashion so very new and strange, ran them all oddly one into another; that uniformity could at least no longer be complained of, and nothing was wanted but the *destroyer*, with his quick lime, to consume all at once.

His course was bent towards Asia, where our ever irreconcilable enemy Tippoo Saib waited his help to drive us from possessions, greater than any we possessed at home; and capable of causing in the Sultan of Mysore's dusky bosom, envy unquenched even by the kindness shewn to his dear-loved children. This chief had sworn never to sleep in calico, it is said, until the country which had produced Cornwallis should be humbled; and Buonaparte, for his purpose, was found a willing tool. To effect this humiliation every artifice was tried. The son of Hyder Ali in French letters, was one day called his highness, and in one *refuge of all the world*; according to the ideas they entertained of oriental diction. In a while we read of their addressing him by the familiar name *Citizen Tippoo*, trying with vain endeavour to imbue an eastern despot with their new philosophy, and the doctrine of equal rights.

That the plunderer of Rome, by whose command the long-venerated sanctuary of Loretto had been torn in pieces, for the sake of carrying off those treasures it contained; should hope to possess Mecca by a bold exertion of similar principles in similar pillage, need amaze no one: but the Sultan of Mysore saw only his own projects ripening by Gallick heat, and heard, of course with horror, how his great ally was crossed and thwarted on his first arrival in Egypt, "That key of earth and water too," as Buonaparte not unjustly termed it, after the opinion of Augustus Cæsar, delivered not less than eighteen centuries ago; and likelier now than ever to deserve such appellation, when Malta and her knights tamely resigned the ring to which the important key was hung.

Our Nelson following with press of sail, although blown forward by all England's wishes, and driven along by his own martial ardour, overtook not the enemy's fleet till anchored safe at Alexandria; where, having adopted the same mode of placing themselves which had made Barrington's squadron impregnable to Monsieur D'Estaing in a former war, their captains fate them down in full security, and one friend was employed in taking another's portrait, when the bold Goliath, passing a head of their van ship, poured into her a most destructive fire.

Pliny

Pliny in his thirty-fifth book, tenth chapter, tells how Protogenes painted his finest work when the town he lived in was nearly taken by assault, and *pinxit sub gladio** is his quaint expression. This might have applied well to the Gallick artist, but a less classick jest expressed our triumph; and when some foreigner was saying afterwards how the French admiral *pris son caffè* at the same critical instant, our reply was, that Nelson came *toute-suite* with the *chassé-caffé*. He did indeed; a victory so won, and *such* a victory, was new upon the annals even of British seamanship, when Egypt's echoes answered to the names of Berry, Ball, and Trowbridge; less appropriate perhaps than that of Bellerophon when employed against l'Orient, with the success annexed to that old appellation; when in half fabulous times we read how fell Chimera yielded to his power. Was our brave leader on that glorious day ever to read this trifling summary, he might condemn me as Canute his minstrel, for thus compressing deeds of such distinguished merit into a few weak lines; but how else must I find room to notice even for a moment, the consequent recapture of Malta by our troops, the joy of Austria and hopes of Italy, reanimated by this turn in favour of princes ill combined against the power of France, which to oppose required equal exertion among *all* the allies; and it was found only on England's part. The kings of Naples and Sardinia sent away for safety to their insulate dominions, could but *applaud*: the plundered dukes of Modena and Parma could but *pray*; and Switzerland's brave, but thinly spread inhabitants could only *die* in defence of a cause, which rotting at the core, shewed private interest and base intrigue working their way even to the softening surface. Among those that were in serious earnest, let us however stop to celebrate the Bernoise women, six hundred of whom at least wore soldiers coats, and fell in honour's field; selling their lives dearly in that disguise to Frenchmen, who when they found them spinning in their cottages,

* He drew his line under the dagger's point.

had stuck their infants upon points of spears; and violated their free will by force of arms, under pretence of giving them liberty. Vengeance is virtue in a cause like this; but life must have endured sad change in Europe, when female honour could find no security save from a musket in a female hand. Arts, sciences, and commerce, prospered we must own; while princedoms, virtues, powers felt decay. Manufacturers in our own realm surprisingly enriched, rose to respectability and justly: they only wondered (when they bought up old family estates) why they were made to pay such price for labour: nor had Sir Richard Arkwright possibly ever reflected that the wonder was, why any body tilled the earth at all; when for attendance on his spinning-jennies, a man might gain more in one day, than he could carry home for toiling at a plough or cart best part of the week, in many an English county. High payment for provisions was most natural, where money flowing in with every tide, augmented in a degree quite unexampled the circulating medium; and mouths to feed increased beyond imagination under a mild government and laws protecting every individual against all possibility of oppression. Union was next in consequence of this same gentle spirit, offered to Irishmen; at length accepted, not suddenly, or without much of that hesitation which did but little flatter, to say true, the spread of such attraction: but they perhaps thought, that as touched iron loses all its magnetick qualities when once bent into form of a *ring*, the *marriage* might be found less beneficial then 'twas at first supposed. Be this as it may, France must have suffered some mortification surely, when shewn her evil influence recoiled upon herself; incapable of separating the British Isles, or lessening the love borne to their exemplary sovereign, by each individual of his now widely extended domain.

Meanwhile discoveries were diligently pursued, and christianity disseminated in places where it appear to have been driven, as much for the accomplishment of prophecy, as for the benefit of ignorance. A *Maroon* war, as it was not ill called, against and among the *cheshnut*

* *Maron* is French for cheshnut—whence *marone* colour.

coloured people, desolated our West Indies indeed, and horrible cruelties were perpetrated there by wicked chieftains: characters which, as the writer of a book called the Pursuits of Literature observes, are better left for ever in oblivion, than dragged to light only that they may be execrated. During that time however, Moravian missionaries had been successful in countries of later discovery, and the same annual registers record much happiness as well as misery diffused over the new hemisphere.

Whilst the northern shores likewise of Africa shook with the cannon of contending Europeans, Mungo Parke proceeded silently upon his travels eastward, hoping to reach its heart, tracing at least the course of the majestick *Yolibah*, which appears still to have kept that Ethiopick name among its natives, reminding us of the Almighty's threatenings against Jerusalem, when for her love of their idolatries, Ezekiel was inspired to call her by *that* appellation, saying, "Son of man! wilt thou judge Aholah and *Aholibah*? and declare unto them their abominations."*

Names have endured few changes in the east: a parsee, native of Ispahan, and resident in London, was enquired of whether his countrymen remembered still the victories of Alexander the Great. "Oh yes," was the reply, "I once did hear about a *Shiek* who came from Macedonia, and destroyed the elephants and armies of our *Rajah Pore*," so he described King Porus, as *we* learned to call him from the Roman historians. But Buonaparte now with an adroitness and celerity of which no ages past afford example, and most resembling the abrupt transitions found in this short epitome of facts, returned from scenes of discord and dismay at Cairo, and at Alexandria, to Paris; whence by a sudden revolution, best represented in mock-tragedies, such as our duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal—he drove the wonder-struck directory, and yet escaped as if by miracle himself, from that fierce spirit of assassination, lately deemed the duty of one sect of Frenchmen, and seemingly

* See 23d chapter Ezekiel, 36th verse.

the favourite amusement of them all. When firmly fixed upon the seat of power : to which he neither rose by conquest, nor was called by election, still less pretending to hereditary right ; his first care seems to have been the restoration of that catholicism in Europe, the very foundation of which he had sought in other continents completely to destroy. Having by publick proclamation told the Turks that God had no son or associate in his kingdom : that the faith of Mussulmen had his peculiar approbation, and that his business among them was but to abolish the tyranny of Mamelucks and Beys, barons of the east in short, and tributary princes trenching on the Grand Signor's authority, his first care when arrived at home appears to have been, making the Roman state and Romish sectaries, believe him tender of Christ's vicar here on earth ; digging up Pius sextus from the garden plot whither some soldiers had interred the body, and paying it, who can guess why ? Funeral honours. Add to this the farce of not appearing in their choice of a new pope, near cousin to poor Braschi, whose election he contrived, encouraging him to undertake the journey from insulted Venice where he was chosen, to the still worse-insulted capital of once proud Italy. His influence over the successor in Russia, was not so carefully concealed. That prince, placed on his throne, shewed signs of close resemblance to Czar Peter, his anti-predecessor, husband to cooler-headed Catherine. Paul dug his corpse up, shewing it extraordinary veneration ; yet, contrary to those appearances of preference, pursued his mother's steps in many things, and gave the coalition hopes, that her loss would not be felt by Europe. The habits of his private life indeed grew coarser after the queen was gone, who watched and who controuled them ; but such rough manners were not inconsistent with his apparent predilection for a general, the only one which the world was in humour to acknowledge as a competitor for Buonaparte ; his rugged character, his conduct at Ishmaeloff and Ockzackow were likely enough to ensure him the good will of a sovereign determined upon conquest and renown : for if men were to wade through
blood

blood of enemies to fame, no man less feared to dip his foot than Suwarroff. In effect, such were the glories of his first campaign as to draw from his emperor a publick letter, expressing more than we had ever read of kindness or esteem, not unlike Pharaoh's * ample grant to Hebrew Joseph, when he had saved the realm of Egypt for his master. "Only in the throne henceforth will I be greater than thou," but vehemence, whether exhibited upon occasions of indulgence or severity is without difficulty made to defeat its own immediate purpose. French diplomacy knew how to turn such tempers to advantage. Suwarroff received a check in Switzerland, and gained no consolation from his king. In a few months this veteran commander, who never spared the feelings of another, expired of grief, a martyr to his own. The world's pity seldom embalms a fallen favourite; he died, and with him died the hopes of the whole Bourbon house.

Meanwhile the streets of Naples streamed with blood, where Championet, amazed he could make no impression on the Lazaroni but by blows, which they were active to return with interest, after a four days battle in the town, hit on the way to cajole *them* to peace. An elephant will lie down at the word of command, 'tis said, can you but catch hold of her by the ear, and speak in a tone of authority. By treachery of their own countryman, the youthful prince de Moliterno, France had discovered *their* vulnerable part. "Respect St. Januarius, and be still," cried the republican General, with a loud voice. The elephant lay down, her ear was caught, and Championet calling immediately for the archbishop, bid him prepare his popular miracle—it should be done directly. "'Tis not the time of year," replied the other. "Oh, Sir, you know not Frenchmen," was the reply; "*our* miracles are always in season. Fetch out the saint's blood, I say, he will declare in favour of freedom: and let it liquefy *sans phrases*, (without hesitation) or your head shall answer it." The phial was

* See 41st chapter of Genesis, and the 40th verse.

produced—the function performed; and the oft-cheated Neapolitans cried out, “Long live the great Republick, long live St. Januarius.” Those who believe this world will quickly end, must surely think its folly at the full. More horrors may remain for future exhibition, but madness and fatuity have no further to go: while even the Turk that expected to see, though blind, through an eye made of glass, could alone match such imbecillity. Poor Selim indeed, needed no spectacles to observe his once enormous power giving way. Pressed on every side, the rebel Bassas hoped to drive *him* down the great precipice prepared for princes of this century; and among many foes, all unprovoked, Passwan Oglou had for some years led the way. A man of a mysterious character was he; his ultimate intentions undisclosed, we vainly sought to find them in his conduct, which showed him one moment as if attached most powerfully to the Mahometan religion, and breathing vengeance against every one whom that religion deems an infidel; though underhand it has been much believed he kept a secret correspondence with Greek Christians, and was perhaps a distant tool to France. That artful, that insidious cabinet managed alike the headlong Muscovite and crafty Oriental: dark hypocrisy shews plainer in this *enlightened* age than it did in the semi-barbarous centuries, as masses of deep shadow make more impression on minds unprepared, viewed among Grecian, than old Gothick architecture. Tippoo Sultan, of nobler carriage, and a soul more lofty, fell, in the last year of the century, a bloody but majestic sacrifice to *his* opinion of his Parisian friends and *fellow citizens*. He saw not how the *huma*, emblem of sovereignty, was departing from earth, no more to hover over heads crowned and anointed;—a bird of paradise! whose happy region ought from henceforth to bound and to concentrate all royal hopes and cares. The storming of his capital, Seringapatam, brought Tippoo for the last time to the field of honour; and though obliged to yield where British intrepidity pressed forward in the warm chace of profit and renown, his sceptre lost, he grasped the trustier sabre in
his

his hand, which, faithful to his valour, was found clenched in it, nor could death suddenly force them to separate.

The Emperor of Germany meanwhile, merits more tenderness and more concern. His counsels all perplexed, his arms betrayed,* his honour suffering, and his metropolis endangered; obliged to make peace, and obliged to break it; seeing the family he loves too, clinging round him for succour and support he scarce can give; and looking now and then, no doubt, on Francis with something not very unlike reproach, to find their great name nearly perishing under *his* care, yet for a moment to be called Imperial. Misfortune scarcely ever comes alone, or from the quarter whence she has been expected. Vienna, like the one-eyed doe in *Æsop*, was always on her guard against the Ottomans: but although

Now gliding far off on the verge of the sky,
The moon half-extinct, her *wan crescent* displays,
Where lately we mark'd how majestick on high,
She shone till the planets were lost in her blaze.

'Tis *infidelity* at last, though 'tis not turcism, that ruins the once Christian, and once holy Roman empire. The year 1680 told those who had leisure for listening after such events, that having caught a daring

* His arms were perhaps most *apparently* betrayed at Genoa, where the republican general Massena, plundered the bank; after which reinforcement of their finances, Melas, with 1700 full-fed Austrians, safely posted upon a high hill over the town, quietly laid down their arms to 500 starving Frenchmen, unable from weakness to walk up and fetch them. It had been secretly stipulated, however, that the gulled emperor's troops should for six days remain possessors of the city, where a dog's head had, during the siege, sold for five shillings English, and half a cat, I think, for three shillings and sixpence. So miserably too had France shared in the woes she had caused, that a true Briton who relates the anecdote, was himself called upon by mere humanity to keep life warm in the centinels that watched his house, by putting bits of chocolate into their mouths, and now and then a drop of cordial, stolen by himself from his own private hoard, which they were not unlikely to betray.

atheist in Poland, they tied him to a cannon's mouth pointed towards Tartary, whether they meant, 'twas said, to shoot his ashes. A *change of wind* perhaps, blew a large portion of them into Germany, and formed a future Weisshaupt. Siberia's wilds remained innocent of such disseminated mischief; and far south-east of these the Afghan's also, mentioned by Hanway, and since him more fully by Sir William Jones, as Jews settled remotely in a region little known, a distant land, the Arfareth of Esdras, 13th chapter and 45th verse; the Hazeroth of modern travellers; some of whose books, added to the surprising scenes under review, have led innumerable minds of late towards a belief, that the conclusion *now* is hard at hand. The last act of the grand drama, as Dr. Young calls it, does seem indeed begun, perhaps advanced: and whilst each glowing fancy has been struck by some peculiar and unlooked-for combination, like that in Pithæana,* one hardly can help thinking that Baronius had some concealed meaning (more than was supposed) in his old technical verses, which explained the alphabet into numerals, as it seemed *then* merely for the amusement of young students. My memory just retains the first line and last.

Possidet A numeros quingentos ordine recto,
Ultima Z tenens, finem bis mille tenebit.

The cardinal might have had it in his head perhaps, although a better Latin Scholar than a Greek one, how God is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end; and how the fathers thought it probable, that when *bis mille* (two thousand years) were past after the birth of

* The story told in Pithæana is of an old stone found when they were repairing a church in Lyons, with some inscription in obsolete French, importing, that on a given day 1794 mass should cease to be said there. We must recollect that Monsieur de Pithou read the inscription 1557, and it was wearing out with age even then. To pacify the people's fears of Turkish power, from whence this odd prediction's accomplishment was expected to arrive, he and his brother calculated, till having discovered that the time fell out on a *Good Friday*, when high mass is *not* said; he thought some one had written the words and buried them there for a joke: and so the matter rested till quite lately.

Christ,

Christ, he would return again and judge the world.—*Quingentos* are alluded to in an abraxas stone possessed as I believe by Mr. Townley, notwithstanding the true gem should be *white*, and *abra-fax* its name; composed of the Persick word for *fair*, and the Latin word, or half on't, for a *stone*. Fifteen had merit as a mystick number, when meaning was attached to such strange matters three hundred years ago.

But these conjectures tire my readers' patience: Oh! let them then at least kindly prefer *A* for *absolvo*, in the Roman mode, to *C*, that meant *condemno*: for whether the world's end be coming soon or not, 'tis sure the last short chapter of this *summary* draws towards its final period. We have presented you a passing show; less durable than pleasing, less pleasing than uncommon; while empires, sciences, opinions, states, took each their momentary turn and vanished; as in the appearance now and then exhibited when morning dawns on Faro di Messina, and the high mountains rising like a wall behind it, give to the glassy surface of the sea, powers far exceeding that of any mirror: reflecting every object for an instant to him who, standing with his *back* turned towards the east, desires to enjoy the transient *Retrospection*, supposed, as Mr. Swinburne says, by the near residents, to be indeed a fairy vision, which they call after the presiding sylph, *Fata Morgana*. An English friend told me the other day he once had seen a sight of this same kind from Falmouth. But whilst each image on Sicilia's shores passed rapidly along in sweet succession, melting at length and mingling with pure ether, as the bright sun advancing stopt the mind, and fixed it on the present brilliant moment; our Cornish appearance, if I am right, escaped his observation *lost in haze*.—So will this book, I fear.—A vaporous veil precludes all further looking on life's ocean; and

What these awful glooms conceal
Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal.

We may however safely assert, that systems, schemes; hopes, hazards, and hypotheses, all bred of heat in the warm regions of controversy,

will, like the meteors either of a troubled or a sportive atmosphere, flit off and leave no trace of their existence: but holy writ, eternal and inspired, shall shine the full perfection of *His Word* who laid the first foundations of the earth, and the work of whose hand is the heavens.

“ *They shall perish* (exclaims his servant David) *but thou shalt endure; yea all of them shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.*”

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